CLARISSA.

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF A

YOUNG LADY:

Comprehending

The moſt Important Concerns *of* Private LIFE;

And particularly ſhewing,

The Diſtreſſes that may attend the MISCONDUCT

Both of PARENTS and CHILDREN,

In Relation to MARRIAGE.

VOL. III.

The FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for S. Richardſon:

And Sold by JOHN OSBORN, in *Pater-noſter Row*;
By ANDREW MILLAR, over-againſt *Catharine-ſtreet* in the *Strand*;
By J. and J. RIVINGTON, in *St. Paul's Church-yard*;
And by J. LEAKE, at *Bath*.

M.DCC.LI.

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THE HISTORY OF CLARISSA HARLOWE.

VOL. III.

LETTER I.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

YOU may believe, my dear, that theſe Letters put me in good humour with him. He ſaw it in my countenance, and congratulated himſelf upon it. Yet I cannot but repeat my wonder, that I could not have the contents of them communicated to me laſt night (*a*).

He then urged me to go directly to Lady Betty's, on the ſtrength of her Letter.

But how, ſaid I, can I do that, were I even out of all hope of a Reconciliation with my friends (which yet, however unlikely to be effected, is my duty to *attempt*) as her Ladyſhip has given me no particular invitation?

(*a*) The Reader will ſee how Miſs Howe accounts for this in p. 28.

That, he was ſure; was owing to her doubt that it would be accepted—Elſe ſhe had done it with the greateſt pleaſure in the world.

That doubt itſelf, I ſaid, was enough to deter me: Since her Ladyſhip, who knew ſo well the boundaries of the Fit and the Unfit, by her not expecting I would accept of an invitation, had ſhe given it, would have reaſon to think me very forward, if I *had* accepted it; and much more forward to go without it. Then, ſaid I, I thank *you*, Sir, I have no cloaths fit to go anywhere, or to be ſeen by any-body.

O, I was fit to appear in the 'drawing-room, were full dreſs and jewels to be excuſed, and ſhould make the moſt amiable [he muſt mean *extraordinary*] figure there. He was aſtoniſhed at the elegance of my dreſs. By what art he knew not, but I appeared to ſuch advantage, as if I had a different ſuit every day. Beſides, his Couſins Montague would ſupply me with all I wanted for the preſent; and he would write to Miſs Charlotte accordingly, if I would give him leave.

Do you think me the Jay in the Fable? ſaid I, Would you have me viſit the owners of the borrowed dreſſes in their own cloaths?—Surely, Mr. Lovelace, you think I have either a very low, or a very confident mind.

Would I chuſe to go to London (for a few days only) in order to furniſh myſelf with cloaths?

Not at your expence, Sir, ſaid I, in an angry tone.

I could not have appeared in earneſt to him, in my diſpleaſure at his artful contrivances to get me away, if I were not occaſionally to ſhew my real fretfulneſs upon the deſtitute condition to which he has reduced me. When people ſet out wrong together, it is very difficult to avoid recriminations.

He wiſhed he knew but my mind—That ſhould direct him in his propoſals, and it would be his delight to obſerve it, whatever it were.

My mind is, that you, Sir, ſhould leave me out of hand.—How often muſt I tell you ſo?

If I were any-where but here, he would obey me, he ſaid, if I inſiſted upon it. But if I would aſſert my Right, that would be infinitely preferable, in his opinion, to any other meaſure *but one (which he durſt only hint at)*: For then, admitting *his* viſits, or refuſeing them, as I pleaſed (granting a correſpondence by Letter only) it would appear to all the world, that what I had done, was but in order to do myſelf juſtice.

How often, Mr. Lovelace, muſt I repeat, that I will not litigate with my Father?—Do you think that my *unhappy circumſtances* will alter my notions of my own duty, ſo far as I ſhall be enabled to perform it? How can I obtain poſſeſſion without Litigation, and but by my Truſtees? One of them will be againſt me; the other is abroad. Then the remedy propoſed by this meaſure, were I *diſpoſed* to fall in with it, will require time to bring it to effect; and what I want, is *preſent* independence, and your *immediate* abſence.

Upon his Soul, the wretch ſwore, he did not think it ſafe, for the reaſons he had before given, to leave me here. He wiſhed I would think of ſome place, to which I ſhould like to go. But he muſt take the liberty to ſay, that he hoped his behaviour had not been ſo exceptionable, as to make me ſo *very* earneſt for his abſence in the interim: And the leſs, ſurely, as I was almoſt *eternally* ſhutting up myſelf from him; altho' he preſumed to aſſure me, that he never went from me, but with a corrected heart, and with ſtrengthened reſolutions of improving by my example.

Eternally ſhutting myſelf up from you! repeated I—I hope, Sir, that you will not pretend to take it *amiſs*, that I expect to be uninvaded in my retirements. I hope you do not think me ſo weak a creature (novice as you have found me in a very capital inſtance) as

to be fond of occaſions to hear your fine ſpeeches, eſpecially as no *differing circumſtances* require your over-frequent viſits; nor that I am to be addreſſed to as if I thought hourly profeſſions *needful* to aſſure me of your honour.

He ſeemed a little diſconcerted.

You know, Mr. Lovelace, proceeded I, why I am ſo earneſt for your abſence. It is, that I may appear to the world independent of you; and in hopes, by that means, to find it leſs difficult to ſet on foot a Reconciliation with my friends. And now let me add (in order to make you eaſier as to the terms of that hoped-for Reconciliation) that ſince I find I have the good fortune to ſtand ſo well with your Relations, I will, from time to time, acquaint you, by Letter, when you are abſent, with every ſtep I ſhall take, and with every overture that ſhall be made to me: But not with an intention to render myſelf accountable to you, neither, as to my acceptance or non-acceptance of thoſe overtures. They know, that I have a power given me by my Grandfather's Will, to bequeath the Eſtate he left me, with other of his bounties, in a way that may affect them, tho' not abſolutely from them: This *conſideration*, I hope, will procure me *ſome* from them when their paſſion ſubſides, and when they know I am independent of you.

Charming reaſoning!—And let him tell me, that the aſſurance I had given him was *all he wiſhed for*. It was *more* than he could aſk. What a happineſs to have a woman of honour and generoſity to depend upon! Had he, on his firſt entrance into the world, met with ſuch a one, he had never been other than a man of ſtrict virtue.—But all, he hoped, was for the beſt; ſince, in that caſe, he had never perhaps had the happineſs he had now in view; becauſe his Relations had been always urging him to marry; and that before he had the honour to know me. And now, as

he

he had not been ſo bad as ſome peoples malice reported him to be, he hoped he ſhould have near as much merit in his repentance, as if he had never erred.—· A fine Rakiſh notion and hope! And too · much encouraged, I doubt, my dear, by the gene· rality of our Sex!

· This brought on a more ſerious queſtion or two. · You'll ſee by it what a creature an unmortified Li· bertine is.

· I aſked him, If he knew what he had ſaid, alluded · to a ſentence in the beſt of books, *That there was · more joy in heaven*—

· He took the words out of my mouth,

· *Over one ſinner that repenteth, than over ninety-* · *and-nine juſt perſons which need no repentance (a)*, · were his words.

· Yes, Madam, I thought of it as ſoon as I ſaid · it, but not before. I have read the ſtory of the · Prodigal Son, I'll aſſure you: And one day, when · I am ſettled as I hope to be, will write a dramatic · piece on the ſubject. I have at times had it in my · head; and you will be too ready, perhaps, to allow · me to be qualified for it.

· You ſo lately, Sir, ſtumbled at a word, with · which you muſt be better acquainted, ere you can · be thoroughly maſter of ſuch a ſubject, that I am · amazed you ſhould know any-thing of the Scripture, · and be ſo ignorant of that *(b)*.

· O Madam, I have read the Bible, as a fine piece · of antient hiſtory—But as I hope to be ſaved, it has · for ſome few years paſt made me ſo uneaſy, when · I have popped upon ſome paſſages in it, that I have · been forced to run to muſic or company to divert · myſelf.

· (*a*) Luke xv. 7. The parable is concerning the 99 Sheep, · not the Prodigal Son, as Mr. Lovelace erroneouſly imagines.

(*b*) See Vol. II. p. 378.

· Poor wretch! lifting up my hands and eyes—

· The denunciations come ſo ſlap-daſh upon one, · ſo unceremoniouſly, as I may ſay, without even the · By-your-leave of a rude London chairman, that · they overturn one, horſe and man, as St. Paul was · overturned. There's another Scripture alluſion, · Madam! The light, in ſhort, as his was, is too · glaring to be borne.

· *O Sir, do you want to be complimented into Repentance and Salvation?* But pray, Mr. Lovelace, do · you mean any-thing at all, when you ſwear ſo often · as you do, *By your Soul*, or bind an aſſeveration with · the words, *As you hope to be ſaved?*

· O my beloved creature, ſhifting his ſeat; let us · call another cauſe.

· Why, Sir, don't *I* neither uſe *ceremony* enough · with you?

· Deareſt Madam, forbear for the preſent: I am · but in my Noviciate. Your foundation muſt be · laid brick by brick: You'll hinder the progreſs of · the good work you would promote, if you tumble · in a whole waggon-load at once upon me.

· Lord bleſs me, thought I, what a character is · that of a Libertine!—What a creature am I, who · have riſqued what I have riſqued with ſuch a one?— · What a taſk before me, if my hopes continue of · reforming ſuch a wild Indian as this?—Nay, worſe · than a wild Indian; for a man who errs with his · eyes open, and againſt conviction, is a thouſand · times worſe for what he knows, and ten thouſand · times harder to be reclaimed, than if he had never · known any-thing at all.

· I was equally ſhocked *at* him, and concerned *for* · him; and, having laid ſo few bricks (to ſpeak to · his alluſion) and thoſe ſo ill-cemented, I was as · willing as the gay Inconſiderate, to call another cauſe, · as he termed it—Another cauſe, too, more imme-

· diately

· diately preſſing upon me, from my uncertain ſitua-
· tion.·

I ſaid, I took it for granted, that he aſſented to the reaſoning he ſeemed to approve, and would leave me. And then I aſked him, What he really, and in his moſt deliberate mind, would adviſe me to, in my preſent ſituation? He muſt needs ſee, I ſaid, that I was at a great loſs what to reſolve upon; intirely a ſtranger to London, having no adviſer, no protector, at preſent: Himſelf, he muſt give me leave to tell him, greatly deficient in *practice*, if not in the *knowlege*, of thoſe decorums, which, I had ſuppoſed, were always to be found in a man of birth, fortune, and education.

He imagines himſelf, I find, to be a very polite man, and cannot bear to be thought otherwiſe. He put up his lip—I am ſorry for it, Madam—A man of breeding, a man of politeneſs, give me leave to ſay [colouring] is much more of a black Swan with *you*, than with any Lady I ever met with.

Then that is your misfortune, Mr. Lovelace, as well as mine, at preſent. Every woman of diſcernment, I am confident, knowing what I know of you now, would ſay as I ſay [*I had a mind to mortify a pride, that I am ſure deſerves to be mortified*]; that your politeneſs is not regular, nor conſtant. It is not *habit*. It is too much ſeen by fits, and ſtarts, and ſallies, and thoſe not ſpontaneous. You muſt be *reminded* into them.

O Lord! O Lord!—Poor I!—was the light, yet the half-angry wretch's ſelf-pitying expreſſion!

I proceeded.—Upon my word, Sir, you are not the accompliſhed man, which your talents and opportunities would have led one to expect you to be. You are indeed in your Noviciate, as to every laudable attainment.

LETTER II.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE. *In Continuation.*

AS this ſubject was introduced by himſelf, and treated ſo lightly by him, I was going on to tell him more of my mind; but he interrupted me—Dear, dear Madam, ſpare me. I am ſorry that I have lived to this hour for nothing at all. But ſurely you could not have quitted a ſubject ſo much more agreeable, and ſo much more *ſuitable*, I will ſay, to our preſent ſituation, if you had not too cruel a pleaſure in mortifying a man, who the leſs needed to be mortified, as he *before* looked up to you with a diffidence in his own merits too great to permit him to ſpeak half his mind to you. Be pleaſed but to return to the ſubject we were upon; and at another time I will gladly embrace correction from the only lips in the world ſo qualified to give it.

You talk of Reformation ſometimes, Mr. Lovelace; and in ſo talking, acknowlege Errors. But I ſee you can very ill bear the Reproof, for which perhaps you are not ſolicitous to avoid *giving* occaſion. Far be it from me to take delight in finding fault. I ſhould be glad for both our ſakes, ſince my ſituation is what it is, that I could do nothing but praiſe you. But failures which affect a mind that need not be very delicate to be affected by them, are too grating to be paſſed over in ſilence by a perſon who wiſhes to be thought in earneſt in her own duties.

I admire your delicacy, Madam, again interrupted he. Altho' I ſuffer by it, yet would I not have it otherwiſe: Indeed I would not, when I conſider of it. It is an angelic delicacy, which ſets you above all our Sex, and even above your own. It is *natural* to *you*, Madam; ſo you may not think it extraordinary: But there is nothing like it on earth, ſaid the flatterer.—What company has he kept?

But let us return to the former ſubject—You were ſo good as to aſk me, what I would adviſe you to do: I want but to make you eaſy; I want but to ſee you fixed to your liking: Your faithful Hannah with you: Your Reconciliation with thoſe to whom you wiſh to be reconciled, ſet on foot, and in a train. And now let me mention to you different expedients; in hopes that ſome one of them may be acceptable to you.

'I will go to Mrs. Howe, or to Miſs Howe, or 'to whomſoever you would have me to go, and en- 'deavour to prevail upon them to receive you (*a*).

'Do you incline to go to Florence to your Couſin 'Morden? I will furniſh you with the opportunity 'of going thither, either by Sea to Leghorn, or by 'Land through France. Perhaps I may be able to 'procure one of the Ladies of my family to attend 'you. Either Charlotte or Patty would rejoice in 'ſuch an opportunity of ſeeing France and Italy. 'As for myſelf, I will only be your eſcort; in diſ- 'guiſe, if you will have it ſo, even in your *Livery*, 'that your punctilio may not receive offence by my 'attendance.'

I told him, I would conſider of all he had ſaid: But that I hoped for a line or two from my Aunt Hervey, if not from my Siſter, to both of whom I had written; which, if I were to be ſo favoured, might help to determine me. Mean time, if he would withdraw, I would particularly conſider of this propoſal of his, in relation to my Couſin Morden. And if it held its weight with me, ſo far as to write for your opinion upon it, he ſhould know my mind in an hour's time.

He withdrew with great reſpect: And in an hour's

'(*a*) The Reader, perhaps, need not be reminded, that he had 'taken care from the firſt (See Vol. I. p. 193.) to deprive her 'of any protection from Mrs. Howe. See in his next Letter, p. '19. a repeated account of the ſame artifices, and his exultations 'upon his inventions to impoſe upon two ſuch watchful Ladies 'as Clariſſa and Miſs Howe.'

time

time returned: And then I told him it was unneceſſary to trouble you for your opinion about it. My Couſin Morden was ſoon expected. If he were not, I could not admit him to accompany me to him upon any condition. It was highly improbable that I ſhould obtain the favour of either of his Couſins company: And if that *could* be brought about, it would be the ſame thing in the world's eye, as if he went himſelf.

This led us into another converſation: Which ſhall be the ſubject of my next.

LETTER III.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE. *In Continuation.*

MR. Lovelace told me, that on the ſuppoſition that his propoſal in relation to my Couſin Morden might not be accepted, he had been ſtudying to find out, if poſſible, ſome other expedient that might be agreeable, in order to convince me, that he preferred my ſatisfaction to his own.

He then offered to go himſelf, and procure my Hannah to come and attend me. As I had declined the ſervice of either of the young Mrs. Sorlings's, he was extremely ſolicitous, he ſaid, that I ſhould have a ſervant, in whoſe integrity I might confide.

I told him, that you would be ſo kind, as to ſend to engage Hannah, if poſſible.

If any-thing, he ſaid, ſhould prevent Hannah from coming, ſuppoſe he himſelf waited upon Miſs Howe, to deſire her to lend me *her* ſervant till I was provided to my mind?

I ſaid, Your Mother's high diſpleaſure at the ſtep I had taken (as *ſhe* ſuppoſed, voluntarily) had deprived me of any open aſſiſtance of that ſort from *you*.

He was amazed, ſo much as Mrs. Howe herſelf uſed to admire me, and ſo great an influence as Miſs Howe was ſuppoſed, and deſerved, to have over her Mother,

Mother, that Mrs. Howe ſhould take upon herſelf to be ſo much offended with me. He wiſhed, that the man, who took ſuch pains to keep up and inflame the paſſions of my Father and Uncles, were not at the bottom of this miſchief too.

I was afraid, I ſaid, that my Brother *was*; or elſe my Uncle Antony, I dared to ſay, would not have taken ſuch pains to ſet Mrs. Howe againſt me, as I underſtood he had done.

Since I had declined viſiting Lady Sarah and Lady Betty, he aſked me, If I would admit of a viſit from his Couſin Montague, and accept of a ſervant of hers for the preſent?

That was not, I ſaid, an unacceptable propoſal: But I would firſt ſee, if my friends would ſend me my cloaths, that I might not make ſuch a giddy and run-away appearance to any of his Relations.

If I pleaſed, he would take another journey to Windſor, to make more particular inquiry among the Canons, or in any worthy family.

Were not his objections as to the publicneſs of the place, I aſked him, as ſtrong now as before?

I remember, my dear, in one of your former Letters, you mentioned London, as the moſt private place to be in (*a*): And I ſaid, that ſince he made ſuch pretences againſt leaving me here, as ſhewed he had no intention to do ſo; and ſince he engaged to go from me, and to leave me to purſue my own meaſures, if I were elſewhere; and ſince his preſence made theſe lodgings inconvenient to me; I ſhould not be diſinclined to go to London, did I know any-body there.

As he had ſeveral times propoſed London to me, I expected, that he would eagerly have embraced that motion from me. But he took not ready hold of it: Yet I thought his eye approved of it.

(*a*) See Vol. II. p. 155.

We

We are both great watchers of each other's eyes; and indeed ſeem to be more than half-afraid of each other.

He then made a grateful propoſal to me; 'that I 'would ſend for my Norton to attend me (*a*).

He ſaw by my eyes, he ſaid, that he had at laſt been happy in an expedient, which would anſwer the wiſhes of us both. Why, ſays he, did not I think of it before?—And ſnatching my hand, Shall I write, Madam? Shall I ſend? Shall I go and fetch the worthy woman myſelf?

After a little conſideration, I told him, that this was *indeed* a grateful motion: But that I apprehended, it would put her to a difficulty, which ſhe would not be able to get over; as it would make a woman of her known prudence appear to countenance a fugitive Daughter, in oppoſition to her Parents; and as her coming to me would deprive her of my Mother's favour, without its being in my power to make it up to her.

O my beloved creature! ſaid he, *generouſly enough*, let not This be an obſtacle. I will do every-thing for Mrs. Norton you wiſh to have done—Let me go for her.

More coolly than perhaps his generoſity deſerved, I told him, It was impoſſible but I muſt ſoon hear from my friends. I ſhould not, mean time, embroil any-body with them. Not Mrs. Norton eſpecially, from whoſe intereſt in, and mediation with, my Mother, I might expect ſome good, were ſhe to keep herſelf in a neutral ſtate: That, beſides, the good woman had a mind above her fortune; and would ſooner want, than be beholden to any-body improperly.

(*a*) The Reader is referred to Mr. Lovelace's next Letter, for his motives in making the ſeveral propoſals which the Lady is willing to think ſo well of.

Impro-

Improperly, ſaid he!—Have not perſons of merit a *right* to all the benefits conferred upon them?—Mrs. Norton is ſo good a woman, that I ſhall think ſhe lays me under an obligation, if ſhe will put it in my power to ſerve her; altho' ſhe were *not* to augment it, by giving me the opportunity at the ſame time, of contributing to your pleaſure and ſatisfaction.

How could this man, with ſuch powers of right thinking, be ſo far depraved by evil habits, as to diſgrace his talents by wrong acting?

Is there not room, after all, thought I, at the time, to hope (as he ſo lately led me to hope) that the example it will behove me, for *both* our ſakes, to endeavour to ſet him, may influence him to a change of manners, in which both may find their account?

Give me leave, Sir, ſaid I, to tell you, there is a ſtrange mixture in your mind. You muſt have taken *pains* to ſuppreſs many good motions and reflections, as they aroſe, or levity muſt have been ſurpriſingly predominant in it.—But as to the ſubject we were upon, there is no taking any reſolutions till I hear from my friends.

Well, Madam, I can only ſay, I would find out ſome expedient, if I could, that ſhould be agreeable to you. But ſince I cannot, will you be ſo good as to tell me, what you would *wiſh* to have done? Nothing in the world but I will comply with, excepting leaving you here, at ſuch a diſtance from the place I ſhall be in, if any-thing ſhould happen; and in a place where my goſſiping raſcals have made me in a manner public, for want of proper cautions at firſt.

Theſe vermin, added he, have a pride they can hardly rein-in, when they ſerve a man of family. They boaſt of their maſter's pedigree and deſcent, as if they were related to him. Nor is any-thing they know of him, or of his affairs, a ſecret to one another, were it a matter that would hang him.

If

If ſo, thought I, men of family ſhould take care to give them ſubjects worth boaſting of.

I am quite at a loſs, ſaid I, what to do, or whither to go. Would you, Mr. Lovelace, in Earneſt, adviſe me to think of going to London?

And I looked at him with ſtedfaſtneſs. But nothing could I gather from his looks.

At firſt, Madam, ſaid he, I was for propoſing London, as I was then more apprehenſive of purſuit. But as your relations ſeem cooler on that head, I am the more indifferent about the place you go to.—So as *you* are pleaſed, ſo as *you* are eaſy, I ſhall be happy.

This indifference of his to London, I cannot but ſay, made me incline the more to go thither. I aſked him (to hear what he would ſay) if he could recommend me to any *particular place* in London?

No, he ſaid: None that was fit for me, or that I ſhould like. His friend Belford, indeed, had very handſome lodgings near Soho-Square, at a relation's, whoſe wife was a woman of virtue and honour. Theſe, as Mr. Belford was generally in the country, he could borrow till I were better accommodated.

I was reſolved to refuſe theſe at the firſt mention, as I ſhould any other he had named. Nevertheleſs, I will ſee, thought I, if he has really thoughts of theſe for me. If I break off the talk here, and he reſume this propoſal with earneſtneſs in the morning, I ſhall apprehend, that he is leſs indifferent than he ſeems to be, about my going to London; and that he has already a lodging in his eye for me.—And then I will not go at all.

But after ſuch generous motions from him, I really think it a little barbarous to act and behave as if I thought him capable of the blackeſt and moſt ingrateful baſeneſs. But his character, his principles, are ſo faulty!—He is ſo light, ſo vain, ſo various, that there

there is no certainty that he will be next hour what he is This. Then, my dear, I have no Guardian now; no Father, no Mother! Only God and my Vigilance to depend upon. And I have no Reaſon to expect a miracle in my favour.

Well, Sir, ſaid I (riſing to leave him) ſomething muſt be reſolved upon: But I will poſtpone this ſubject till to-morrow morning.

He would fain have engaged me longer; but I ſaid, I would ſee him as early as he pleaſed in the morning. He might think of any convenient place in London, or near it, mean time.

And ſo I retired from him. As I do from my pen; hoping for better reſt for the few hours that remain of this night, than I have had of a long time.

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER IV.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE. *In Continuation.*

Monday Morning, April 17.

LATE as I went to bed, I have had very little reſt. Sleep and I have quarrelled; and altho' I court it, it will not be friends. I hope its Fellow-irreconcileables at Harlowe-Place enjoy its balmy comforts. Elſe, that will be an aggravation of my fault. My Brother and Siſter, I dare ſay, want it not.

Mr. Lovelace, who is an early riſer, as well as I, joined me in the garden about Six; and, after the uſual ſalutations, asked me to reſume our laſt night's ſubject. It was upon lodgings at London, he ſaid.

I think you mentioned one to me, Sir—Did you not?

Yes, Madam, but (watching the turn of my countenance) rather as what you would be welcome to, than perhaps approve of.

I be-

I believe ſo too. To go to town upon an *uncertainty*, I own, is not agreeable: But to be obliged to any perſons of your acquaintance, when I want to be thought independent of you; and to a perſon eſpecially, to whom my friends are to direct to me, if they vouchſafe to take notice of me at all; is an abſurd thing to mention.

He did not mention it as what he imagined I would accept, but only to confirm to me what he had ſaid, that he himſelf knew of none fit for me.

Has not your family, Madam, ſome one tradeſman they deal with, who has conveniencies of this kind? I would make it worth ſuch a perſon's while, to keep the ſecret of your being at his houſe. Traders are dealers in pins, ſaid he; and will be more obliged by a peny cuſtomer than a pound preſent, becauſe it is in their way:—Yet will refuſe neither.

My Father's tradeſmen, I ſaid, would no doubt be the firſt employed to find me out: So that *that* propoſal was as wrong as the other.

We had a good deal of diſcourſe upon the ſame topic. But, at laſt, the reſult was this—He wrote a Letter to one Mr. Doleman, a married man, of fortune and character (I excepting to Mr. Belford) deſiring him to provide decent apartments ready furniſhed [*I had told him what they ſhould be*] for a ſingle woman; conſiſting of a bedchamber; another for a maid-ſervant, with the uſe of a dining-room or parlour. This Letter he gave me to peruſe; and then ſealed it up, and diſpatched it away in my preſence, by one of his own ſervants, who having buſineſs in town, is to bring back an Anſwer.

I attend the iſſue of it; holding myſelf in readineſs to ſet out for London, unleſs you, my dear, adviſe the contrary.

LET-

LETTER V.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Esq;*

Sat. Sunday, Monday.

HE gives, in ſeveral Letters, the ſubſtance of what is contained in the laſt ſeven of the Lady's.

He tells his friend, that calling at the Lawn, in his way to M. Hall (for he owns that he went not to Windſor) he found the Letters from Lady Betty Lawrance, and his Couſin Montague, which Mrs. Greme was about ſending to him by a ſpecial meſſenger.

He gives the particulars from Mrs. Greme's report, of what paſſed between the Lady and her, as in Vol. II. *p.*282-284. *and makes ſuch declarations to Mrs. Greme of his honour and affection to the Lady, as put her upon writing the Letter to her Siſter Sorlings, the contents of which are given in Vol.* II. *p.* 396.

He then accounts, as follows, for the ſerious humour he found her in, on his return.

UPON ſuch good terms when we parted, I was ſurpriſed to find ſo ſolemn a brow upon my return, and her charming eyes red with weeping. But when I had underſtood ſhe had received Letters from Miſs Howe, it was natural to imagine, that that little devil had put her out of humour with me.

· It is eaſy for me to perceive, that my Charmer is · more ſullen when ſhe receives, and has peruſed, a · Letter from that vixen, than at other times. But · as the ſweet Maid ſhews, even then, more of *paſ-* · *ſive grief*, than of *active ſpirit*, I hope ſhe is rather · lamenting than plotting. And indeed for what · now ſhould ſhe plot? when I am become a re- · formed man, and am hourly improving in my mo- · rals?—Nevertheleſs, I muſt contrive ſome way or

other to get at their correſpondence—Only to ſee the turn of it; that's all.'

But no attempt of this kind muſt be made yet. A detected invaſion in an article ſo ſacred, would ruin me beyond retrieve. Nevertheleſs it vexes me to the heart to think, that ſhe is hourly writing her whole mind on all that paſſes between her and me, I under the ſame roof with her, yet kept at ſuch awful diſtance, that I dare not break into a correſpondence, that may perhaps be a means to defeat all my devices.

Would it be *very* wicked, Jack, to knock her meſſenger o' the head, as he is carrying my Beloved's Letters, or returning with Miſs Howe's?—To attempt to bribe him, and not ſucceed, would utterly ruin me. And the man ſeems to be one *uſed to poverty*, one who can ſit down ſatisfied with it, and enjoy it; contented with hand-to-mouth conveniencies, and not aiming to live better to-morrow, than he does to-day, and than he did yeſterday. Such a one is above temptation, unleſs it could come cloathed in the guiſe of *truth* and *truſt*. What likelihood of corrupting a man who has no hope, no ambition?

Yet the raſcal has but *half* life, and groans under that. Should I be anſwerable in his caſe for a *whole* life?—But hang the fellow! Let him live. Were I a King, or a Miniſter of State, an Antonio Perez *(a)*, it were another thing. And yet, on ſecond thoughts, am I not a *Rake*, as it is called? And who ever knew a Rake ſtick at any-thing? But thou knoweſt, Jack, that the greateſt half of my wickedneſs is vapour, to ſhew my invention; and to prove that I *could* be miſchievous if I would.

(a) Antonio Perez was firſt miniſter of Philip II. king of Spain, by whoſe command he cauſed Don Juan de Eſcovedo to be aſſaſſinated: Which brought on his own ruin, through the perfidy of his viler maſter. *Geddes's tracts.*

When

When he comes to that part, where the Lady ſays, (Vol. II. p. 403.) in a ſarcaſtic way, waving her hand, and bowing, "Excuſe me, *good* Mr. "Lovelace, that I am willing to think the "beſt of my Father," *he gives a deſcription of her air and manner, greatly to her advantage; and ſays,*

I could hardly forbear taking her into my arms upon it, in ſpite of an expected *tempeſt*. So much wit, ſo much beauty, ſuch a lively manner, and ſuch exceeding quickneſs and penetration! O Belford! ſhe muſt be nobody's but mine. I can now account for, and juſtify, Herod's command to deſtroy his Mariamne, if he returned not alive from his Interview with Cæſar: For were I to know, that it were but probable, that any other man were to have this charming creature, even after my death, the very thought would be enough to provoke me to cut that man's throat, were he a Prince.

I may be deemed by this Lady a rapid, a boiſterous Lover—and ſhe may like me the leſs for it: But all the Ladies I have met with till now, loved to raiſe a tempeſt, and to enjoy it: Nor did they ever raiſe it, but I enjoyed it too!—Lord ſend us once happily to London!

Mr. Lovelace gives the following account of his rude rapture, when he ſeized her hand, and put her, by his WILD *manner, as ſhe expreſſes it, Vol.* II. *p.* 407. *into ſo much terror.*

Darkneſs and light, I ſwore, were convertible at her pleaſure: She could make any ſubject plauſible. I was all error; ſhe all perfection. And I ſnatched her hand; and, more than kiſſed it, I was ready to devour it. There was, I believe, a kind of phrenſy in my manner, which threw her into a panic, like

• that of Semele perhaps, when the Thunderer, in all
• his majeſty, ſurrounded with ten thouſand celeſtial
• burning-glaſſes, was about to ſcorch her into a
• cinder.

* * * * *

• HAD not my heart miſgiven me, and had I not,
• juſt in time, recollected that ſhe was not ſo much
• in my power, but that ſhe might abandon me at her
• pleaſure, having more friends in that houſe than I
• had, I ſhould at that moment have made offers,
• that would have decided all, one way or other.—But,
• apprehending that I had ſhewed too much mean-
• ing in my paſſion, I gave it another turn.—But
• little did the Charmer think what an eſcape either
• ſhe or I had (as the event might have proved)
• from the ſudden guſt of paſſion, which had like to
• have blown me into her arms. She was born, I
• told her, to make me happy, and to ſave a ſoul.

* * * * *

He gives the reſt of his vehement ſpeech pretty nearly in the ſame words as the Lady gives them. And then proceeds:

• I SAW ſhe was frighted: And ſhe would have
• had Reaſon, had the ſcene been London; and
• that place in London, which I have in view to carry
• her to. She confirmed me in my apprehenſion,
• that I had alarmed her too much: She told me,
• that ſhe ſaw what my boaſted regard to her In-
• junctions was; and ſhe would take proper meaſures
• upon it, as I ſhould ſoon find: That ſhe was
• ſhocked at my violent airs; and if I hoped any
• favour from her, I muſt that inſtant withdraw, and
• leave her to her recollection.

• She pronounced this in ſuch a manner, as ſhewed
• ſhe was ſet upon it; and, having ſtept out of the
• *gentle*, the *polite* part I had ſo newly engaged to

act,

· act, I thought a ready obedience was the beſt atone-
· ment. And indeed I was ſenſible, from her anger
· and repulſes, that I wanted time myſelf for recol-
· lection. And ſo I withdrew, with the ſame vene-
· ration as a petitioning ſubject would withdraw from
· the preſence of his Sovereign. But, Oh! Belford,
· had ſhe had but the leaſt patience with me—Had
· ſhe but made me think, that ſhe would forgive this
· initiatory ardor—Surely ſhe will not be always thus
· guarded.—

· I had not been a moment by myſelf, but I was
· ſenſible, that I had half-forfeited my newly-aſſumed
· character. It is exceedingly difficult, thou ſeeſt,
· for an honeſt man to act in diſguiſes: As the Poet
· ſays, *Thruſt Nature back with a pitchfork, it will*
· *return.* I recollected, that what ſhe had inſiſted
· upon, was really a part of that declared will, before
· ſhe left her Father's houſe, to which in another
· caſe (to humble her) I had pretended to have an
· inviolable regard. And when I remembred her
· words of *Taking her meaſures accordingly*, I was
· reſolved to ſacrifice a leg or an arm to make all up
· again, before ſhe had time to determine upon any
· new meaſures.

· How ſeaſonably to this purpoſe have come in
· my Aunt's and Couſin's Letters!

* * * *

· I HAVE ſent in again and again to implore her
· to admit me to her preſence. But ſhe will conclude
· a Letter ſhe is writing to Miſs Howe, before ſhe
· will ſee me—I ſuppoſe to give an account of what
· has juſt paſſed.

* * * *

· CURSE upon her perverſe tyranny! How ſhe
· makes me wait for an humble audience, though ſhe
· has done writing ſome time! A Prince begging
· for her upon his knees ſhould not prevail upon me

to ſpare her, if I can but get her to London—Oons! Jack, I believe I have bit my lip through for vexation!—But one day *hers* ſhall ſmart for it.

Mr. Lovelace, beginning a new date, gives an account of his admittance, and of the converſation that followed: Which differing only in ſtyle from that the Lady gives in the next Letter, is omitted.

He collects the Lady's expreſſions, which his pride cannot bear:—Such as, That he is a ſtranger to the decorums which ſhe thought inſeparable from a man of birth and education; *and* that he is not the accompliſhed man he imagines himſelf to be; *and threatens to remember them againſt her.*

He values himſelf upon his propoſals and ſpeeches, which he gives to his friend pretty much to the ſame purpoſe that the Lady does in her four laſt Letters.

After mentioning his propoſal to her that ſhe would borrow a ſervant from Miſs Howe, till Hannah could come, he writes as follows:

Thou ſeeſt, Belford, that my Charmer has no notion, that Miſs Howe herſelf is but a puppet danced upon my wires at ſecond or third hand. To outwit, and impel, as I pleaſe, two *ſuch girls* as theſe, who think they know every thing; and, by taking advantage of the pride and ill-nature of the old ones of both families, to play *them* off likewiſe at the very time they think they are doing me ſpiteful diſpleaſure; what charming revenge!—Then the ſweet Creature, when I wiſhed, that her *Brother* was not at the bottom of Mrs. Howe's reſentment, to tell me, That ſhe was afraid he *was*, or her Uncle would not have appeared againſt her to that Lady!—Pretty dear! how innocent!

But don't think me the *cauſe* neither of her family's malice

malice and reſentment. It is all in their hearts. I work but with their materials. They, if left to their own wicked direction, would perhaps expreſs their revenge by fire and faggot; that is to ſay, by the private dagger, or by Lord Chief Juſtices warrants, by Law, and ſo forth: I only point the Lightning, and teach it where to dart, without the Thunder. In other words, I only guide the Effects: The Cauſe is in their malignant hearts: And, while I am doing a little miſchief, I prevent a great deal.

Thus he exults on her mentioning London.

I wanted her to propoſe London herſelf. This made me again mention Windſor. If you would have a woman do one thing, you muſt always propoſe another. The Sex! the very Sex! as I hope to be ſaved!—Why, Jack, they lay a man under a neceſſity to deal doubly with them! And, when they find themſelves outwitted, they cry out upon an honeſt fellow who has been too hard for them at their own weapons.

I could hardly contain myſelf. My heart was at my throat—Down, down, ſaid I to myſelf, exuberant exultation! A ſudden cough befriended me: I again turned to her, all as *indifferenced over* as a girl at the firſt long-expected queſtion, who waits for two more. I heard out the reſt of her ſpeech: And when ſhe had done, inſtead of ſaying any-thing to her of London, I adviſed her *to ſend for her Mrs. Norton.*

As I *knew* ſhe would be afraid of lying under obligation, I could have propoſed to do ſo much for the good woman and her ſon, as would have made her reſolve, that I ſhould do nothing: This, however, not *merely* to avoid expence. But there was no ſuch thing as allowing of the preſence of Mrs. Norton. I might as well have had her Mother or her Aunt Hervey with her. Hannah, had ſhe been able to come,

and had ſhe actually come, I could have done well enough with. What do I keep fellows idling in the country for, but to fall in love, and even to marry thoſe whom I would have them to marry? · Nor, · upon ſecond thoughts, would the preſence of her · Norton, or of her Aunt, or even of her Mother, · have ſaved the dear creature, had I decreed her · fall.·

How unequal is a modeſt woman to the adventure, when ſhe throws herſelf into the power of a Rake!— Punctilio will, at any time, ſtand for reaſon with ſuch a one. She cannot break thro' a well-teſted modeſty. None but the impudent little rogues, who can name the Parſon and the Church before you ask them for either, and undreſs and go to bed before you the next hour, ſhould think of running away with a man.

* * * * *

I AM in the right train now. Every hour, I doubt not, will give me an increaſing intereſt in the affections of this proud Beauty. I have juſt carried *Unpoliteneſs* far enough to *make her afraid of me*; and to ſhew her, that I am *no whiner*. Every inſtance of Politeneſs, *now*, will give me double credit with her. My next point will be to make her acknowlege a *lambent* flame, a preference of me to all other men, at leaſt: And then my happy hour is not far off. An *acknowleged* Love ſanctifies every freedom: And one freedom begets another. And if ſhe call me *ungenerous*, I can call her *cruel*. The Sex love to be called cruel. Many a time have I complained of Cruelty, even in the act of yielding, becauſe I knew it gratified the Fair one's pride.

Mentioning that he had only hinted at Mr. Belford's lodgings, as an inſtance to confirm what he had told her, that he knew of none in London fit for her, he ſays,

I had

I had a mind to alarm her with ſomething furtheſt from my purpoſe; for (as much as ſhe diſliked my motion) I intended nothing by it: Mrs. Oſgood is too pious a woman; and would have been more *her* friend than *mine*.

I had a view, moreover, to give her an high opinion of her own ſagacity. I love, when I dig a pit, to have my prey tumble in with ſecure feet, and open eyes: Then a man can look down upon her, with an *O-ho, Charmer, how came you there?*

Monday, April 17.

I HAVE juſt now received a freſh piece of intelligence from my agent honeſt Joſeph Leman. Thou knoweſt the hiſtory of poor Miſs Betterton of Nottingham. James Harlowe is plotting to revive the reſentments of her family againſt me. The Harlowes took great pains, ſome time ago, to endeavour to get to the bottom of that ſtory. But now the fooliſh devils are reſolved to do ſomething in it, if they can. My head is working to make this booby 'Squire a plotter, and a clever fellow, in order to turn his plots to my advantage, ſuppoſing his Siſter ſhall aim to keep me *at arm's length when in town, and to ſend me from her*. But I will, in proper time, let thee ſee Joſeph's Letter, and what I ſhall anſwer to it (*a*). To know, in time, a deſigned miſchief, is, with me, to diſappoint it, and to turn it upon the contriver's head.

Joſeph is plaguy ſqueamiſh again; but I know he only intends by his qualms to ſwell his merits with me. O Belford, Belford! what a vile corruptible rogue, whether in poor or in rich, is human nature!

(*a*) See Letters xvii. xviii. of this volume.

LET-

LETTER VI.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

In anſwer to Letters lx. & ſeq. *in Vol.* II. *and to Letters* i. ii. iii. iv. *in Vol.* III.

Tueſday, April 18.

YOU have a moſt implacable family. Another viſit from your Uncle Antony has not only confirmed my Mother an enemy to our correſpondence, but has almoſt put her upon treading in their ſteps.—

But, to other ſubjects:

You plead generouſly for Mr. Hickman. Perhaps, with regard to him, I may have done, as I have often done in ſinging—Begun a note or key too high; and yet, rather than begin again, proceed, tho' I ſtrain my voice, or ſpoil my tune. But this is evident, the man is the more obſervant for it; and you have taught me, that the ſpirit which is the humbler for ill uſage, will be inſolent upon better. So, good and grave Mr. Hickman, keep your diſtance a little longer, I beſeech you. You have erected an altar to me; and I hope you will not refuſe to bow to it.

But you aſk me, If I would treat Mr. Lovelace, were he to be in Mr. Hickman's place, as I do Mr. Hickman?—Why really, my dear, I believe I ſhould not.—I have been very ſagely conſidering this point of behaviour (in general) on both ſides in courtſhip; and I will very candidly tell you the reſult. I have concluded, that politeneſs, even to exceſs, is neceſſary on the mens part, to bring us to liſten to their firſt addreſſes, in order to induce us to bow our necks to a yoke ſo unequal. But, upon my conſcience, I very much doubt whether a little intermingled inſolence is not requiſite from them, to keep up that intereſt, when once it has got footing. Men muſt not let us ſee, that we can make fools of them.

And

And I think, that *ſmooth* Love; that is to ſay, a paſſion without rubs; in other words, a paſſion without paſſion; is like a ſleepy ſtream that is hardly ſeen to give motion to a ſtraw. So that, ſometimes to make us fear, and even, for a ſhort ſpace, to *hate* the wretch, is productive of the *contrary* extreme.

If this be ſo, Lovelace, than whom no man was ever more polite and obſequious at the *beginning*, has hit the very point. For his turbulence *ſince*, his readineſs to offend, and his equal readineſs to humble himſelf (as he is known to be a man of ſenſe, and of courage too) muſt keep a woman's paſſion alive; and at laſt, tire her into a non-reſiſtance that ſhall make her as paſſive as a tyrant-huſband would wiſh her to be.

I verily think, that the different behaviour of our two heroes to their heroines, makes out this doctrine to demonſtration. I am ſo much accuſtomed, for my own part, to Hickman's whining, creeping, ſubmiſſive courtſhip, that I now expect nothing but whine and cringe from him; and am ſo little moved with his nonſenſe, that I am frequently forced to go to my harpſichord, to keep me awake, and to ſilence his humdrum. Whereas Lovelace keeps up the Ball with a witneſs, and all his addreſs and converſation is one continual game at Raquet.

Your frequent Quarrels and Reconciliations verify this obſervation: And I really believe, that, could Hickman have kept my attention alive after the Lovelace-manner, only that he had preſerved his morals, I ſhould have married the man by this time. But then he muſt have *ſet out* accordingly. For now, he can never, never recover himſelf, that's certain; but muſt be a Dangler to the end of the Courtſhip-chapter; and, what is ſtill worſe for him, a Paſſive to the end of his life.

Poor Hickman! perhaps you'll ſay.

I have

I have been called your Echo—Poor Hickman! ſay I.

You wonder, my dear, that Mr. Lovelace took not notice to you over-night of the Letters of Lady Betty, and his Couſin. I don't like his keeping ſuch a material and *relative* circumſtance, as I may call it, one moment from you. By his communicating the contents of them to you next day, when you was angry with him, it looks as if he with-held them for *occaſional pacifiers*; and if ſo, muſt he not have had a forethought that he might give you *cauſe* for anger? Of all the circumſtances that have happened ſince you have been with him, I think I like this the leaſt. This alone, my dear, ſmall as it might look to an *indifferent* eye, in *mine* warrants all your caution. Yet I think, that Mrs. Greme's Letter to her Siſter Sorlings; his repeated motions for Hannah's attendance; and for that of one of the widow Sorlings's daughters; and, above all, for that of Mrs. Norton; are agreeable counterbalances. Were it not for theſe circumſtances, I ſhould have ſaid a great deal more of the other. Yet what a fooliſh fellow, to let you know over-night that he *had* ſuch Letters! —I can't tell what to make of him.

I am pleaſed with the Contents of theſe Ladies Letters. And the more, as I have cauſed the family to be again ſounded, and find, that they are all as deſirous as ever of your alliance.

· They really are (every one of them) your very
· great admirers. And, as for Lord M. he is ſo
· much pleaſed with you, and with the confidence, as
· he calls it, which you have repoſed in his Nephew,
· that he vows he will diſinherit him, if he reward it
· not as he ought. You muſt take care, that you
· loſe not both families.

· I hear Mrs. Norton is injoined, as ſhe values the
· favour of the *other* family, not to correſpond ei-

: ther

· ther with you, or with me.—Poor creatures!—But
· they are your—Yet they are not your *Relations*,
· neither, I believe. Had you had any other Nurſe,
· I ſhould have concluded you had been changed.
· I ſuffer by their low malice—Excuſe me therefore.

· You really hold this man to his good behaviour
· with more ſpirit than I thought you miſtreſs of;
· eſpecially when I judged of you by that meekneſs
· which you always contended for, as the proper
· diſtinction of the female character; and by the
· love, which (think as you pleaſe) you certainly
· have for him. You may rather be proud of than
· angry at the imputation; ſince you are the only
· woman I ever knew, read, or heard of, whoſe
· love was ſo much governed by her prudence. But
· once the indifference of the Huſband takes place of
· the ardor of the Lover, it will be *your* turn: And,
· if I am not miſtaken, this man, who is the only
· ſelf-admirer I ever knew, who was not a coxcomb,
· will rather in his day expect homage than pay it.

· Your handſome Huſbands, my dear, make a
· Wife's heart ake very often: And tho' you are as
· fine a perſon of a woman, at the leaſt, as he is of
· a man; he will take too much delight in *himſelf* to
· think himſelf more indebted to your favour, than
· you are to his diſtinction and preference of you.
· But no man, take your finer mind with your very
· fine perſon, can deſerve you. So you muſt be con-
· tented, ſhould your merit be under-rated; ſince that
· *muſt* be ſo, marry whom you will. Perhaps you
· will think I indulge theſe ſort of reflections againſt
· your Narciſſus's of men, to keep my Mother's choice
· for me of Hickman in countenance with myſelf—
· I don't know but there is ſomething in it; at leaſt,
· enough to have given birth to the reflection.·

I think there can be no objection to your going to London. There, as in the centre, you will be in the

way

way of hearing from every-body, and ſending to any-body. And then you will put all his ſincerity to the teſt, *as to his promiſed abſence*, and ſuch-like.

But indeed, my dear, I think you have nothing for it but Marriage. You may try (that you may ſay you *have* tried) what your Relations can be brought to: But the moment they refuſe your propoſals, ſubmit to the yoke, and make the beſt of it. He will be a ſavage indeed, if he makes you ſpeak out. Yet, it is my opinion, that you *muſt* bend a little; for he cannot bear to be thought ſlightly of.

This was one of his ſpeeches once; I believe deſigned for me—'A woman who means one day to 'favour a man, ſhould ſhew the world, for her *own* 'ſake, that ſhe diſtinguiſhes her adorer from the 'common herd.'

Shall I give you another fine Sentence of his, and in the true Libertine ſtile, as he ſpoke it, throwing out his challenging hand?—'D—n him, if he would 'marry the firſt princeſs on earth, if he but thought 'ſhe balanced a minute in her choice of *Him*, or of 'an *Emperor*.'

All the world, in ſhort, expect you to have this man. They think, that you left your Father's houſe for this very purpoſe. The longer the Ceremony is delayed, the worſe appearance it will have in the world's eye. And it will not be the fault of ſome of your Relations, if a ſlur be not thrown upon your reputation, while you continue unmarried. Your Uncle Antony in particular, ſpeaks rough and vile things, grounded upon the morals of his *Brother-Orſon*. But hitherto your admirable character has antidoted the poiſon; the detractor is deſpiſed, and every one's indignation raiſed againſt him.

I have written thro' many interruptions: And you will ſee the firſt ſheet creaſed and rumpled, occaſioned by putting it into my boſom, on my Mother's ſud-

den

den coming upon me. We have had one very pretty debate, I will aſſure you; but it is not worth while to trouble you with the particulars.—But upon my word—No matter tho'—

Your Hannah cannot attend you. The poor girl left her place about a fortnight ago, on account of a rheumatic diſorder, which has confined her to her room ever ſince. She burſt into tears, when Kitty carried to her your deſire of having her with you, and called herſelf doubly unhappy, that ſhe could not wait upon a miſtreſs whom ſhe ſo dearly loved.

Had my Mother anſwered my wiſhes, I ſhould have been ſorry Mr. Lovelace had been the *firſt* propoſer of my Kitty for your attendant, till Hannah could come. To be altogether among ſtrangers, and a ſtranger to attend you every time you remove, is a very diſagreeable thing. But your conſiderateneſs and bounty will make you faithful ones where-ever you go.

You muſt take your own way: But if you ſuffer any inconvenience, either as to cloaths or money, that it is in my power to remedy, I will never forgive you. My Mother (if *that* be your objection) need not know any-thing of the matter.

'We have all our Defects: We have often regreted the particular Fault, which, tho' in venerable characters, we muſt have been blind not to have ſeen. Let *us*, my Nancy, ſaid you once; Let us, who have not the *ſame* failings, guard againſt *other* and *greater*.

'I will own to you, that my Mother has vexed me a little very lately, by ſome inſtances of her jealous narrowneſs. I will mention one of them, tho' I did not intend it. She wanted to borrow Thirty Guineas of me; *only* while ſhe changed a Note. I ſaid, I could lend her but Eight or Ten. Eight or Ten would not do: She thought I was

much

much richer. I could have told her, I was much cunninger than to let her know my Stock; which, on a Review, I find Ninety-five Guineas; and all of them moſt heartily at your ſervice.

I believe your Uncle Tony put her upon this wiſe project; for ſhe was *out of caſh* in an hour after he left her. If he did, you will judge that they intend to diſtreſs you. If it will provoke *you* to demand your own in a legal way, I wiſh they would; ſince their putting you upon that courſe will juſtify the neceſſity of your leaving them. And as it is not for your credit to own, that you were tricked away contrary to your intention, this would afford a reaſon for your going off, that I ſhould make very good uſe of. You'll ſee, that I approve of Lovelace's advice upon this ſubject. I am not willing to allow the weight to your anſwer to him on that head which perhaps *ought* to be allowed it (*a*).

You muſt be the leſs ſurpriſed at the inventions of this man, becauſe of his uncommon talents. Whatever he had turned his head to, he would have excelled in; or been (or done things) extraordinary. He is ſaid to be revengeful: A very bad quality! I believe indeed he is a devil in every thing but his foot.—This therefore is my repeated advice: Provoke him not too much againſt yourſelf: But unchain him, and let him looſe upon your Siſter's vile Betty, and your Brother's Joſeph Leman. This is reſenting *low:* But I know to whom I write, or elſe I would go a good deal *higher*, I'll aſſure you.

Your next, I ſuppoſe, will be from London. Pray direct it, and your future Letters, till further notice, to Mr. Hickman, at his own houſe. He is intirely devoted to you. Don't take ſo heavily my Mother's partiality and prejudices. I hope I am paſt a Baby.

(*a*) See p. 3.

Heaven

Heaven preſerve you, and make you as happy as I think you deſerve to be, prays

Your ever-affectionate

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER VII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Wedn. Morn. April 19.

I AM glad, my dear friend, that you approve of my Removal to London.

The diſagreement between your Mother and you gives me inexpreſſible affliction. I hope I think you both more unhappy than you are. But I beſeech you let me know the particulars of the debate you call *a very pretty one.* I am well acquainted with your dialect. When I am informed of the whole, let your Mother have been ever ſo ſevere upon me, I ſhall be eaſier a great deal.—Faulty people ſhould rather deplore the occaſion, than reſent the anger that is but the conſequence of their fault.

If I am to be obliged to any-body in England for money, it ſhall be to you. Your Mother need not know of your kindneſs to me, you ſay—But ſhe *muſt* know it, if it be done, and if ſhe challenge my beloved friend upon it; for would you either falſify or prevaricate?—I wiſh your Mother could be made eaſy on this head.—Forgive me, my dear— But I know —Yet once ſhe had a better opinion of me.—O my inconſiderate raſhneſs!— Excuſe me once more, I pray you.— Pride, when it is *native*, will ſhew itſelf ſometimes in the midſt of mortifications— But my ſtomach is down already.

I AM unhappy that I cannot have my worthy Hannah. I am as ſorry for the poor creature's illneſs as for my own diſappointment by it. Come, my dear

Miſs Howe, ſince you preſs me to be beholden to you; and would think me proud if I abſolutely refuſed your favour; pray be ſo good as to ſend her two guineas in my name.

If I have nothing for it, as you ſay, but Matrimony, it yields a little comfort, that his Relations do not deſpiſe the *Fugitive*, as perſons of their rank and quality-pride might be ſuppoſed to do, for having *been* a Fugitive.

But O my cruel, thrice cruel Uncle! to ſuppoſe— But my heart checks my pen, and will not let it proceed, on an intimation ſo extremely ſhocking as that which he ſuppoſes!— Yet, if thus they have been perſuaded, no wonder if they are irreconcileable.

This is all my hard-hearted Brother's doings!— His ſurmiſings!— God forgive him— Prays his injured Siſter!

LETTER VIII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Thurſday, April 20.

MR. Lovelace's ſervant is already returned with an Anſwer from his friend Mr. Doleman, who has taken pains in his enquiries, and is very particular. Mr. Lovelace brought me the Letter as ſoon as he had read it; and as he now knows that I acquaint you with every-thing that offers, I deſired him to let me ſend it to you for your peruſal. Be pleaſed to return it by the firſt opportunity. You will ſee by it, that his friends in town have a notion that we are actually married.

To ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq;*

Dear Sir, *Tueſday Night, April* 18.

I AM extremely rejoiced to hear, that we ſhall ſo ſoon have you in town, after ſo long an abſence. You will be the more welcome ſtill, if what report ſays,

ſays, be true; which is, that you are *actually married* to the fair Lady upon whom we have heard you make ſuch encomiums. Mrs. Doleman, and my Siſter, both wiſh you joy if you are; and joy upon your near proſpect if you are not.

I have been in town for this week paſt, to get help, if I could, from my paralytic complaints; and am in a courſe for them. Which, nevertheleſs, did not prevent me from making the deſired enquiries. This is the reſult.

You may have a firſt floor, well-furniſhed, at a Mercer's in Bedford-ſtreet, Covent-garden, with conveniencies for ſervants: And theſe either by the quarter or month. The terms according to the conveniencies required.

Mrs. Doleman has ſeen Lodgings in Norfolk-ſtreet, and others in Cecil-ſtreet; but tho' the proſpects to the Thames and Surry-hills look inviting from both theſe ſtreets, yet I ſuppoſe they are too near the City.

The owner of thoſe in Norfolk-ſtreet would have half the houſe go together. It would be too much for your deſcription therefore: And I ſuppoſe, that when you think fit to *declare your marriage*, you will hardly be in lodgings.

Thoſe in Cecil-ſtreet are neat and convenient. The owner is a widow of good character; but ſhe inſiſts, that you take them for a twelvemonth certain.

You may have good accommodations in Dover-ſtreet, at a widow's, the relict of an officer in the guards, who dying ſoon after he had purchaſed his commiſſion (to which he had a good title by ſervice, and which coſt him moſt part of what he had) ſhe *was obliged to lett Lodgings.*

This may poſſibly be an objection. But ſhe is very careful, ſhe ſays, that ſhe takes no Lodgers, but of *figure* and *reputation.* She rents two good houſes,

diſtant from each other, only joined by a *large handſome paſſage*. The *inner-houſe* is the genteeleſt, and is very elegantly furniſhed; but you may have the uſe of a very handſome parlour in the *outer-houſe*, if you chuſe to look into the ſtreet.

A little garden belongs to the inner-houſe, in which the old gentlewoman has diſplayed a true female fancy; having crammed it with vaſes, flower-pots, and figures, without number.

As theſe Lodgings ſeemed to me the moſt likely to pleaſe you, I was more particular in my enquiries about them. The apartments ſhe has to lett are in the inner-houſe: They are a dining-room, two neat parlours, a withdrawing-room, two or three handſome bed-chambers; one with a pretty light cloſet in it, which looks into the little garden; all furniſhed in taſte.

A *dignified Clergyman*, his *wife*, and *maiden-daughter*, were the laſt who lived in them. They have but lately quitted them, on his being preſented to a conſiderable Church-preferment in Ireland. The gentlewoman ſays, that he took the Lodgings but for *three months* certain; but liked them and *her uſage* ſo well, that he continued in them *two years*; and left them with regret, tho' on ſo good an account. She bragged, that this was the way of all the Lodgers ſhe ever had, who ſtaid with her *four times as long as they at firſt intended*.

I had ſome knowlege of the Colonel, who was always looked upon as a man of honour. His Relict I never ſaw before. I think ſhe has a *maſculine air*, and is a *little forbidding at firſt:* But when I ſaw her behaviour to two agreeable *maiden gentlewomen*, her Husband's nieces, whom, for *that* reaſon, ſhe calls *doubly* hers, and heard their praiſes of *her*, I could impute her very bulk to good humour; ſince we ſeldom ſee your four peeviſh people plump. She lives *reputably*, and is, as I find, *aforehand* in the world.

If theſe, or any other of the Lodgings I have mentioned, be not altogether to your Lady's mind, ſhe may continue in them *the leſs while*, and *chuſe others for herſelf*.

The widow conſents that you ſhould take them for a *month only*, and *what* of them you pleaſe. The terms, ſhe ſays, ſhe will not fall out upon, when ſhe knows what your Lady expects, and what *her* ſervants are to do, or *yours* will undertake; for ſhe obſerved, that ſervants are generally worſe to deal with, than their maſters or miſtreſſes.

The Lady may board or not, as ſhe pleaſes.

As we *ſuppoſe you married*, but that you have reaſon, from family-differences, to keep it private for the preſent, I thought it not amiſs to hint as much to the widow (but as *uncertainty*, however) and aſked her, if ſhe could, in that caſe, accommodate you and your ſervants, as well as the Lady and hers? She ſaid, ſhe could; and wiſhed, by all means, it were to be ſo; ſince the circumſtance of a perſon's *being ſingle*, if not as well recommended as this Lady, was *one of her uſual exceptions*.

If none of theſe Lodgings pleaſe, you need not doubt very handſome ones in or near Hanover-Square, Soho-Square, Golden-Square, or in ſome of the new ſtreets about Groſvenor-Square. And Mrs. Doleman, her Siſter, and myſelf, moſt cordially join to offer to your good Lady the beſt accommodations we can make for her at Uxbridge (and alſo for you, if you are the happy man we wiſh you to be) till ſhe fits herſelf more to her mind.

Let me add, that the Lodgings at the Mercer's, thoſe in Cecil-ſtreet, thoſe at the widow's in Dover-ſtreet, any of them, may be entered upon at a day's warning. I am, my dear Sir,

Your ſincere and affectionate Friend and Servant,

THO. DOLEMAN.

You will eaſily gueſs, my dear, when you have read the Letter, *which* Lodgings I made choice of. But firſt, to try him (as in ſo material a point I thought I could not be too circumſpect) I ſeemed to prefer thoſe in Norfolk-ſtreet, for the very reaſon the writer gives why he thought I would *not*; that is to ſay, for its neighbourhood to a City ſo well-governed as London is ſaid to be. Nor ſhould I have diſliked a Lodging in the heart of it, having heard but indifferent accounts of the liberties ſometimes taken at the other end of the town.—Then ſeeming to incline to the Lodgings in Cecil-ſtreet— Then to the Mercer's. But he made no viſible preference: And when I aſked his opinion of the widow-gentlewoman's, he ſaid, He thought thoſe the moſt to my taſte and convenience: But as he hoped, that I would think Lodgings neceſſary but for a very little while, he knew not which to give his vote for.

I then fixed upon the widow's; and he has written accordingly to Mr. Doleman, making my compliments to his Lady and Siſter, for their kind offer.

I am to have the dining-room, the bed-chamber, with the light cloſet (of which, if I ſtay any time at the widow's, I ſhall make great uſe) and a ſervant's room; and we propoſe to ſet out on Saturday morning. As for a maid-ſervant, poor Hannah's illneſs is a great diſappointment to me: But, as he obſerves, I can make the widow ſatisfaction for one of hers, till I can get a ſervant to my mind. And you know, I want not much attendance.

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Mr. Lovelace has juſt now, of his own accord, given me five guineas for poor Hannah. I ſend them incloſed. Be ſo good as to cauſe them to be conveyed to her; and to let her know from whom they came.

He has obliged me much by this little mark of his

his conſiderateneſs. Indeed I have had the better opinion of him ever ſince he propoſed her return to me.

I HAVE juſt now *another* inſtance of his conſiderateneſs. He came to me, and ſaid, that, on ſecond thoughts, he could not bear, that I ſhould go up to town without ſome attendant, were it but for the look of the thing to the London widow and her nieces, who, according to his friend's account, *lived ſo genteelly*; and eſpecially *as I required him to leave me ſoon after I arrived there*, and ſo would be left alone among ſtrangers. He therefore thought, that I might engage Mrs. Sorlings to lend me one of her two maids, or to let one of her Daughters go up with me, and ſtay till I were provided. And if the latter, the young gentlewoman, no doubt, would be glad of ſo good an opportunity to ſee a little of the curioſities of the town, and would be a proper attendant on the ſame occaſions.

I told him, as I had done before, that the two young gentlewomen were ſo equally uſeful in their way, and ſervants in a buſy farm were ſo little to be ſpared, that I ſhould be loth to take them off their laudable employments. Nor ſhould I think much of diverſions for one while; and ſo the leſs want an attendant out of doors.

And now, my dear, leſt any-thing ſhould happen, in ſo variable a ſituation as mine, to over-cloud my proſpects (which at preſent are more promiſing than ever yet they have been ſince I quitted Harlowe-Place) I will ſnatch the opportunity to ſubſcribe myſelf

Your not unhoping, and
ever obliged Friend and Servant,
CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER IX.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Esq*;

Thurſday, April 20.

HE begins with communicating to him the Letter he wrote to Mr. Doleman, *to procure ſuitable Lodgings in Town, and which he ſent away by the Lady's approbation: And then gives him a copy of the Anſwer to it (See p.* 34.*): Upon which he thus expreſſes himſelf:*

Thou knoweſt the Widow; thou knoweſt her Nieces; thou knoweſt the Lodgings: And didſt thou ever read a Letter more artfully couched, than this of Tom Doleman? Every poſſible objection anticipated! Every accident provided againſt! Every tittle of it plot-proof!

Who could forbear ſmiling, to ſee my Charmer, like a farcical Dean and Chapter, chuſe what was before choſen for her; and ſagaciouſly (as *they* go in form to prayers, that Heaven would direct their choice) pondering upon the different propoſals, as if ſhe would make me believe, ſhe had a mind for *ſome other?* The dear ſly rogue looking upon me, too, with a view to diſcover ſome emotion in me. Emotions I had; but I can tell her, that they lay deeper than her eye could reach, tho' it had been a Sun-beam.

No confidence in me, Fair-one! None at all, 'tis plain. Thou wilt not, if I were inclined to change my views, encourage me by a generous reliance on my honour!— And ſhall it be ſaid, that I, a Maſter of Arts in Love, ſhall be overmatched by ſo unpractiſed a novice?

But to ſee the Charmer ſo far ſatisfied with my contrivance, as to borrow my friend's Letter, in order to ſatisfy Miſs Howe likewiſe!—

Silly

Silly little rogues! to walk out into by-paths on the ſtrength of their own judgments!— When nothing but *experience* can enable them to diſappoint us, and teach them grandmother-wiſdom! When they *have* it indeed, then may they ſit down, like ſo many Caſſandra's, and preach caution to others; who will as little mind *them*, as they did *their* inſtructreſſes, whenever a fine handſome confident young fellow, ſuch a one as thou knoweſt who, comes croſs them.

But, Belford, didſt thou not mind that ſly rogue Doleman's naming *Dover-ſtreet* for the Widow's place of abode?—What doſt think could be meant by that?—'Tis impoſſible thou ſhouldſt gueſs. So, not to puzzle thee about it, Suppoſe the *widow Sinclair's in Dover-ſtreet*, ſhould be enquired after by ſome officious perſon, in order to come at characters [Miſs Howe is as *ſly* as the devil, and as *buſy* to the full]; and neither ſuch a name, nor ſuch a houſe, can be found in that Street, nor a houſe to anſwer the deſcription; then will not the keeneſt hunter in England be at a fault?

But how wilt thou do, methinks thou aſkeſt, to hinder the Lady from reſenting the fallacy, and miſtruſting thee the more on that account, when ſhe finds it out to be in another Street?

Pho! never mind that: Either I ſhall have a way for it; or we ſhall thoroughly underſtand one another by that time; or, if we don't, ſhe'll know enough of me, not to wonder at *ſuch* a peccadillo.

But how wilt thou hinder the Lady from appriſing her friend of the real name?

She muſt firſt know it herſelf, monkey, muſt ſhe not?

Well, but, how wilt thou do to hinder her from knowing the Street, and her friend from directing Letters thither; which will be the ſame thing as if the name were known?

Let

Let me alone for that too.

If thou further objecteſt, that Tom Doleman is too great a dunce to write ſuch a Letter in anſwer to mine; —Canſt thou not imagine, that, in order to ſave honeſt Tom all this trouble, I, who know the town ſo well, could ſend him a copy of what he ſhould write, and leave him nothing to do, but tranſcribe?

What now ſayſt thou to *me*, Belford?

And ſuppoſe I had deſigned this taſk of enquiry for thee; and ſuppoſe the Lady excepted againſt thee for no other reaſon in the world, but becauſe of my value for thee? What ſayſt thou to the *Lady*, Jack?

This it is to have leiſure upon my hands!— What a matchleſs plotter thy friend!— Stand by, and let me ſwell!— I am already as big as an elephant; and ten times wiſer!—Mightier too by far! Have I not reaſon to ſnuff the moon with my proboſcis?— Lord help thee for a poor, for a very poor creature!—Wonder not, that I deſpiſe thee heartily; ſince the man who is diſpoſed immoderately to exalt himſelf, cannot do it but by deſpiſing every-body elſe in proportion.

I ſhall make good uſe of the *Dolemanic* hint of *being married*. But I will not tell thee All at once. Nor, indeed, have I thoroughly digeſted that part of my plot. When a General muſt regulate himſelf by the motions of a watchful Adverſary, how can he ſay beforehand what he will, or what he will not, do?

Widow SINCLAIR!— Didſt thou not ſay, Lovelace?—

Ay, SINCLAIR, Jack!— Remember the name! SINCLAIR, I repeat. She *has* no other. And her features being broad, and full-blown, I will ſuppoſe her to be of Highland extraction; as her huſband the Colonel [*Mind that too*] was a Scot, as brave, as honeſt.

I never forget the *Minutiæ* in my contrivances. In all matters that admit of doubt the *Minutiæ* cloſely attended

attended to, and provided for, are of more ſervice than a thouſand oaths, vows, and proteſtations made to ſupply the neglect of them, eſpecially when jealouſy has made its way in the working mind.

Thou wouldſt wonder if thou kneweſt one half of my *providences*. To give thee but one—I have already been ſo good as to ſend up a liſt of books to be procured for the Lady's cloſet, moſtly at *ſecond-hand*. And thou knoweſt, that the women there are all well read. But I will not anticipate—Beſides, it looks as if I were afraid of leaving any-thing to my old friend CHANCE; which has many a time been an excellent Second to me; and ought not to be affronted or deſpiſed; eſpecially by one, who has the Art of making unpromiſing incidents turn out in his favour.

LETTER X.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Wedneſday, April 19.

I Have a piece of intelligence to give you, which concerns you much to know.

Your Brother having been aſſured, that you are not married, has taken a reſolution to find you out, way-lay you, and carry you off. A friend of his, a captain of a ſhip, undertakes to get you on ſhip-board; and to ſail away with you, either to Hull or Leith, in the way to one of your Brother's houſes.

They are very wicked: For in ſpite of your virtue they conclude you to be *ruined*. But if they can be aſſured when they have you, that you are not, they will ſecure you till they can bring you out Mrs. Solmes. Mean time, in order to give Mr. Lovelace full employment, they talk of a proſecution which will be ſet up againſt him, for ſome crime they have got a notion of, which they think, if it do not coſt him his life, will make him fly his country.

This

This is very early news. Miſs Bell told it in confidence, and with mighty triumph over Lovelace, to Miſs Lloyd; who is at preſent her favourite; though as much your admirer as ever. Miſs Lloyd, being very apprehenſive of the miſchief which might follow ſuch an attempt, told it to me, with leave to appriſe you privately of it—And yet neither ſhe nor I would be ſorry, perhaps, if Lovelace were to be fairly hanged —that is to ſay, if *you*, my dear, had no objection to it. But we cannot bear, that ſuch an admirable creature ſhould be made the tennis-ball of two violent ſpirits— Much leſs, that you ſhould be ſeized, and expoſed to the brutal treatment of wretches who have no bowels.

If you can engage Mr. Lovelace to keep his temper upon it, I think you ſhould acquaint him with it; but not to mention Miſs Lloyd. Perhaps his wicked agent may come at the intelligence, and reveal it to him. But I leave it to your own diſcretion to do as you think fit in it. All my concern is, that this dareing and fooliſh project, if carried on, will be a means of throwing you more into his power than ever. But as it will convince you, that there can be no hope of a Reconciliation, I wiſh you were actually married, let the cauſe for the proſecution hinted at be what it will, ſhort of Murder or a Rape.

Your Hannah was very thankful for your kind preſent. She heaped a thouſand bleſſings upon you for it. She has Mr. Lovelace's too, by this time.

I am pleaſed with Mr. Hickman, I can tell you:—For he has ſent her two guineas by the perſon who carries Mr. Lovelace's five, as from an unknown hand: Nor am I, or you, to know it. But he does a great many things of this ſort; and is as ſilent as the night in his charities; for nobody knows of them, till the gratitude of the benefited will not let them be concealed. He is now-and-then my almoner, and I believe always adds to my little benefactions.

But his time is not come to be praiſed to his face for theſe things; nor does he ſeem to want *that* encouragement.

The man has certainly a good mind. Nor can we expect in one man every good quality. But he is really a ſilly fellow, my dear, to trouble his head about me, when he ſees how much I deſpiſe his whole Sex; and muſt of courſe make a common man look like a fool, were he not to make *himſelf* look like one, by wiſhing to pitch his tent ſo oddly. Our likings and diſlikings, as I have often thought, are ſeldom governed by prudence, or with a view to happineſs. The eye, my dear, the wicked eye—has ſuch a ſtrict alliance with the heart—And both have ſuch enmity to the underſtanding!—What an unequal union, the mind and body! All the ſenſes, like the family at Harlowe-Place, in a confederacy againſt that which would animate, and give honour to the whole, were it allowed its proper precedence.

Permit me, I beſeech you, before you go to London, to ſend you forty-eight guineas. I mention that ſum to oblige you, becauſe, by accepting back the two to Hannah, I will hold you indebted to me fifty. —Surely *this* will induce you! You know that I cannot want the money. I told you, that I have near double that ſum; and that the half of it is more than my Mother knows I am miſtreſs of. · You are · afraid, that my Mother will queſtion me on this · ſubject; and then you think I muſt own the truth— · But little as I love equivocation, and little as you · would allow of it in your Anna Howe, it is hard, · if I cannot (were I to be put to it ever ſo cloſely) · find ſomething to ſay, that would bring me off, · and not impeach my veracity.· With ſo little money as you have, what can you do at ſuch a place as London?—You don't know what occaſion you may have for meſſengers, intelligence, and ſuch-like. If

you don't oblige me, I ſhall not think your ſtomach ſo much down as you ſay it is; and as, in this one particular, I think it ought to be.

As to the ſtate of things between my Mother and me, you know enough of her temper, not to need to be told, that ſhe never eſpouſes or reſents with indifference. Yet will ſhe not remember, that I am *her* Daughter. No, truly, I am all my *Papa*'s *girl*.

She was very ſenſible, ſurely, of the violence of my poor Father's temper, that ſhe can ſo long remember *that*, when acts of tenderneſs and affection ſeem quite forgotten. Some Daughters would be tempted to think, that controul ſat very heavy upon a Mother who can endeavour to exert the power ſhe has over a Child, and regret, for years after death, that ſhe had not the ſame over a Huſband.

If this manner of expreſſion becomes not me, of my Mother, the fault will be ſomewhat extenuated by the Love I always bore to my Father, and by the reverence I ſhall ever pay to his memory: For he was a fond Father, and perhaps would have been as tender a Huſband, had not my Mother and he been too much of one temper to agree.

The misfortune was, in ſhort, that, when *one* was out of humour, the *other* would be ſo too: Yet neither of their tempers *comparatively* bad. Notwithſtanding all which, I did not imagine, girl as I was in my Father's life-time, that my Mother's part of the yoke ſat ſo heavy upon her neck as ſhe gives me room to think it did whenever ſhe is pleaſed to diſclaim *her* part of me.

Both Parents, as I have often thought, ſhould be very careful, if they would ſecure to themſelves the undivided Love of their children, that, of all things, they ſhould avoid ſuch *durable* contentions with each other, as ſhould diſtreſs their children in chuſing their party, when they would be glad to reverence *both* as they ought.

But

But here is the thing: There is not a better manager of her affairs in the Sex, than my Mother; and I believe a *notable* Wife is more impatient of controul, than an *indolent* one. An indolent one, perhaps, thinks ſhe has ſomewhat to *compound* for; while women of the other character, I ſuppoſe, know too well their own ſignificance to think highly of that of any-body elſe. All muſt be their own way. In one word, Becauſe they are *uſeful*, they will be *more* than uſeful.

I do aſſure you, my dear, were I a man, and a man who loved my quiet, I would not have one of theſe managing Wives on any conſideration. I would make it a matter of ſerious enquiry beforehand, whether my miſtreſs's qualifications, if I heard ſhe was notable, were *maſculine* or *feminine* ones. If indeed I were an indolent ſupine mortal, who might be in danger of becoming the property of my Steward, I would then perhaps chuſe to marry for the qualifications of a Steward.

But, ſetting my Mother out of the queſtion, becauſe ſhe *is* my Mother, have I not ſeen how Lady Hartley pranks up herſelf above all her Sex, becauſe ſhe knows how to manage affairs that do not *belong* to her Sex to manage?—Affairs that can do no credit to her as a woman to underſtand; *practically*, I mean; for the *theory* of them may not be amiſs to be known.

Indeed, my dear, I do not think a *Man-woman* a pretty character at all: And, as I ſaid, were I a *man*, I would ſooner chuſe a Dove, tho' it were fit for nothing, but, as the Play ſays, to go tame about houſe, and breed, than a Wife that is ſetting at work (my inſignificant ſelf *preſent* perhaps) every buſy hour my never-reſting ſervants, thoſe of the Stud not excepted; and who, with a beſom in her hand, as I may ſay, would be continually filling me with apprehenſions, that ſhe wanted to ſweep me out of my own houſe as uſeleſs lumber.

Were

Were indeed the miſtreſs of a family (like the wonderful young Lady I ſo *much* and ſo *juſtly* admire) to know how to confine herſelf within her own reſpectable rounds of the Needle, the Pen, the Houſekeeper's Bills, the Dairy for her amuſement; to ſee the Poor fed from ſuperfluities that would otherwiſe be waſted; and exert herſelf in all the really uſeful branches of Domeſtic Management; then would ſhe move in her proper ſphere; then would ſhe render herſelf *amiably* uſeful, and *reſpectably* neceſſary; then would ſhe become the *Miſtreſs*-wheel of the family [Whatever you think of your Anna Howe, I would not have her be the *Maſter*-wheel]; and every-body would love her; as every-body did you, before your inſolent Brother came back, fluſhed with his unmerited acquirements, and turned all things topſy-turvy.

If you *will* be informed of the particulars of our contention, after you have known in general, that *your* unhappy affair was the ſubject; why then, I think, I muſt tell you.

Yet how ſhall I?—I feel my cheek glow with mingled ſhame and indignation—Know then, my dear, —that I have been—as I may ſay—that I have been *beaten*—Indeed 'tis true. My Mother thought fit to ſlap my hands to get from me a ſheet of a Letter ſhe caught me writing to you; which I tore, becauſe ſhe ſhould not read it, and burnt it before her face.

I know this will trouble you: So ſpare yourſelf the pains to tell me it does.

Mr. Hickman came in preſently after. I would not ſee him. I am either too much a Woman to be beat, or too much a Child to have an Humble Servant. —So I told my Mother. What can one oppoſe but Sullens, when it would be unpardonable ſo much as to *think* of lifting up a finger?

In the Harlowe-ſtyle, She *will* be obeyed, ſhe ſays: And even Mr. Hickman ſhall be forbid the houſe, if he

he contributes to the carrying on of a correſpondence which ſhe will not ſuffer to be continued.

Poor man! He ſtands a whimſical chance between us. But he knows he is *ſure* of my Mother; but not of me. 'Tis eaſy then for him to chuſe his party, were it not his inclination to ſerve you, as it ſurely *is*. And this makes him a merit with me, which otherwiſe he would not have had; notwithſtanding the good qualities which I have juſt now acknowleged in his favour. For, my dear, let my faults in other reſpects be what they may, I will pretend to ſay, that I have in my own mind thoſe qualities which I praiſed him for. And if we are to come together, I could for that reaſon better diſpenſe with them in him.—So if a Huſband, who has a bountiful-tempered Wife, is not a niggard, nor ſeeks to reſtrain her, but has an opinion of all ſhe does, that is enough for him: As, on the contrary, if a bountiful-tempered Huſband has a frugal Wife, it is beſt for both. For one to give, and the other to give, except they have prudence, and are at ſo good an underſtanding with each other, as to compare notes, they may perhaps put it out of their power to be *juſt*. Good frugal doctrine, my dear! But this way of putting it, is middling the matter between what I have learnt of my Mother's *over*-prudent and your *enlarged* notions.—But from doctrine to fact—

I ſhut myſelf up all that day; and what little I did eat, eat alone. But at night ſhe ſent up Kitty, with a command, upon my obedience, to attend her at ſupper.

I went down: But moſt glorioufly in the Sullens. YES, and NO, were great words with me, to every thing ſhe aſked, for a good while.

That behaviour, ſhe told me, ſhould not do for her.

Beating ſhould not with me, I ſaid.

My bold reſiſtance, ſhe told me, had provoked her to ſlap my hand; and ſhe was ſorry to have been ſo provoked. But again inſiſted, that I would either give up my correſpondence abſolutely, or let her ſee all that paſſed in it.

I muſt not do either, I told her. It was unſuitable both to my inclination and to my honour, at the inſtigation of baſe minds, to give up a friend in diſtreſs.

She rung all the maternal changes upon the words Duty, Obedience, Filial obligation, and ſo-forth.

I told her, that a duty too rigorouſly and unreaſonably exacted had been your ruin, if you *were* ruined. If I were of age to be married, I hoped ſhe would think me capable of *making*, or at leaſt of *keeping*, my own friendſhips; ſuch a one eſpecially as this, with a *woman* too, and one whoſe friendſhip ſhe herſelf, till this diſtreſsful point of time, had thought the moſt uſeful and edifying that I had ever contracted.

The greater the merit, the worſe the action: The finer the talents, the more dangerous the example.

There were other duties, I ſaid, beſides the filial ones; and I hoped I need not give up a ſuffering friend, eſpecially at the inſtigation of thoſe by whom ſhe ſuffered. I told her, that it was very hard to annex ſuch a condition as that to my duty; when I was perſuaded, that both duties might be performed, without derogating from either: That an unreaſonable command (ſhe muſt excuſe me, I muſt ſay it, tho' I were ſlapt again) was a degree of tyranny: And I could not have expected, that at theſe years I ſhould be allowed no will, no choice of my own; where a woman only was concerned, and the deviliſh Sex not in the queſtion.

What turned moſt in favour of her argument was, that I deſired to be excuſed from letting her read all that paſſes between us. She inſiſted much upon this: And ſince, ſhe ſaid, you were in the hands of the moſt

moſt intriguing man in the world; and a man, who had made a jeſt of her favourite Hickman, as ſhe has been told; ſhe knows not what conſequences, unthought of by you or me, may flow from ſuch a correſpondence.

So you ſee, my dear, that I fare the worſe on Mr. Hickman's account! My Mother *might* ſee all that paſſes between us, did I not know, that it would cramp your ſpirit, and reſtrain the freedom of your pen, as it would alſo the freedom of mine: And were ſhe not moreover ſo firmly attached to the contrary ſide, that inferences, conſequences, ſtrained deductions, cenſures, and conſtructions the moſt partial, would for ever be hawled in to teaze me, and would perpetually ſubject us to the neceſſity of debating and canvaſſing.

Beſides, I don't chuſe that ſhe ſhould know how much this artful wretch has outwitted, as I may call it, a perſon ſo much his Superior in all the nobler qualities of the human mind.

The generoſity of your heart, and the greatneſs of your ſoul, full well I know; but do not offer to diſſuade me from this correſpondence.

Mr. Hickman, immediately on the contention above, offered his ſervice; and I accepted of it, as you will ſee by my laſt. He thinks, tho' he has all honour for my Mother, that ſhe is unkind to us both. He was pleaſed to tell me (with an Air, as I thought) that he not only *approved* of our correſpondence, but admired the ſteadineſs of my friendſhip; and having no opinion of your *man*, but a great one of *me*, thinks that my advice or intelligence from time to time may be of uſe to you; and on this preſumption, ſaid, that it would be a thouſand pities that you ſhould ſuffer for want of either.

Mr. Hickman pleaſed me in the main by his ſpeech; and it is well the general tenor of it was agreeable;

otherwiſe, I can tell him, I ſhould have reckoned with him for his word *approve*; for it is a ſtile I have not yet permitted him to talk to me in. And you ſee, my dear, what theſe men are—No ſooner do they find that you have favoured them with the power of doing you an agreeable ſervice, but they take upon them to *approve*, forſooth, of your actions! By which is implied a right to *diſapprove*, if they think fit.

I have told my Mother, how much you wiſh to be reconciled to your Relations, and how independent you are upon Lovelace.

Mark the end of the latter aſſertion, ſhe ſays. And as to Reconciliation, ſhe knows that nothing will do (and will have it, that nothing *ought* to do) but your returning back, without preſuming to condition with them. And this if you do, ſhe ſays, will beſt ſhew your independence on Lovelace.

You ſee, my dear, what your duty is, in my Mother's opinion.

I ſuppoſe your next directed to Mr. Hickman, at his own houſe, will be from London.

Heaven preſerve you in honour and ſafety, is my prayer.

What you do for change of cloaths, I cannot imagine.

It is amazing to me, what your Relations can mean by diſtreſſing you as they ſeem reſolved to do. I ſee they will throw you into his arms, whether you will or not.

I ſend this by Robert, for diſpatch-ſake: And can only repeat the hitherto rejected offer of my beſt ſervices. Adieu, my deareſt friend. Believe me ever

Your affectionate and faithful

ANNA HOWE.

LET-

LETTER XI.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Thurſday, April 20.

I Should think myſelf utterly unworthy of your friendſhip did my own concerns, heavy as they are, ſo engroſs me that I could not find leiſure for a few lines to declare to my beloved friend my ſincere diſapprobation of her conduct, in an inſtance where ſhe is ſo *generouſly* faulty, that the conſciouſneſs of that very generoſity may hide from her the fault, which I, more than any other, have reaſon to deplore, as being the unhappy occaſion of it.

You know, you ſay, that your account of the contentions between your Mother and you will trouble me; and ſo you bid me ſpare myſelf the pains to tell you that they do.

You did not uſe, my dear, to forbid me thus *beforehand*. You was wont to ſay, you loved me the better for my expoſtulations with you on that acknowleged warmth and quickneſs of your temper which your own good ſenſe taught you to be apprehenſive of. What tho' I have ſo miſerably fallen, and am unhappy; if ever I had any judgment worth regarding, it is now as much worth as ever, becauſe I can give it as freely againſt myſelf as againſt any-body elſe. And ſhall I not, when there ſeems to be an infection in my fault, and that it leads you likewiſe to reſolve to carry on a correſpondence againſt prohibition, expoſtulate with you upon it; when whatever conſequences flow from your diſobedience, they but widen my error, which is as the evil root, from which ſuch ſad branches ſpring?

The mind that can glory in being capable of ſo noble, ſo firm, ſo unſhaken a friendſhip, as that of my dear Miſs Howe; a friendſhip which no caſualty or

diſtreſs can leſſen, but which encreaſes with the miſfortunes of its friend--Such a mind muſt be above taking amiſs the well-meant admonitions of that diſtinguiſhed friend. I will not therefore apologize for my freedom on this ſubject: And the leſs need I, when that freedom is the reſult of an affection, in the very inſtance, ſo *abſolutely* diſintereſted, that it tends to deprive myſelf of the only comfort left me.

Your acknowleged Sullens; Your tearing from your Mother's hands the Letter ſhe thought ſhe had a right to ſee; and burning it, as you own, before her face; Your refuſal to ſee the man, who is ſo willing to obey you for the ſake of your unhappy friend; and this purely to vex your Mother; Can you think, my dear, upon this brief recapitulation of hardly one half of the faulty particulars you give, that theſe faults are excuſable in one who ſo well knows her duty?

Your Mother had a good opinion of me once: Is not that a reaſon why ſhe ſhould be more regarded now, when I have, *as ſhe believes*, ſo deſervedly forfeited it? A prejudice in favour is as hard to be totally overcome, as a prejudice in diſfavour. In what a ſtrong light, then, muſt that error appear to her, that ſhould ſo totally turn her heart againſt me, herſelf not a principal in the caſe?

There are other duties, you ſay, beſides the filial duty: But That, my dear, muſt be a duty prior to all other duties; a duty anterior, as I may ſay, to your very birth: And what duty ought not to give way to That, when they come in competition?

You are perſuaded, that the duty to your friend, and the filial duty may be performed without derogating from either. Your *Mother* thinks otherwiſe. What is the concluſion to be drawn from theſe premiſes?

When your Mother ſees, how much *I* ſuffer in my reputation from the ſtep I have taken, from whom

ſhe

ſhe and all the world expected better things, how much reaſon has ſhe to be watchful over you! One evil draws another after it; and how knows ſhe, or any-body, where it may ſtop?

Does not the perſon who will vindicate, or ſeek to extenuate, a faulty ſtep in another (In this light muſt your Mother look upon the matter in queſtion between her and you] give an indication either of a culpable will, or a weak judgment? And may not ſhe apprehend, that the cenſorious will think, that ſuch a one might probably have equally failed, under the ſame *inducements* and *provocations*, to *uſe your own words* as applied to me in a former Letter?

Can there be a ſtronger inſtance in human life than mine has ſo early furniſhed within a few months paſt (not to mention the uncommon provocations to it, which I have met with) of the neceſſity of the continuance of a watchful Parent's care over a Daughter; let that Daughter have obtained ever ſo great a reputation for her prudence?

Is not the ſpace from Sixteen to Twenty-one, that which requires this care, more than any time of a young woman's life? For in That period, do we not generally attract the eyes of the other Sex, and become the ſubject of their addreſſes, and not ſeldom of their attempts? And is not That the period in which our conduct or miſconduct gives us a reputation or diſreputation, that almoſt inſeparably accompanies us throughout our whole future lives?

Are we not likewiſe then moſt in danger from *ourſelves*, becauſe of the diſtinction with which we are apt to behold particulars of that Sex?

And when our dangers multiply, both from *within* and *without*, do not our Parents know, that their vigilance ought to be doubled? And ſhall that neceſſary encreaſe of care ſit uneaſy upon us, becauſe we are grown up to Stature and Womanhood?

Will you tell me, if ſo, what is the preciſe Stature and Age, at which a good child ſhall conclude herſelf abſolved from the duty ſhe owes to a Parent?—And at which a Parent, after the example of the dams of the brute creation, is to lay aſide all care and tenderneſs for her offspring?

Is it ſo hard for you, my dear, to be treated like a child? And can you not think it as hard for a good Parent to imagine herſelf under the unhappy *neceſſity* of ſo treating her woman-grown Daughter?

Do you think, if your Mother had been *you*, and you your *Mother*, and *your* Daughter had ſtruggled with you, as you did with her, that you would not have been as apt as your Mother was to have ſlapt your Daughter's hands, to have made her quit her hold, and give up the prohibited Letter?

Your Mother told you with great truth, that you *provoked* her to this harſhneſs; and it was a great condeſcenſion in her (and not taken notice of by you as it deſerved) to ſay, that ſhe was *ſorry for it*.

At *every* Age on this ſide Matrimony (for then we come under another ſort of protection, tho' that is far from abrogating the Filial duty) it will be found, that the wings of our parents are our moſt neceſſary and moſt effectual ſafeguard from the vulturs, the hawks, the kites, and other villainous birds of prey, that hover over us with a view to ſeize and deſtroy us the firſt time we are caught wandering out of the eye or care of our watchful and natural guardians and protectors.

Hard as you may ſuppoſe it, to be denied the *continuance* of a correſpondence once ſo much approved, even by the venerable denier; yet, if your Mother think my fault to be of ſuch a nature, as that a correſpondence with me will caſt a ſhade upon your reputation; all my own friends having given me up—that hardſhip is to be ſubmitted to. And muſt it not

not make her the more ſtrenuous to ſupport her own opinion, when ſhe ſees the firſt-fruits of this tenaciouſneſs of your ſide, is to be *glorioufly in the Sullens*, as you call it; and in a diſobedient oppoſition?

I know that you have an humorous meaning in that expreſſion, and that this turn, in moſt caſes, gives a delightful poignancy both to your converſation and correſpondence; but indeed, my dear, *this* caſe will not bear humour.

Will you give me leave to add to this tedious expoſtulation, that I by no means approve of ſome of the things you write, in relation to the manner in which your Father and Mother lived?--at times lived--Only *at times*, I dare ſay; tho' perhaps too often.

Your Mother is anſwerable to *any-body*, rather than to her *child*, for whatever was wrong in her conduct, if any-thing *was* wrong, towards Mr. Howe: A gentleman, of whoſe memory I will only ſay, that it *ought* to be revered by you—But yet, ſhould you not examine yourſelf, whether your diſpleaſure at your Mother had no part in your revived reverence for your Father, at the time you wrote?

No one is perfect: And altho' your Mother may not be ſo right to remember diſagreeableneſſes againſt the departed, yet ſhould you not want to be reminded, on *whoſe* account, and on *what* occaſion, ſhe remembred them. You cannot judge, nor ought you to *attempt* to judge, of what might have paſſed between both, to embitter and keep awake diſagreeable remembrances in the ſurvivor.

LETTER XII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE. *In Continuation.*

BUT this ſubject muſt not be purſued. Another might, with more pleaſure (tho' not with more approbation) upon one of your lively excurſions. It

is

is upon the high airs you give yourſelf upon the word *approve*.

How comes it about, I wonder, that a young Lady ſo noted for a predominating generoſity, ſhould not be uniformly generous?—That your generoſity ſhould fail in an inſtance, where policy, prudence, gratitude, would not permit it to fail? Mr. Hickman (as you confeſs) has indeed a worthy mind. If I had not long ago known that, he would never have found an advocate in me for my Anna Howe's favour to him. Often and often have I been concerned, when I was your happy gueſt, to ſee him, after a converſation in which he had well ſupported his part in your abſence, ſink at once into ſilence the moment you came into company.

I have told you of this before: And I believe I hinted to you once, that the ſuperciliouſneſs you put on *only* to him, was capable of a conſtruction, which at the time would have very little gratified your pride to have had made; ſince it would have been as much in *his* favour, as in *your* diſfavour.

Mr. Hickman, my dear, is a *modeſt* man. I never ſee a modeſt man, but I am ſure (if he has not wanted opportunities) that he has a treaſure in his mind, which requires nothing but the *key of Encouragement* to unlock it, to make him ſhine.—While a confident man, who, to *be* confident, muſt think as meanly of his company, as highly of himſelf, enters with magiſterial airs upon any ſubject; and, depending upon his aſſurance to bring himſelf off when found out, talks of more than he is maſter of.

But a *modeſt* man!—O my dear, ſhall not a modeſt woman diſtinguiſh and wiſh to conſort with a modeſt man?—A man, *before* whom, and *to* whom, ſhe may open her lips ſecure of his good opinion of all ſhe ſays, and of his juſt and polite regard for her judgment? and who muſt therefore inſpire her with an agreeable confidence.

What a lot have I drawn!—We are all indeed apt to turn teachers—But, ſurely, I am better enabled to talk, to write, upon theſe ſubjects, than ever I was!—But I will baniſh *myſelf*, if poſſible, from an addreſs which, when I began to write, I was determined to confine wholly to your own particular.

My deareſt, deareſt friend, how ready are you to tell us what *others* ſhould do, and even what a *Mother* ſhould have done! But indeed you once, I remember, advanced, that, as different attainments required different talents to maſter them, ſo, in the writing way, a perſon might not be a bad Critic upon the works of others, altho' he might himſelf be unable to write with excellence. But will you permit me to account for all this readineſs of finding fault, by placing it to Human Nature, which, being ſenſible of the defects of Human Nature (that is to ſay, of its *own* defects) loves to be *correcting?* But in exerciſing that talent, chuſes rather to turn its eye *outward* than *inward?* In other words, to employ itſelf rather in the *out-door* ſearch, than in the *in-door* examination?

And here give me leave to add (and yet it is with tender reluctance) that altho' you ſay very pretty things of notable wives; and altho' I join with you in opinion, that huſbands may have as many inconveniencies to encounter *with*, as conveniencies to boaſt *of*, from women of that character; yet Lady Hartley perhaps would have had milder treatment from your pen, had it not been dipt in gall with a Mother in your eye.

As to the Money you ſo generouſly and repeatedly offer, don't be angry with me, if I again ſay, that I am very deſirous that you ſhould be able to averr, without the leaſt qualifying or reſerve, that nothing of that ſort has paſſed between us. I know your Mother's ſtrong way of putting the *queſtion ſhe is intent upon* having anſwered. But yet I promiſe

miſe that I will be obliged to nobody but you, when I have occaſion.

LETTER XIII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE. *In Continuation.*

AND now, my dear, a few words, as to the prohibition laid upon you; a ſubject, that I have frequently touched upon, but curſorily, becauſe I was afraid to truſt myſelf with it, knowing that my judgment, if I did, would condemn my practice.

You command me not to attempt to diſſuade you from this correſpondence; and you tell me how kindly Mr. Hickman approves of it; and how obliging he is to me, to permit it to be carried on under cover to him—But this does not quite ſatisfy me.

I am a very bad Caſuiſt; and the pleaſure I take in writing to you, who are the only one to whom I can diſburden my mind, may make me, as I have hinted, very partial to my own wiſhes:—Elſe, if it were not an artful evaſion beneath an open and frank heart to wiſh to be complied with, I would be glad methinks to be permitted ſtill to write to you; and only to have ſuch *occaſional returns* by Mr. Hickman's pen, as well as cover, as might ſet me right when I am wrong; confirm me, when right; and guide me where I doubt. This would enable me to proceed in the difficult path before me with more aſſuredneſs. For whatever I ſuffer from the cenſures of others, if I can preſerve your good opinion, I ſhall not be altogether unhappy, let what will befal me.

And indeed, my dear, I know not how to *forbear* writing. I have now no other employment or diverſion. And I muſt write on, altho' I were not to ſend it to any-body. You have often heard me own the advantages I have found from writing down everything of moment that befals me; and of all I *think*,

and

and of all I *do*, that may be of future uſe to me: For, beſides that this helps to form one to a ſtyle, and opens and expands the ductile mind, every one will find, that many a good thought evaporates in thinking; many a good reſolution goes off, driven out of memory perhaps by ſome other not ſo good. But when I ſet down what I *will* do, or what I *have* done, on this or that occaſion; the reſolution or action is before me either to be adhered to, withdrawn, or amended; and I have entered into *compact* with myſelf, as I may ſay; having given it under my own hand to *improve*, rather than to go *backward*, as I live longer.

I would willingly therefore write to *you*, if I *might*; the rather as it would be more inſpiriting to have ſome end in view in what I write; ſome friend to pleaſe; beſides merely ſeeking to gratify my paſſion for ſcribbling.

But why, if your Mother will permit our correſpondence on communicating to her all that paſſes in it, and if ſhe will condeſcend to one only condition, may it not be complied with?

Would ſhe not, do you think, my dear, be prevailed upon to have the communication made to her *in confidence?*

If there were any proſpect of a Reconciliation with my friends, I ſhould not have ſo much regard for my *pride*, as to be afraid of *any-body*'s knowing how much I have been *outwitted*, as you call it. I would in *that* caſe (when I had left Mr. Lovelace) acquaint your Mother, and all my own friends, with the whole of my ſtory. It would behove me ſo to do, for my own reputation, and for their ſatisfaction.

But if I have no ſuch proſpect, what will the communication of my reluctance to go away with Mr. Lovelace, and of his Arts to frighten me away, avail me? Your Mother has hinted, that my friends would

inſiſt

inſiſt upon my returning to them (as a proof of the truth of my plea) to be diſpoſed of, without condition, at their pleaſure. If I ſcrupled this, my Brother would rather triumph over me, than keep my ſecret. Mr. Lovelace, whoſe pride already ſo ill brooks my regrets for meeting him (when he thinks, if I had not, I muſt have been Mr. Solmes's wife) would perhaps treat me with indignity: And thus, deprived of all refuge and protection, I ſhould become the ſcoff of men of intrigue; and be thought, with too great an appearance of reaſon, a diſgrace to my Sex— 'While that avowed Love, *however indiſcreetly ſhewn*, which is followed by Marriage, 'will find more excuſes made for it, *than generally* '*it ought to find.*'

But if your Mother will receive the communication in confidence, pray ſhew her all that I have written, or ſhall write. If my paſt conduct in that caſe ſhall not be found to deſerve *heavy* blame, I ſhall then perhaps have the benefit of *her* advice, as well as *yours*. And if after a re-eſtabliſhment in her favour, I ſhall wilfully deſerve blame for the time to come, I will be content to be denied yours as well as hers for ever.

As to cramping my ſpirit, as you call it (were I to ſit down to write what I know your Mother muſt ſee) that, my dear, is already cramped. And do not think ſo unhandſomely of your Mother, as to fear that ſhe would make *partial* conſtructions againſt me. Neither you nor I can doubt, but that, had ſhe been left unprepoſſeſſedly to herſelf, ſhe would have ſhewn favour to me. And ſo, I dare ſay, would my Uncle Antony. Nay, my dear, I can extend my charity ſtill further: For I am ſometimes of opinion, that were my Brother and Siſter *abſolutely certain*, that they had ſo far ruined me in the opinion of both my Uncles, as that they need not to be apprehenſive of my

my clashing with their interests; they would not oppose a Pardon, altho' they might not wish a Reconciliation; especially if I would make a few sacrifices to them: Which, I assure you, I should be inclined to make, were I wholly free, and independent of this man. You know I never valued myself upon worldly acquisitions, but as they enlarged my power to do things I loved to do. And if I were denied the power, I must, as I now do, curb my inclination.

Do not however think me guilty of an affectation in what I have said of my Brother and Sister. Severe enough I am sure it is, in the most favourable sense. And an indifferent person will be of opinion, that *they* are much better warranted than ever, for the sake of the family-honour, to seek to ruin me in the favour of all my friends.

But to the former topic—Try, my dear, if your Mother will, upon the condition above-given, permit our correspondence, on seeing all we write. But if she will not, what a Selfishness would there be in my Love to you, were I to wish you to forego your duty for my sake?

And now, one word, as to the freedom I have treated you with in this tedious expostulatory address. I presume upon your forgiveness of it, because few friendships are founded on such a basis as ours: — Which is, 'freely to *give* reproof, and 'thankfully to *receive* it, as occasions arise; that so 'either may have opportunity to clear up mistakes, 'to acknowlege and amend errors, as well in behaviour, as in words and deeds; and to rectify and 'confirm each other in the judgment each shall form 'upon persons, things, and circumstances.' And all this upon the following consideration; 'That it 'is much more eligible, as well as honourable, to 'be corrected with the gentleness that may be ex-

'pected

'pected from an undoubted friend, than by continuing either blind or wilful, to expoſe ourſelves to 'the cenſures of an envious, and perhaps malignant 'world.'

But it is as needleſs, I dare ſay, to remind you of this, as it is to *repeat* my requeſt, ſo often repeated, that you will not, in your turn, ſpare the follies and the faults of

Your ever-affectionate

CL. HARLOWE.

Subjoin'd to the above.

I ſaid, that I would avoid writing any-thing of my own particular affairs in the above addreſs, if I could.

I will write one Letter more, to inform you how I ſtand with this man. But, my dear, you muſt permit that one and your anſwer to it (for I want your adviſe upon the contents of mine), and the copy of one I have written to my Aunt, to be the laſt that ſhall paſs between us, while the prohibition continues.

I fear, I very much fear, that my unhappy ſituation will draw me in to be guilty of Evaſion, of little Affectations, and of Curvings from the plain ſimple Truth which I was wont to delight in, and prefer to every other conſideration. But allow me to ſay, and this for *your* ſake, and in order to leſſen your Mother's fears of any ill conſequences that ſhe might apprehend from our correſpondence, that if I am at any time guilty of a failure in theſe reſpects, I will not *go on in it*; but endeavour to recover my loſt ground, that I may not bring Error into Habit.

I have deferred going to town, at Mrs. Sorlings's earneſt requeſt. But have fixed my removal to Monday, as I ſhall acquaint you in my next.

I have already made a progreſs in that next; but, having

having an unexpected opportunity, will ſend this by itſelf.

LETTER XIV.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Friday Morn. April 21.

MY Mother will not comply with your condition, my dear. I hinted it to her, as from myſelf. But the *Harlowes* (excuſe me) have got her intirely in with them. It is a ſcheme of mine, ſhe told me, formed to draw her into your party againſt your parents. Which, for her own ſake, ſhe is very careful about.

Don't be ſo much concerned about my Mother and me, once more, I beg of you. We ſhall do well enough together—Now a falling-out, now a falling-in. It uſed to be ſo, when *you* were not in the queſtion.

Yet do I give you my ſincere thanks for every line of your reprehenſive Letters; which I intend to read as often as I find my temper riſes.

I will freely own however, that I winced a little at firſt reading them. But I ſee, that on every reperuſal, I ſhall love and honour you ſtill more, if poſſible, than before.

Yet, I think, I have one advantage over you; and which I will hold thro' this Letter, and thro' all my future Letters; that is, that I will treat you as freely as you treat me; and yet will never think an *apology neceſſary to you for my freedom.*

But that you ſo think with reſpect to me, is the effect of your gentleneſs of temper, with a little ſketch of implied reflection on the warmth of mine. Gentleneſs in a woman you hold to be no fault: Nor do I, a little due or provoked warmth—But what is this, but praiſing, on both ſides, what neither of us can help; nor perhaps *wiſh* to help?

You can no more go out of your road, than I can go out of mine. It would be a pain to either to do ſo :—What then is it in either's approving of her own natural byaſs, but making a virtue of neceſſity?

But one obſervation I will add, that were *your* character, and *my* character, to be truly drawn, mine would be allowed to be the moſt natural. Shades and Lights are equally neceſſary in a fine picture. Yours would be ſurrounded with ſuch a flood of brightneſs, with ſuch a glory, that it would indeed dazle; but leave one heartleſs to imitate it.

O may you not ſuffer from a baſe world for your gentleneſs; while my temper, by its warmth keeping all impoſition at diſtance, tho' leſs amiable in general, affords me not reaſon, as I have mentioned heretofore, to wiſh to make an exchange with you!

I ſhould indeed be inexcuſable to open my lips by way of contradiction to my mother, had I ſuch a fine ſpirit as yours to deal with. Truth is truth, my dear! Why ſhould narrowneſs run away with the praiſes due to a noble expanſion of heart? If every-body would ſpeak out, as I do (that is to ſay, give praiſe where only praiſe is due; diſpraiſe where due likewiſe) *Shame*, if not *Principle*, would mend the world—Nay Shame would *introduce* Principle in a generation or two. Very true, my dear. Do you apply. I dare not.—For I *fear* you, almoſt as much as I *love* you.

I will give you an inſtance, nevertheleſs, which will anew demonſtrate, that none but very generous and noble-minded people ought to be implicitly obeyed. You know what I ſaid above, that *truth* is *truth*.

Inconveniencies will ſometimes ariſe from having to do with perſons of modeſty and ſcrupulouſneſs. Mr. Hickman, you ſay, is a *modeſt* man. He put our corrective pacquet into my hand with a very fine

fine bow, and a ſelf-ſatisfied air. [*We'll conſider what you ſay of this honeſt man by-and-by, my dear*]: His Strut was not gone off, when in came my Mother, as I was reading it.

When ſome folks find their anger has made them conſiderable, they will be always angry, or ſeeking occaſions for anger.

Why, now, Mr. Hickman—Why, now, Nancy (as I was huddling in the packet between my Gown and my Stays at her entrance). You have a Letter brought you this inſtant.—While the *modeſt* man, with his pauſing brayings, Mad-da — Mad-dam, looked as if he knew not whether he had beſt to run, and leave me and my Mother to fight it out, or to ſtand his ground, and ſee fair play.

It would have been poor to tell a lye for it. She flung away. I went out at the oppoſite door, to read the contents; leaving Mr. Hickman to exerciſe his *white teeth* upon his thumb-nails.

When I had read your Letters, I went to find out my Mother. I told her the generous contents, and that you deſired, that the prohibition might be adhered to. I propoſed your condition, as from myſelf; and was rejected, as above.

She ſuppoſed, 'She was finely painted between 'two young creatures, who had more wit than pru-'dence.' And inſtead of being prevailed upon by the generoſity of your ſentiments, made uſe of your opinion only to confirm her own, and renewed her prohibitions, charging me to return no other anſwer, but that ſhe *did* renew them. Adding, that they ſhould ſtand, till your Relations were reconciled to you; hinting, as if ſhe had *engaged for as much*; and expected my compliance.

I thought of your reprehenſions, and was *meek*, tho' not pleaſed. And let me tell you, my dear, that as long as I can ſatisfy my own mind, that Good

is intended, and that it is hardly poſſible that Evil ſhould enſue from our correſpondence—As long as I know, that this prohibition proceeds originally from the ſame ſpiteful minds which have been the occaſion of all theſe miſchiefs—As long as I know, that it is not your fault if your Relations are not reconciled to you; and that upon conditions which no reaſonable people would refuſe—You muſt give me leave, with all deference to your judgment, and to your excellent leſſons *(which would reach almoſt every caſe of this kind but the preſent)* to inſiſt upon your writing to me, and that minutely, as if this prohibition had not been laid.

It is not from Humour, from Perverſeneſs, that I inſiſt upon this. I cannot expreſs how much my heart is in your concerns. And you muſt, in ſhort, allow me to think, that if I can do you ſervice by writing, I ſhall be better juſtified in *continuing* to write, than my Mother is in her prohibition.

But yet, to ſatisfy you all I can, I will as ſeldom return anſwers, while the Interdict laſts, as may be conſiſtent with my notions of friendſhip, and with the ſervice I owe you, and can do you.

As to your expedient of writing by Hickman [And now, my dear, your *modeſt man* comes in: And as you love Modeſty in that Sex, I will do my endeavour, by holding him at a proper diſtance, to keep him in your favour] I know what you mean by it, my ſweet friend. It is to make that man ſignificant with me. As to the correſpondence, THAT *ſhall* go on, I do aſſure you, be as ſcrupulous as you pleaſe—So that *that* will not ſuffer if I do *not* cloſe with your propoſal as to him.

I muſt tell you, that I think, it will be honour enough for him to have his name made uſe of ſo frequently betwixt us. This, of itſelf, is placing a confidence in him, that will make him walk bolt upright,

right, and diſplay his *white hand*, and his *fine diamond ring*; and moſt mightily lay down his Services, *and* his Pride to oblige, *and* his Diligence, *and* his Fidelity, *and* his Contrivances to keep our Secret; *and* his Excuſes, *and* his Evaſions to my Mother, when challenged by her; with fifty *and's* beſide. And will it not moreover give him pretence and excuſe oftener than ever to pad-nag it hither to good Mrs. Howe's fair daughter?

But to admit him into my company tête à tête, and into my cloſet, as often as I would wiſh to write to you; I only to dictate to *his* pen—my Mother all the time ſuppoſing that I was going to be heartily in love with him—To make him maſter of my ſentiments, and of my *heart*, as I may ſay, when I write to you—Indeed, my dear, *I won't*. Nor, were I married to the beſt HE in England, would I honour him with the communication of my correſpondencies.

No, my dear, it is ſufficient, ſurely, for him to parade it in the character of our Letter-conveyer, and to be honoured in a Cover. And never fear but, modeſt as you think him, he will make enough of that.

You are always blaming me for want of generoſity to this man, and for abuſe of power. But I profeſs, my dear, I cannot tell how to help it. Do, dear now, let me ſpread my plumes a little, and now-and-then make myſelf feared. This is my Time, you know, ſince it will be no more to *my* credit, than to *his*, to give myſelf thoſe airs when I am married. He has a joy when I am pleaſed with him, that he would not know, but for the pain my diſpleaſure gives him.

Men, no more than *women*, know how to make a moderate uſe of power. Is not that ſeen every day, from the Prince to the Peaſant? If I do not

make Hickman quake now-and-then, he will endeavour to make me fear. All the animals in the creation are more or leſs in a ſtate of hoſtility with each other. The Wolf, that runs away from a Lion, will devour a Lamb the next Moment. I remember, that I was once ſo enraged at a game-chicken that was continually pecking at another (a poor humble one, as I thought him) that I had the offender caught, and without more ado, in a *Pet of Humanity*, wrung his neck off. What followed this execution? Why that other grew inſolent, as ſoon as *his* inſulter was gone, and was continually pecking at one or two under *him*. Peck and be hanged, ſaid I—I might as well have preſerved the firſt; for I ſee it is the *nature of the beaſt*.

Excuſe my flippancies. I wiſh I were with you. I would make you ſmile in the midſt of your graveſt airs, as I uſed to do. O that you had accepted of my offer to attend you! But *nothing that I offer*, will you accept—Take care!—You will make me very angry with you: And when I am, you know I value no-body: For, dearly as I love you, I muſt be, and cannot always help it,

Your ſaucy
ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XV.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Friday, April 21.

MR. Lovelace communicated to me this morning early, from his intelligencer, the news of my Brother's Scheme. I like him the better for making very light of it; and for his treating it with contempt. And indeed, had I not had the hint of it from you, I ſhould have ſuſpected it to be ſome contrivance of his, in order to haſten me to town, where he has long wiſhed to be himſelf.

He read me the paſſage in that Leman's Letter, which is pretty much to the effect of what you wrote to me from Miſs Lloyd; with this addition, that one Singleton, a maſter of a Scots veſſel, is the man, who is to be the principal in this act of violence.

I have ſeen him. He has been twice entertained at Harlowe-Place, as my Brother's friend. He has the air of a very bold and fearleſs man; and I fancy it muſt be *his* project; as my Brother, I ſuppoſe, talks to every-body of the raſh ſtep I have taken; for he did not ſpare me before he had this ſeeming reaſon to cenſure me.

This Singleton lives at Leith; ſo, perhaps, I am to be carried to my Brother's houſe not far from that port.

Putting theſe paſſages together, I am not a little apprehenſive, that the deſign, lightly as Mr. Lovelace, from his fearleſs temper, treats it, may be attempted to be carried into execution; and of the conſequences that may attend it, if it be.

I aſked Mr. Lovelace, ſeeing him ſo frank and cool, what he would adviſe me to do?

Shall I aſk *you*, Madam, what are your own thoughts?—Why I return the queſtion, ſaid he, is, Becauſe you have been ſo very earneſt that I ſhould leave you as ſoon as you are in London, that I know not what to propoſe, without offending you.

My opinion is, ſaid I, that I ſhould ſtudiouſly conceal myſelf from the knowlege of every-body but Miſs Howe; and that you ſhould leave me out of hand; ſince they will certainly conclude, that where *one* is, the *other* is not far off: And it is eaſier to trace *you* than *me*.

You would not ſurely wiſh, ſaid he, to fall into your Brother's hands by ſuch a violent meaſure as this? I propoſe not to throw myſelf officiouſly in their way; but ſhould they have reaſon to think I

avoided them, would not that whet their diligence to find you, and their courage to attempt to carry you off; and ſubject me to inſults that no man of ſpirit can bear?

Lord bleſs me! ſaid I, to what has this one fatal ſtep that I have been betrayed into—

Deareſt Madam, let me beſeech you to forbear this harſh language, when you ſee, by this new ſcheme, how determined they were upon carrying their old ones, had you not been *betrayed*, as you call it. Have I offered to defy the Laws of Society, as this Brother of yours muſt do, if any-thing be intended by this project? I hope you will be pleaſed to obſerve, that there are as violent and as wicked enterpriſers as myſelf—But this is ſo very wild a project, that I think there can be no room for apprehenſions from it. I know your Brother well. When at College, he had always a romantic turn: But never had a head for any-thing but to puzzle and confound himſelf. A half invention, and a whole conceit; but not maſter of talents to do himſelf good, or others harm, but as thoſe others gave him the power by their own folly.

This is very volubly run off, Sir!—But violent ſpirits are but too much alike; at leaſt in their methods of reſenting. You will not preſume to make yourſelf a leſs innocent man ſurely, who had determined to brave my whole family in perſon, if my folly had not ſaved *you* the raſhneſs, and *them* the inſult—

Dear Madam!—Still muſt it be *folly*, *raſhneſs!*—It is as impoſſible for you to think tolerably of anybody *out* of your own family, as it is for any one *in it* to *deſerve* your Love! Forgive me, deareſt Creature! If I did not love you as never man loved a woman, I might appear more indifferent to preferences ſo undeſervedly made. But let me aſk you, Madam, What have you borne from *me?* What cauſe

cauſe have I given you to treat me with ſo much ſeverity, and ſo little confidence? And what have you not borne from *them?* Malice and Ill-will, indeed, ſitting in judgment upon my character, may not give ſentence in my favour: But what *of your own knowlege* have you againſt me?

Spirited queſtions, were they not, my dear?—And they were aſked with as ſpirited an air. I was ſtartled. But I was reſolved not to deſert myſelf.

Is this a *time*, Mr. Lovelace, is this a *proper* occaſion taken, to give yourſelf theſe high airs to me, a young creature deſtitute of protection? It is a ſurpriſing queſtion you aſk me. Had I aught againſt you *of my own knowlege*—I can tell you, Sir—And away I would have flung.

He ſnatched my hand, and beſought me not to leave him in diſpleaſure. He pleaded his paſſion for me, and my ſeverity to him, and partiality for thoſe from whom I had ſuffered ſo much; and whoſe intended violence, he ſaid, was now the ſubject of our deliberation.

I was forced to hear him.

You condeſcended, deareſt Creature, ſaid he, to aſk my advice. It is very eaſy, give me leave to ſay, to adviſe you what to do. I hope I may, on this *new* occaſion, ſpeak without offence, *notwithſtanding your former Injunctions*—You ſee that there can be no hope of Reconciliation with your Relations. Can you, Madam, conſent to honour with your hand, a wretch whom you have never yet obliged with one *voluntary* favour?

What a *recriminating*, what a *reproachful way*, my dear, was this, of putting a queſtion of this nature!

I expected not from him, at the time, and juſt as I was very angry with him, either the Queſtion or the Manner. I am aſhamed to recollect the con-

fuſion

fuſion I was thrown into; all your advice in my head at the moment: Yet his words ſo prohibitory. He confidently ſeemed to enjoy my confuſion [*Indeed, my dear, he knows not what reſpectful Love is!*]; and gazed upon me, as if he would have looked me through.

He was ſtill more declarative afterwards indeed, as I ſhall mention by-and-by: But it was half-extorted from him.

My heart ſtruggled violently between reſentment and ſhame, to be thus teazed by one who ſeemed to have all *his* paſſions at command, at a time when I had very little over *mine*; till at laſt I burſt into tears, and was going from him in high diſguſt; when, throwing his arms about me, with an air, however, the moſt tenderly reſpectful, he gave a *ſtupid* turn to the ſubject.

It was far from his heart, he ſaid, to take ſo much *advantage* of the *ſtreight*, which the diſcovery of my Brother's fooliſh project had brought me into, as to renew, *without my permiſſion*, a propoſal which I had hitherto diſcountenanced; and which for *that* reaſon—

And then he came with his *half-ſentences*, apologizing for what he had not ſo much as *half-propoſed*.

Surely, he had not the inſolence to *intend* to teaze me, to ſee if I could be brought to ſpeak what became me not to ſpeak—But, whether he had or not, it *did* teaze me; inſomuch that my very heart was fretted, and I broke out at laſt into freſh tears, and a declaration, that I was very unhappy. And juſt then recollecting how like a tame fool I ſtood with his arms about me, I flung from him with indignation. But he ſeized my hand, as I was going out of the room, and upon his knees beſought my ſtay for one moment: And then, in words the moſt clear and explicit, tendered himſelf to my acceptance, as the moſt

moſt effectual means to diſappoint my Brother's ſcheme, and ſet all right.

But what could I ſay to this?—Extorted from him, as it ſeemed to me, rather as the effect of his Compaſſion, than of his Love? What *could* I ſay? I pauſed, I looked ſilly—I am *ſure* I looked very ſilly. He ſuffered me to pauſe, and look ſilly; *waiting for* me *to ſay ſomething*: And at laſt (aſhamed of my confuſion, and aiming to make an *excuſe for it*) I told him, that I deſired he would avoid ſuch meaſures as might add to the uneaſineſs, which it muſt be viſible to him I had, when he reflected upon the irreconcileableneſs of my friends, and upon what might follow from this unaccountable project of my Brother.

He promiſed to be governed by me in every-thing. And again the wretch, inſtead of preſſing his former queſtion, aſked me, *If I forgave him for the humble ſuit he had made to me?* What had I to do, but to try for a palliation of my confuſion, ſince it ſerved me not?

I told him, I had hopes it would not be long before Mr. Morden arrived; and doubted not, that that gentleman would be the readier to engage in my favour, when he found, that I made no other uſe of *his* (Mr. Lovelace's) aſſiſtance, than to free myſelf from the addreſſes of a man ſo diſagreeable to me as Mr. Solmes: I muſt therefore wiſh, that every-thing might remain as it was, till I could hear from my Couſin.

This, altho' teazed by him as I was, was not, you ſee, my dear, a *denial*. But he muſt throw himſelf into a heat, rather than try to perſuade; which any other man, in his ſituation, I ſhould think, would have done: And this warmth obliged me to adhere to my ſeeming negative.

This was what he ſaid, with a vehemence that muſt

muſt harden any woman's mind, who had a ſpirit above being frighted into paſſiveneſs:

Good God!—And will you, Madam, ſtill reſolve to ſhew me, that I am to hope for no ſhare in your favour, while any the remoteſt proſpect remains, that you will be received by my bittereſt enemies, at the price of my utter rejection?

This was what I returned, with warmth, and with a ſalving Art *too*—You have ſeen, Mr. Lovelace, how much my Brother's violence can affect me: But you will be miſtaken, if you let looſe yours upon me, with a thought of terrifying me into meaſures the contrary of which you have acquieſced with.

He only beſought me to ſuffer his *future actions* to ſpeak for him; and, if I ſaw him worthy of any favour, that I would not let him be the *only* perſon within my knowlege who was not intitled to my conſideration.

You refer to a *future time*, Mr. Lovelace; ſo do I, for the *future proof* of a merit you ſeem to think for the *paſt time* wanting: And *juſtly* you think ſo. And I was again going from him.

One word more he begged me to hear—He was determined ſtudiouſly to avoid all miſchief, and every ſtep that might lead to miſchief, let my Brother's proceedings, ſhort of a violence upon my perſon, be what they would: But if any attempt that ſhould extend to that, were to be made, would I have him to be a quiet ſpectator of my being ſeized, or carried back, or on board, by this Singleton; or, in caſe of extremity, was he not permitted to ſtand up in my defence?

Stand up in my defence, Mr. Lovelace!—I ſhould be very miſerable, were there to be a call for that. But do you think I might not be *ſafe* and *private* in London? By your friend's deſcription of the widow's houſe, I ſhould think I might be ſafe there.

The

The widow's houſe, he replied, as deſcribed by his friend, being a *back-houſe within a front-one*, and *looking to a garden, rather than to a ſtreet*, had the *appearance* of privacy: But if, when there, it was not approved, it would be eaſy to find another more to my liking—Tho', as to his part, the method he would adviſe ſhould be, to write to my Uncle Harlowe as one of my Truſtees, and wait the iſſue of it here at Mrs. Sorlings's, fearleſly directing it to be anſwered *hither*. To be afraid of little ſpirits, was but to encourage inſults, he ſaid. The ſubſtance of the Letter ſhould be, 'To demand as a Right, 'what they would refuſe if requeſted as a Courteſy: 'To acknowlege, that I had put myſelf (too well, he 'ſaid, did their treatment juſtify me) into the protection 'of the *Ladies* of his family (by whoſe orders, and 'Lord M's, he himſelf would appear to act): But 'that upon my own terms; which were ſuch, that 'I was under no obligation to thoſe Ladies for the 'favour; it being no more than they would have 'granted to any one of my Sex, equally diſtreſſed.' If I approved not of this method, happy ſhould he think himſelf, he ſaid, if I would honour him with the opportunity of making ſuch a claim in his *own* name—But this was a point [with his *buts* again in the ſame breath!] that *he durſt but juſt touch upon*. He hoped however, that I would think their violence a ſufficient inducement for me to take ſuch a wiſhed-for reſolution.

Inwardly vexed, I told him, That he himſelf had propoſed to leave me when I was in town: That I expected he would: And that, when I was known to be abſolutely independent, I ſhould conſider what to write, and what to do: But that, while he was with me, I neither would nor could.

He would be very ſincere with me, he ſaid: This project of my Brother's had changed the face of things.

things. He muſt, before he left me, ſee whether I ſhould or ſhould not approve of the London widow, and her family, if I choſe to go thither. They might be people whom my Brother might buy. But if he ſaw they were perſons of integrity, he then might go for a day or two, or ſo. But he muſt needs ſay, he could not leave me longer at a time.

Do you propoſe, Sir, ſaid I, to take up your lodgings in the houſe where I ſhall lodge?

He did *not*, he ſaid; as he knew the uſe I intended to make of his abſence, and my punctilio—And yet the houſe where he had lodgings was new-fronting, and not in a condition to receive him: But he could go to his friend Belford's, in Soho; or perhaps he might reach to the ſame gentleman's houſe at Edgeware, over-night, and return on the mornings, till he had reaſon to think this wild project of my Brother's laid aſide. But to no greater diſtance till then ſhould he care to venture.

The reſult of all was, to ſet out on Monday next for town. I hope it will be in a happy hour.

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XVI.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Friday, April 21.

AS it was not probable, that the Lady could give ſo particular an account of her own confuſion, in the affecting ſcene ſhe mentions on Mr. Lovelace's offering himſelf to her acceptance; the following extracts are made from his Letter of the above date.

And now, Belford, what wilt thou ſay, if like the fly buzzing about the bright taper, I had like to have ſindged

ſindged the ſilken wings of my liberty? Never was man in greater danger of being caught in his own ſnares: All my views anticipated; all my ſchemes untried; the admirable creature not brought to town; nor one effort made to know if ſhe be really Angel or Woman.

I offered myſelf to her acceptance, with a ſuddenneſs, 'tis true, that gave her no time to wrap herſelf in reſerves; and in terms *leſs tender* than *fervent*, tending to upbraid her for her paſt indifference, and to remind her of her Injunctions: For it was the fear of her Brother, not her Love of me, that had inclined her to diſpenſe with thoſe Injunctions.

I never beheld ſo ſweet a confuſion. What a glory to the pencil, could it do juſtice to it, and to the mingled impatience which viſibly informed every feature of the moſt meaning and moſt beautiful face in the world! She hemmed twice or thrice: Her look, now ſo charmingly ſilly, then ſo ſweetly ſignificant; till at laſt the lovely teazer, teazed by my heſitating expectation of her anſwer, out of all power of articulate ſpeech, burſt into tears, and was turning from me with precipitation, when, preſuming to fold her in my happy arms—O think not, beſt beloved of my heart, ſaid I, think not, that this motion, which you may believe to be ſo contrary to your *former Injunctions*, proceeds from a deſign to avail myſelf of the cruelty of your relations: If I have *diſobliged* you by it (and you know with what *reſpectful tenderneſs* I have preſumed to hint it) it ſhall be my utmoſt care for the future—There I ſtopt—

Then ſhe ſpoke; but with vexation—I am—I am —*very* unhappy—Tears trickling down her crimſon cheeks; and her ſweet face, as my arms ſtill incircled the fineſt waiſt in the world, ſinking upon my ſhoulder; the dear creature ſo abſent that ſhe knew not the honour ſhe permitted me.

But why, but why unhappy, my deareſt Life, ſaid I?—All the gratitude that ever overflowed the heart of the moſt obliged of men—

Juſtice to myſelf there ſtopt my mouth: For what *gratitude* did I owe her for obligations ſo involuntary?

Then recovering herſelf, and her uſual reſerves, and ſtruggling to free herſelf from my claſping arms, How now, Sir! ſaid ſhe, with a cheek more indignantly glowing, and eyes of a fiercer luſtre.

I gave way to her angry ſtruggle; but, abſolutely overcome by ſo charming a diſplay of innocent confuſion, I caught hold of her hand as ſhe was flying from me; and, kneeling at her feet, O my angel, ſaid I (quite deſtitute of reſerve, and hardly knowing the tenor of my own ſpeech; and had a parſon been there, I had certainly been a gone man) receive the vows of your faithful Lovelace. Make him yours, and only yours, for ever. This will anſwer every end. Who will dare to form plots and ſtratagems againſt my Wife? That you are not ſo, is the ground of all their fooliſh attempts, and of their inſolent hopes in Solmes's favour.—O be mine! —I beſeech you (thus on my knee I *beſeech* you) to be mine. We ſhall then have all the world with us: And every-body will applaud an event that every-body expects.

Was the devil in me! I no more intended all this ecſtatic nonſenſe, than I thought the ſame moment of flying in the air! All power is with this charming creature. It is I, not ſhe, at this rate, that muſt fail in the arduous trial.

Didſt thou ever before hear of a man uttering ſolemn things by an involuntary impulſe, in defiance of premeditation, and of all his own proud ſchemes? But this ſweet creature is able to make a man forego every purpoſe of his heart that is not favourable to her.

And

And I verily think I ſhould be inclined to ſpare her all further trial [And yet what trial has ſhe had?] were it not for the contention that her vigilance has ſet on foot, *which* ſhall overcome the *other*. Thou knoweſt my generoſity to my uncontending Roſebud—And ſometimes do I qualify my ardent aſpirations after even this very fine creature, by this reflection:—That the moſt charming woman on earth, were ſhe an Empreſs, can excel the meaneſt, in the cuſtomary viſibles only—Such is the equality of the diſpenſation, to the Prince and the Peaſant, in this prime gift, WOMAN.

Well, but what was the reſult of this involuntary impulſe on my part? Wouldſt thou not think, I was taken at my offer?—An offer ſo ſolemnly made, and on one knee too?

No ſuch thing!—The pretty trifler let me off as eaſily as I could have wiſhed.

Her Brother's project, and to find, that there were no hopes of a Reconciliation for her; and the apprehenſion ſhe had of the miſchiefs that might enſue—Theſe, not *my offer*, nor *love of me*, were the cauſes to which ſhe aſcribed all her ſweet confuſion—An *Aſcription* that is high treaſon againſt my ſovereign pride—To make marriage with *me*, but a ſecond-place refuge; and as good as to tell me, that her confuſion was owing to her concern that there were no hopes that my enemies would accept of her intended offer to renounce a man who had ventured his life for her, and was ſtill ready to run the ſame riſk in her behalf!

I re-urged her to make me happy—But I was to be poſtponed to her Couſin Morden's arrival. On him are now placed all her hopes.

I raved; but to no purpoſe.

Another Letter was to be ſent, or had been ſent, to her Aunt Hervey; to which ſhe hoped an Anſwer.

Yet ſometimes I think, that fainter and fainter would have been her procraſtinations, had I been a man of courage.—*But ſo fearful was I of offending!*

A confounded thing! The Man to be ſo baſhful; the Woman to want ſo much courting!—How ſhall two ſuch come together; no kind mediatreſs in the way?

But I muſt be contented. 'Tis ſeldom, however, that a Love *ſo ardent* as mine meets with a Spirit *ſo reſigned* in the *ſame perſon*. But true Love, I am now convinced, only wiſhes: Nor has it any active will but that of the adorable object.

But, O the charming creature, again of herſelf to mention London! Had Singleton's plot been of *my own contriving*, a more happy expedient could not have been thought of to induce her to reſume her purpoſe of going thither; nor can I divine what could be her reaſon for poſtponing it.

I incloſe the Letter from Joſeph Leman, which I mentioned to thee in mine of Monday laſt (*a*), with my Anſwer to it. I cannot reſiſt the vanity that urges me to the communication. Otherwiſe, it were better, perhaps, that I ſuffer thee to imagine, that this Lady's Stars fight againſt her, and diſpenſe the opportunities in my favour which are only the conſequences of my own ſuperlative invention.

LETTER XVII.

To ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq*; *His Honner*.

· *May it pleſe your Honner*, *Sat. Apr.* 15.

· THIS is to let your Honner kno', as how I · have been emploied in a biſneſs I would have · been excuſed from, if ſo be I could. For it is to gitt · evidenſe from a young man, who is of late com'd · out to be my Cuzzen by my Granmother's ſide; · and but lately come to live in theſe partes, about ·

(*a*) Letter v. *p.* 25.

· a verry

· a verry vile thing, as younge maſter calls it, re-
· lating to your Honner. God forbid I ſhould call
· it ſo without your leafe. It is not for ſo plane a
· man as I be, to tacks my betters. It is conſarning
· one Miſs Batirton, of Notingam; a very pritty
· crature, belike.

· Your Honner got her away, it ſeems, by a falſe
· Letter to her, macking believe as howe her She-
· cuzzen that ſhe derely loved, was coming to ſee
· her; and was tacken ill upon the rode: And ſo
· Miſs Batirton ſet out in a Shaſe, and one ſarvant,
· to fet her Cuzzen from the Inne where ſhe laid
· ſick, as ſhe thote: And the ſarvant was tricked,
· and braute back the Shaſe; but Miſs Batirton was
· not harde of for a month, or ſo. And when it
· came to paſſe, that her frends found her oute, and
· would have proſſekutid your Honner, your Hon-
· ner was gone abroad: And ſo ſhe was broute to
· bed, as one may ſay, before your Honner's return:
· And ſhe got colde in her lyin-inn, and lanquitched,
· and ſoon died: And the child is living; but your
· Honner never troubles your Honner's hedd about
· it in the leaſt. And this and ſome ſuch other
· matters of verry bad reporte, Squier Solmes was
· to tell my young Lady of, if ſo be ſhe would have
· harde him ſpeke, before we loſt her ſweet com-
· pany, as I may ſay, from heere (*a*).

· I hope your Honner will excuſe me: But I was
· forſed to tell all I harde, becauſe they had my Cuz-
· zen in to them, and he would have ſaid he had
· tolde me: So could not be melely-mouthed, for
· fere to be blone up, and pleſe your Honner.

· Your Honner helped me to a many ugly ſtories
· to tell againſt your Honner to my younge Maſter,
· and younge Miſtriſs; butt did not tell me about
· this.

(*a*) See Vol. I. p. 394—396.

· I moſt humbelly beſeche your Honner to be · good and kinde and fethful to my deareſt younge · Lady, now you have her; or I ſhall brake my · harte for having done ſome dedes that have helped · to bring things to this paſſe. Pray youre dere · good Honner, be juſt! Prayey do!—As God ſhall · love ye! prayey do!—I cannot write no more for · this preſſent, for verry fear and grief—

· But now I am cumm'd to my writing agen, will · youre Honner be pleſed to tell me, if as how there · be any danger to your Honner's life from this · biſneſs; for my Cuzzen is actlie hier'd to go down · to Miſs Batirton's frendes to ſee if they will ſtur in · it: For you muſt kno' your Honner, as how he · lived in the Batirton family at the time, and could · be a good evidenſe, and all that.

· I hope it was not ſo verry bad, as Titus ſays it · was; for hee ſes as how there was a Rape in the · caſe betwixt you at furſte, and pleſe your Honner; · and my Cuzzen Titus is a very honiſt youhge man · as ever brocke bred. This is his carackter; and · this made me willinger to owne him for my Rela- · tion, when we came to talck.

If there ſhould be danger of your Honner's life, I hope your Honner will not be hanged like as one of us common men: Only have your hedd cut off, or ſo: And yet it is pitty ſuch a hedd ſhould be loſſed: But if as how it ſhoulde be proſſekutid to that furr, which God forbid, be pleſed natheleſs to thinck of youre fethful Joſeph Leman, before your hedd be condemned; for after condemnation, as I have been told, all will be the King's, or the Shreeve's.

· I thote as how it was beſt to acquent your · Honner of this; and for you to let me kno' if I · could do any-thing to ſarve your Honner, and · prevent miſchef with my Cuzzen Titus, on his · coming back from Nottingam, before he mackes · his reporte.

· I

· I have gin him a hinte already : For what, as
· I ſed to him, Cuzzin Titus, ſignifies ſtirring up the
· coles, and macking of ſtrief, to make rich gentil-
· folkes live at varience, and to be cutting of throtes,
· and ſuch-like ?

· Verry trewe, ſed little Titus. And this and
· pleſe your Honner gis me hopes of him, if ſo be
· your Honner gis me directions : ſen', as God kno'es,
· I have a poor, a verry poor invenſhon ; only a will-
· ing mind to prevent miſchef, that is the chief of
· my aim, and always was, I bleſs my God!—Els
· I could have made mutch miſchef in my time ; as
· indeed any ſarvant may. Your Honner natheleſs
· praiſes my invenſhon every now-and-then : Alas!
· and pleſe your Honner, what invenſhon ſhould ſuche
· a plane man as I have ?—But when your Honner
· ſets me agoing by *your* fine invenſhon, I can do
· well enuff. And I am ſure I have a hearty good
· will to deſerve your Honner's faver, if I mought.

· Two days, as I may ſay, off and on, have I
· been writing this long Letter. And yet I have not
· ſed all I would ſay. For, be it knone unto your
· Honner, as how I do not like that Capten Singelton,
· which I told you of *in my two laſt Letters*. He
· is always laying his hedd and my young Maſter's
· hedd together ; and I ſuſpect much if ſo be ſome
· miſchef is not going on between them : And ſtill
· the more, as becauſe my eldeſt young Lady ſemes
· to be joined to them ſometimes.

· Laſt week my young maſter ſed before my faſe,
· *My harte's blood boiles over, Capten Singelton, for*
· *revenge upon this*—And he called your Honner by
· a name it is not for ſuch a won as me to ſay what.
· Capten Singelton whiſpred my younge Maſter,
· being I was by. So younge Maſter ſed, *You may*
· *ſay any-thing before Joſeph ; for althoff he looks ſo*
· *ſeellie, he has as good a harte, and as good a hedd,*

as any ſarvante in the worlde nede to have. My conſcience touched me juſt then. But why ſhoulde it? when all I do, is to prevente miſcheff; and ſeing your Honner has ſo much patience, which younge Maſter has not; ſo am not affeard of telling your Honner any-thing whatſomever.

And furthermore, I have ſuche a deſire to deſarve your Honner's bounty to me, as mackes me let nothing paſs I can tell you of, to prevent harm: And too-beſides your Honner's goodneſs about the Blew Bore; which I have ſo good an accounte of!—I am ſure I ſhall be bounden to bleſs your Honner the longeſt day I have to live.

And then the Blew Bore is not all neither; ſen', and pleſe your Honner, the pretty Sowe (God forgive me for geſting in ſo ſerus a matter) runs in my hedd likewiſe. I believe I ſhall love her mayhap more than your Honner would have me; for ſhe begins to be kind and good-humered, and liſtens, and pleſe your Honner, licke as *if ſhe was among beans*, when I talke about the Blew Bore, and all that.

Prayey your Honner forgive the geſting of a poor plane man. We common fokes have our joys, and pleſe your Honner, lick as our betters have; and if we be ſometimes ſnubbed, we can find our underlings to ſnub them agen: And if not, we can git a Wife mayhap, and ſnub her: So are Maſters ſome how or other ourſells.

But how I try your Honner's patience!—Sarvants will ſhow their joiful hartes, tho'ff but in partinens, when encouredg'd.

Be pleſed from the prems's to let me kno' if as how I can be put upon any ſarvice to ſarve your Honner, and to ſarve my deereſt younge Lady; which God grant! For I begin to be affearde for her, hearing what pepel talck—To be ſure your

Honner

· Honner will not do her no *harme*, as a man may · ſay. But I kno' your Honner muſt be good to · ſo wonderous a younge Lady. How can you help · it ?—But heere my conſcience ſmites me, that *but · for ſome of my ſtories, which your Honner taute · me, my old Maſter and my old Lady, and the two · old Squiers, would not have been abell to be half ſo · hard-harted as they be, for all what my young · Maſter and young Miſtreſs ſayes.*·

And here is the ſad thing; they cannot come to clere up matters with my deereſt young Lady, becauſe, as *your Honner has ordered it*, they have theſe ſtories as if bribed by me out of your Honner's ſarvant; which muſt not be known for fere you ſhould kill'n and me too, and blacken the briber !—Ah! your Honner!—I doute as that I am a very vild fellow (Lord bleſs my ſoul, I pray God) and did not intend it.

But if my deereſt younge Lady ſhould come to harm, and pleſe your Honner, the horſepond at the Blew Bore—But Lord preſerve us all from all bad miſcheff, and all bad endes, I pray the Lord! —For tho'ff your Honner is kinde to me in worldly pelff, yet *what ſhall a man get to loos his ſoul*, as holy Skrittuer ſays, and pleſe your Honner?

But natheleſs I am in hope of reppentence hereafter, being but a younge man, if I do wrong thro' ignorrens; your Honner being a grate man, and a grate wit; and I a poor crature, not worthy notice; and your Honner able to anſwer for all. But howſomever I am

Your Honner's fethful Sarvant in all dewtie,

JOSEPH LEMAN.

April 15. and 16.

LETTER XVIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOSEPH LEMAN.

Honeſt Joſeph, *Monday, Apr.* 17.

YOU have a worſe opinion of your invention than you ought to have. I muſt praiſe it again. Of a plain man's head I have not known many better than yours. How often have your forecaſt and diſcretion anſwered my wiſhes in caſes which I could not foreſee, not knowing how my general directions would ſucceed, or what might happen in the execution of them! You are too doubtful of your own abilities, honeſt Joſeph; that's your fault. But it being a fault that is owing to natural *modeſty*, you ought rather to be *pitied* for it than *blamed*.

The affair of Miſs Betterton was a youthful frolick. I love dearly to exerciſe my invention. I do aſſure you, Joſeph, that I have ever had more pleaſure in my Contrivances, than in the End of them. I am no ſenſual man; but a man of ſpirit—One woman is like another—*You underſtand me, Joſeph*—In Courſing all the ſport is made by the winding Hare. A barn-door Chick is better eating. *Now you take me, Joſeph.*

Miſs Betterton was but a Tradeſman's daughter. The family indeed were grown rich, and aimed at a new Line of Gentry; and were unreaſonable enough to expect a man of my family would marry her. I was honeſt. I gave the young Lady no hope of that; for ſhe put it to me. She reſented: Kept up, and was kept up. A little innocent Contrivance was neceſſary to get her out—But no Rape in the caſe, I aſſure you, Joſeph—She loved me: I loved her. Indeed, when I got her to the Inn, I aſked her no queſtions. It is cruel to aſk a mo-

deſt

'deſt woman for her conſent. It is creating difficulties to both. Had not her friends been officious, 'I had been conſtant and faithful to her to this day, 'as far as I know—For then I had not known my 'Angel,

'I went not abroad upon *her* account. She loved 'me too well, to have appeared againſt me. She 'refuſed to ſign a paper they had drawn up for her, 'to found a proſecution upon: And the brutal creatures would not permit the midwife's aſſiſtance, 'till her life was in danger; and I believe to This 'her death was owing.

'I went into mourning for her, tho' abroad at 'the time. A diſtinction I have ever paid to thoſe 'worthy creatures who died in Childbed by me.

I was ever nice in my Loves. Theſe were the rules I laid down to myſelf on my entrance into active life: To ſet the mother above want, if her friends were cruel, and if I could not get her an huſband worthy of her: To ſhun common women: A piece of juſtice I owed to innocent Ladies, as well as to myſelf: To marry off a former miſtreſs, if poſſible, before I took to a new one: To maintain a Lady handſomely in her lying-in: To provide for the Little one, if it lived, according to the degree of its mother: To go into mourning for the mother, if ſhe died. 'And the promiſe of this, was a great com-'fort to the pretty dears, as they grew near their 'times.

'All my errors, all my expences, have been with 'and upon women. So I could acquit my conſcience '(acting thus honourably by them) as well as my 'diſcretion as to point of fortune.

'All men love women: And find me a man of 'more honour in theſe points, if you can, Joſeph.

'No wonder the Sex love me as they do!

'But *now* I am ſtrictly virtuous. I am reformed,

'So

· So I have been for a long, long time: Reſolving · to marry, as ſoon as I can prevail upon the moſt · admirable of women to have me. I think of no- · body elſe. It is impoſſible I ſhould. I have ſpared · very pretty girls for her ſake. Very true, Joſeph! · So ſet your honeſt heart at reſt—You ſee the pains · I take to ſatisfy your qualms.

· But as to Miſs Betterton—No Rape in the caſe, · I repeat: Rapes are unnatural things: And more · *rare* than are imagined, Joſeph.—I ſhould be loth · to be put to ſuch a ſtreight. I never was. Miſs · Betterton was taken from me againſt her own will. · In that caſe, her friends, not I, committed the · Rape.

· I have contrived to ſee the Boy twice, unknown · to the Aunt, who takes care of him; loves him; · and would not now part with him, on any conſi- · deration. The Boy is a fine Boy, I thank God, · No Father need be aſhamed of him. He will be · well provided for. If not, I would take care of · him. He will have his Mother's fortune. They · curſe the Father, ungrateful wretches! but bleſs · the Boy—Upon the whole, there is nothing vile in · this matter on my ſide; a great deal on the Bet- · tertons.

· Wherefore, Joſeph, be not thou in pain, either · for *my* head, or for *thy own* neck; nor for the · Blue Boar; nor for thy pretty Sow.·—

I love your jeſting. Jeſting better becomes a poor man, than qualms.—I love to have you jeſt. All we ſay, all we do, all we wiſh for, is a jeſt. He that makes life itſelf not ſo, is a ſad fellow, and has the worſt of it.

I doubt not, Joſeph, but you have had your joys, as you ſay, as well as your betters. May you have more and more, honeſt Joſeph!—He that grudges a poor man joy, ought to have none himſelf.

ſelf. Jeſt on therefore: Jeſting, I repeat, better becomes thee than qualms.

'I had no *need* to tell you of Miſs Betterton: 'Did I not furniſh you with ſtories enough without 'hers, againſt myſelf, to augment your credit with 'your cunning maſters? Beſides, I was loth to 'mention Miſs Betterton, her friends being all 'living, and in credit. I loved her too; for ſhe 'was taken from me by her cruel friends while our 'joys were young.'

But enough of dear Miſs Betterton. *Dear*, I ſay; for death *endears*.—Reſt to her worthy ſoul!—There, Joſeph, off went a deep ſigh to the memory of Miſs Betterton!

'As to the journey of little Titus [I now recollect 'the fellow by his name] Let that take its courſe: 'A Lady dying in childbed eighteen months ago; 'no proceſs begun in her life-time; refuſing herſelf 'to give evidence againſt me while ſhe lived— 'Pretty circumſtances to found an indictment for a 'Rape upon!

'As to your young Lady, the ever-adorable Miſs 'Clariſſa Harlowe, I always courted her for a Wife. 'Others rather expected marriage from the vanity of 'their own hearts, than from my promiſes. For I 'was always careful of what I promiſed.' You know, Joſeph, that I have gone beyond my promiſes to *you*. I do to every-body: And why? Becauſe it is the beſt way of ſhewing, that I have no grudging or narrow ſpirit. A promiſe is an obligation. *A juſt man will keep his promiſe: A generous man will go beyond it.* This is my rule.

'If you doubt my honour to your young Lady, 'it is more than ſhe does. She would not ſtay 'with me an hour if ſhe did. Mine is the ſteadieſt 'heart in the world. Haſt thou not reaſon to think 'it ſo?—Why this ſqueamiſhneſs then, honeſt 'Joſeph?

'But

'But it is becauſe thou *art* honeſt: So I forgive 'thee. Whoever loves my divine Clariſſa, loves 'me.

'Let James Harlowe call me what names he will. 'For his Siſter's ſake I will bear them. Do not be 'concerned for me. Her favour will make me rich 'amends. His own vilely malicious heart will make 'his blood *boil over* at any time: And when it 'does, thinkeſt thou that I will let it touch my con-'ſcience?—And if not *mine*, why ſhould it touch '*thine?* Ah! Joſeph, Joſeph! What a fooliſh teazer 'is thy conſcience!—Such a conſcience, as gives a 'plain man trouble, when he intends to do for the 'beſt, is weakneſs, not conſcience.

'But ſay what thou wilt, write all thou knoweſt 'or heareſt of, to me: I'll have patience with every-'body. Why ſhould I not, when it is as much the 'deſire of my heart, as it is of thine, to prevent 'miſchief?

'So now, Joſeph, having taken all this pains to 'ſatisfy thy Conſcience, and anſwer all thy doubts, 'and to baniſh all thy fears; let me come to a *new 'point*.

'Your endeavours and mine, which were deſigned, '*by round-about ways*, to reconcile all, even againſt 'the wills of the moſt obſtinate, have not, we ſee, 'anſwered the end we hoped they would anſwer; 'but, on the contrary, have widened the unhappy 'differences between our families. But this has not 'been either your fault or mine: It is owing to the 'black pitch-like blood of your venomous-hearted 'young Maſter, *boiling over*, as he owns, that our 'honeſt wiſhes have hitherto been fruſtrated.

'Yet we muſt proceed in the ſame courſe: We 'ſhall tire them out in time, and they will propoſe 'terms; and when they do, they ſhall find how rea-'ſonable mine ſhall be, little as they deſerve from 'me.

· Perſevere therefore, Joſeph; honeſt Joſeph, perſevere; and, unlikely as you may imagine the means, our deſires will be at laſt obtained.

· We have nothing for it now, but to go thro' with our work in the way we have begun. For ſince (as I told you in my laſt) my Beloved miſtruſts you, ſhe will blow you up, if ſhe be *not* mine. If ſhe *be*, I can and will protect you; and as, if there will be any fault, in her opinion, it will be rather mine than yours, ſhe *muſt* forgive you, and keep her huſband's ſecrets, for the ſake of his reputation: Elſe ſhe will be guilty of a great failure in her duty. So, now you have ſet your hand to the plough, Joſeph, there is no looking back.

· And what is the conſequence of all this? One labour more, and that will be all that will fall to your lot; at leaſt, of conſequence.

· My Beloved is reſolved not to think of Marriage till ſhe has tried to move her friends to a reconciliation with her. You know they are determined not to be reconciled. She has it in her head, I doubt not, to make me ſubmit to the people I hate; and if I did, they would rather inſult me, than receive my condeſcenſion as they ought. She even owns, that ſhe will renounce me, if they inſiſt upon it, provided they will give up Solmes. So, to all appearance, I am ſtill as far as ever from the happineſs of calling her mine: Indeed I am more likely than ever to loſe her (if I cannot contrive ſome way to avail myſelf of the preſent critical ſituation); and then, Joſeph, all I have been ſtudying, and all you have been doing, will ſignify nothing.

· At the place where we are, we cannot long be private. · The lodgings are inconvenient for us, while both together, and while ſhe refuſes to marry.

· She

· She wants to get me at a diſtance from her. There · are extraordinary convenient lodgings in my eye in · London, where we could be private, and all miſ- · chief avoided. When *there* (if I *get* her thither) · ſhe will inſiſt, that I ſhall leave her. Miſs Howe · is for ever putting her upon contrivances. That, · you know, is the reaſon I have been obliged, by · your means, to play the family off at Harlowe-Place · upon Mrs. Howe, and Mrs. Howe upon her Daugh- · ter—Ah! Joſeph!—Little need for your fears for · my Angel: *I* only am in danger—But were I the · free liver I am reported to be, all this could I get · over with a wet finger, as the ſaying is.

· But, by the help of one of your hints, I have · thought of an Expedient which will do every-thing; · and raiſe your reputation, tho' already ſo high, · higher ſtill. This Singleton, I hear, is a fellow · who loves enterpriſing: The view he has to get · James Harlowe to be his principal owner in a larger · veſſel which he wants to be put into the command · of, may be the ſubject of their preſent cloſe con- · verſation. · But ſince he is taught to have ſo good an opinion of you, Joſeph, cannot you (ſtill pretending an abhorrence of me, and of my contrivances) propoſe to Singleton to propoſe to James Harlowe (who ſo much thirſts for revenge upon me) to aſſiſt him with his whole ſhip's crew, upon occaſion, to carry off his Siſter to Leith, where both have houſes, or elſewhere?

You may tell them, that if this can be effected, it will make me raving mad; and bring your young Lady into all their meaſures.

You can inform them, *as from my ſervant*, of the diſtance ſhe keeps me at, in hopes of procuring her Father's forgiveneſs, by cruelly giving me up, if inſiſted upon.

You can tell them, that as the only ſecret my ſervant

vant has kept from you, is, the place we are in, you make no doubt, that a two-guinea bribe will bring that out, and alſo an information when I ſhall be at a diſtance from her, that the enterprize may be conducted with ſafety.

You may tell them (ſtill as from my ſervant) that we are about removing from inconvenient lodgings to others more convenient (which is true); and that I muſt be often abſent from her.

If they liſten to your propoſal, you will promote your intereſt with Betty, by telling it to her as a Secret. Betty will tell Arabella of it. Arabella will be overjoyed at any-thing that will help forward her revenge upon me; and will reveal it (if her Brother do not) to her Uncle Antony. He probably will whiſper it to Mrs. Howe. She can keep nothing from her Daughter, though they are always jangling. Her Daughter will acquaint my Beloved with it. And if it will not, or if it will, come to my ears from ſome of thoſe, you can write it to me, as in confidence, by way of preventing miſchief; which is the ſtudy of us both.

I can then ſhew it to my Beloved. Then will ſhe be for placing a greater confidence in me. That will convince me of her Love, which now I am ſometimes ready to doubt. She will be for haſtening to the ſafer lodgings. I ſhall have a pretence to ſtay about her perſon, as a guard. She will be convinced, that there is no expectation to be had of a Reconciliation. You can give James Harlowe and Singleton continual falſe ſcents, as I ſhall direct you; ſo that no miſchief can poſſibly happen.

And what will be the happy, happy, thrice happy conſequence?—The Lady will be mine, in an honourable way. We ſhall all be friends in good time. The two guineas will be an agreeable addition *to the many gratuities I have helped you to by like contrivances from this*

this ſtingy family. Your reputation, both for head and heart, as I hinted before, will be heightened. The Blue Boar will alſo be yours. Nor ſhall you have the leaſt difficulty about raiſing money to buy the ſtock, if it be worth your while to have it.

Betty will likewiſe then be yours. You have both ſaved money, it ſeems. The whole Harlowe family, whom you have ſo faithfully ſerved ['Tis ſerving them ſurely, to prevent the miſchief which their violent Son would have brought upon them] will throw you in ſomewhat towards houſekeeping. I will ſtill add to your Store. So nothing but happineſs before you!

Crow, Joſeph, crow! A dunghil of thy own in view: Servants to ſnub at thy pleaſure: A Wife to quarrel with, or to love, as thy humour leads thee: *Landlord* and *Landlady* at every word: To be paid, inſtead of paying, for thy eating and drinking. But not thus happy only in thyſelf; happy in promoting Peace and Reconciliation between two good families, in the long run; without hurting any Chriſtian ſoul. O Joſeph, honeſt Joſeph! what envy wilt thou raiſe! —And who would be ſqueamiſh with ſuch proſpects before him!

This one labour, I repeat, crowns the work. If you can get but ſuch a deſign entertained by them, whether they proſecute it or not, it will be equally to the purpoſe of *Your loving Friend,*

R. LOVELACE.

LETTER XIX.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Mrs.* HERVEY.

[*Incloſed in her laſt to Miſs* HOWE.]

Honoured Madam, *Thurſday, April* 20.

HAVING not had the favour of an Anſwer to a Letter I took the liberty to write to you on the 14th, I am in ſome hopes that it may have miſcarried; for

for I had much rather it ſhould, than to have the mortification to think that my Aunt Hervey deemed me unworthy of the honour of her notice.

In this hope, having kept a copy of it, and not being able to expreſs myſelf in terms better ſuited to the unhappy circumſtance of things, I tranſcribe and incloſe what I then wrote *(a)*. And I humbly beſeech you to favour the contents of it with your intereſt.

Hitherto it is in my power to perform what I undertake for in this Letter; and it would be very grievous to me to be precipitated upon meaſures, which may render the deſireable Reconciliation more difficult.

If, Madam, I were permitted to write to you with the hopes of being anſwered, I could clear my intention with regard to the ſtep I have taken, altho' I could not perhaps acquit myſelf to ſome of my ſevereſt judges, of an imprudence previous to it. You, I am ſure, would pity me, if you knew all I could ſay, and how miſerable I am in the forfeiture of the good opinion of all my friends.

I flatter myſelf, that *their* favour is yet retrievable. But whatever be the determination at Harlowe-Place, do not *you*, my deareſt Aunt, deny me the favour of a few lines, to inform me if there can be any hope of a Reconciliation upon terms leſs ſhocking than thoſe heretofore endeavoured to be impoſed upon me; or if (which God forbid!) I am to be for ever reprobated.

At leaſt, my dear Aunt, procure for me the juſtice of my wearing apparel, and the little money and other things which I wrote to my Siſter for, and mention in the incloſed to you; that I may not be deſtitute of common conveniencies, or be under a neceſſity to owe an obligation for ſuch, where (at preſent, however) I would leaſt of all owe it.

(a) The contents of the Letter referred to are given Vol. II. p. 382, 383.

Allow me to ſay, that had I *deſigned* what happened, I might (as to the money and jewels at leaſt) have ſaved myſelf ſome of the mortifications which I have ſuffered, and which I ſtill farther apprehend, if my requeſt be not complied with.

If you are permitted to encourage an eclairciſſement of what I hint, I will open my whole heart to you, and inform you of every-thing.

If it be any pleaſure to have me mortified, be pleaſed to let it be known, that I am extremely mortified: And yet it is *entirely* from my own reflections that I am ſo; having nothing to find fault with, in the behaviour of the perſon from whom every evil was apprehended.

The bearer having buſineſs your way, will bring me your Anſwer on Saturday morning, if you favour me according to my hopes. I knew not that I ſhould have this opportunity till I had written the above.

I am, my deareſt Aunt,

Your ever-dutiful

CL. HARLOWE.

Be pleaſed to direct for me, if I am to be favoured with a few lines, to be left at Mr. Oſgood's near Soho-ſquare; and nobody ſhall ever know of your goodneſs to me, if you deſire it to be kept a ſecret.

LETTER XX.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Sat. April 22.

I Cannot for my life account for your wretch's teazing ways. But he certainly doubts your Love of him. In this *He* is a *modeſt* man, as well as *ſomebody* elſe; and tacitly confeſſes, that he does not deſerve it.

Your Iſraelitiſh hankerings after the Egyptian onions

onions (teſtified ſtill more in your Letter to your Aunt); Your often-repeated regrets for meeting him; for being betrayed away by him—Theſe he cannot bear.

I have been looking back on the whole of his conduct, and comparing it with his general character; and find, that he is more *conſiſtently*, more *uniformly*, mean, revengeful, and proud, than either of us once imagined.

From his cradle, as I may ſay, as an *only child*, and a *boy*, humourſome, ſpoiled, miſchievous; the governor of his governors.

A Libertine in his riper years, hardly regardful of appearances; and deſpiſing the Sex in general, for the faults of particulars of it, who made themſelves too cheap to him.

What has been his behaviour in your family, a CLARISSA in view (from the time your fooliſh Brother was obliged to take a life from him) but defiance for defiances?—Getting you into his power by terror, by artifice. What politeneſs can be expected from ſuch a man?

Well, but what in ſuch a ſituation is to be done? Why, you muſt deſpiſe him: You muſt hate him—if you can—and run away from him—But whither? Whither indeed, now that your Brother is laying fooliſh plots to put you in a ſtill worſe condition, as it may happen?

But if you cannot deſpiſe and hate him; if you care not to break with him; you muſt part with ſome punctilio's: And if the ſo doing bring not on the Solemnity, you muſt put yourſelf into the protection of the Ladies of his family.

Their reſpect for you is of itſelf a ſecurity for his honour to you, if there could be any room for doubt. And at leaſt you ſhould remind him of his offer to bring one of the Miſs Montague's to attend you at your new lodgings in town, and accompany you, till all is happily over.

This, you'll ſay, will be as good as *declaring* yourſelf to be his. *And ſo let it.* You ought not now to think of any-thing elſe but to be *his*. Does not your Brother's project convince you more and more of this?

Give over then, my deareſt friend, any thoughts of this hopeleſs Reconciliation, *which has kept you balancing thus long*. You own, in the Letter before me, that he made very explicit offers, tho' you give me not the very words. And he gave his reaſons, I perceive, with his wiſhes, that you ſhould accept them: Which very few of the ſorry fellows do; whoſe plea is generally but a compliment to our Self-love—*That we muſt love them*, however preſumptuous and unworthy, *becauſe they love us*.

Were I in *your place*, and had *your* charming delicacies, I ſhould, perhaps, do as you do. No doubt but I ſhould expect that the man ſhould urge me with reſpectful warmth; that he ſhould ſupplicate with conſtancy, and that all his words and actions ſhould tend to the one principal point—Nevertheleſs, if I ſuſpected art or delay, founded upon his doubts of my Love, I would either condeſcend to clear up his doubts, or renounce him for ever.

And in this laſt caſe, I, your Anna Howe, would exert myſelf, and either find you a private refuge, or reſolve to ſhare fortunes with you.

What a wretch, to be ſo eaſily anſwered by your reference to the arrival of your Couſin Morden! But I am afraid that you was too ſcrupulous:—For did he not reſent that reference?

Could we have *his* account of the matter, I fanſy, my dear, I ſhould think you over-nice, over-delicate *(a)*. Had you laid hold of his *acknowleged* explicitneſs,

(a) The Reader who has ſeen his account, which Miſs Howe could not have ſeen, when ſhe wrote thus, will obſerve, that it

plicitneſs, he would have been as much in *your* power, as now you ſeem to be in *his*—You wanted not to be told, that the perſon who had been tricked into ſuch a ſtep as you had taken, muſt of neceſſity ſubmit to many mortifications.

But were it to *me*, a girl of ſpirit as I am thought to be, I do aſſure you, I would in a quarter of an hour (all the time I would allow to punctilio in ſuch a caſe as yours) know what he drives at: Since either he muſt mean *well* or *ill*. If *Ill*, the ſooner you know it, the better. If *well*, whoſe modeſty is it he diſtreſſes, but that of his own wife?

And methinks you ſhould endeavour to avoid all exaſperating recriminations, as to what you have heard of his failure in morals; eſpecially while you are ſo happy, as not to have occaſion to ſpeak of them by experience.

I grant, that it gives a worthy mind ſome ſatisfaction, in having borne its teſtimony againſt a bad one: But if the teſtimony be not ſeaſonably borne, and when the faulty perſon be fitted to receive the correction, it may probably rather harden, or make an hypocrite, than reclaim him.

I am pleaſed, however, as well as you, with his making light of your Brother's *wife* project.—Poor creature! and muſt Maſter Jemmy Harlowe, with his half-wit, pretend to plot, and contrive miſchief, yet rail at Lovelace for the ſame things?—A witty villain deſerves hanging at once (and without ceremony, if you pleaſe); but a half-witted one deſerves broken bones firſt, and hanging afterwards. I think Lovelace has given his character in few words *(a)*.

Be angry at me, if you pleaſe; but as ſure as you

* it was not poſſible for a perſon of her true delicacy of mind to
* act otherwiſe than ſhe did, to a man ſo cruelly and ſo inſolently
* artful.

(*a*) See p. 72.

are alive, now that this poor creature, whom ſome call your Brother, finds he has ſucceeded in making you fly your Father's houſe, and that he has nothing to fear but your getting into your *own*, and into an independence of him, he thinks himſelf equal to any thing, and ſo has a mind to fight Lovelace with his own weapons?

Don't you remember his pragmatical triumph, as told you by your Aunt, and prided in by that ſaucy Betty Barnes, from his own fooliſh mouth (*a*)?

I expect nothing from your Letter to your Aunt. I hope Lovelace will never know the contents of it. In every one of yours, I ſee that he as warmly reſents as he dares, the little confidence you have in him. I ſhould reſent it too, were I he; and knew I deſerved better.

Don't be ſcrupulous about cloaths, if you think of putting yourſelf into the protection of the Ladies of his family. They know how matters ſtand between you and your relations, and love you never the worſe for the ſilly peoples cruelty.

I know you won't demand poſſeſſion of your Eſtate. But give *him* a right to demand it for you; and that will be ſtill better.

Adieu, my dear! May Heaven guide and direct you in all your ſteps, is the daily prayer of

Your ever-affectionate and faithful

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXI.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq*;

Friday, April 21.

THOU, Lovelace, haſt been long the *Entertainer*; I the *Entertained*. Nor have I been ſolicitous to animadvert, as thou wenteſt along, upon thy inven-

(*a*) See Vol. II. p. 226, 227. 230, 231.

tions,

tions, and their tendency. For I believed, that with all thy airs, the unequalled perfections and fine qualities of this Lady would always be her protection and ſecurity. But now, that I find, thou haſt ſo far ſucceeded, as to induce her to come to town, and to chuſe her lodgings in a houſe, the people of which will too probably damp and ſuppreſs any honourable motions which may ariſe in thy mind in her favour, I cannot help writing: And that profeſſedly in her behalf.

My inducements to this are not owing to virtue: But if they *were*, what hope could I have of affecting thee, by pleas ariſing from it?

Nor would ſuch a man as thou art be deterred, were I to remind thee of the vengeance which thou mayeſt one day expect, if thou inſulteſt a woman of her character, family, and fortune.

Neither are gratitude and honour motives to be mentioned in a woman's favour, to men, ſuch as we are, who conſider all thoſe of the Sex as fair prize, over whom we can obtain a power. For *our honour*, and *honour* in the *general acceptation* of the word, are two things.

What then is my motive?—What, but the true friendſhip that I bear thee, Lovelace; which makes me plead *Thy own ſake*, and *Thy family's ſake*, in the juſtice thou oweſt to this incomparable creature; who, however, ſo well deſerves to have *her ſake* to be mentioned as the principal conſideration?

Laſt time I was at M. Hall, thy noble Uncle ſo earneſtly preſſed me to uſe my intereſt to perſuade thee to enter the pale, and gave me ſo many family-reaſons for it, that I could not help engaging myſelf heartily on his ſide of the queſtion; and the rather, as I knew, that thy own intentions with regard to this fine woman, were then worthy of *her*. And of this I aſſured his Lordſhip; who was half afraid of thee, becauſe of the ill uſage thou receivedſt from her family.

But now, that the caſe is altered, let me preſs the matter home to thee from other conſiderations.

By what I have heard of this Lady's perfections from every mouth, as well as from thine, and from every Letter thou haſt written, where wilt thou find ſuch another woman? And why ſhouldſt thou tempt her virtue?—Why ſhouldſt thou wiſh to try where there is no reaſon to doubt?

Were I in thy caſe, and deſigned to marry, and if I preferred a woman, as I know thou doſt This, to all the women in the world, I ſhould dread to make further tiral, knowing what *we* know of the Sex, for *fear* of ſucceeding; and eſpecially if I doubted not, that if there were a woman in the world virtuous at heart, it is ſhe.

And let me tell thee, Lovelace, that in this Lady's ſituation, the trial is not a fair trial. Conſidering the depth of thy plots and contrivances: Conſidering the opportunities which I ſee thou muſt have with her, in ſpite of her own heart; all her Relations follies acting in concert, though unknown to themſelves, with thy wicked ſcheming head: Conſidering how deſtitute of protection ſhe is: Conſidering the houſe ſhe is to be in, where ſhe will be ſurrounded with thy implements; *ſpecious*, *well-bred*, and *genteel* creatures, not eaſily to be detected when they are diſpoſed to preſerve appearances, eſpecially by a young, unexperienced Lady wholly unacquainted with the town: Conſidering all theſe things, I ſay, what glory, what cauſe of triumph, wilt thou have, if ſhe ſhould be overcome?—Thou, too, a man born for intrigue, full of invention, intrepid, remorſeleſs, able patiently to watch for thy opportunity; not hurried, as moſt men, by guſts of violent paſſion, which often nip a project in the bud, and make the ſnail that was juſt putting out its horns to meet the inviter, withdraw into its ſhell—A man who has no regard to his word

or oath to the Sex; the Lady ſcrupulouſly ſtrict to *her* word, incapable of art or deſign; apt therefore to believe well of others—It would be a miracle if ſhe ſtood ſuch an attempter, ſuch attempts, and ſuch ſnares, as I ſee will be laid for her. And after all, I ſee not when men are ſo frail *without* importunity, that ſo much ſhould be expected from women, daughters of the ſame fathers and mothers, and made up of the ſame brittle compounds (Education all the difference) nor where the triumph is in ſubduing them.

May there not be other Lovelaces, thou aſkeſt, who, attracted by her beauty, may endeavour to prevail with her (*a*)?

No; there cannot, I anſwer, be ſuch another man, perſon, mind, fortune, and thy character, as above given, taken in. If thou imaginedſt there could, ſuch is thy pride, that thou wouldſt think the worſe of thyſelf.

But let me touch upon thy predominant paſſion, *Revenge*; for *Love* is but ſecond to that, as I have often told thee, tho' it has ſet thee into raving at me: What poor pretences for Revenge are the difficulties thou hadſt in getting her off; allowing that ſhe had run a riſque of being Solmes's wife, had ſhe ſtaid? If theſe are other than pretences, why thankeſt thou not thoſe who threw her into thy power?—Beſides, are not the pretences thou makeſt for further trial, moſt ingratefully, as well as *contradictorily*, founded upon the ſuppoſition of error in her, occaſioned by her *favour* to thee?

And let me, for the utter confuſion of thy poor pleas of this nature, aſk thee—Would ſhe, in thy opinion, had ſhe *willingly gone off with thee*, have been intitled to *better* quarter?—For a *miſtreſs* indeed ſhe might: But wouldſt thou for a *wife* have had cauſe to like her half ſo well, as now?

(*a*) Vol. II. p. 347, 348.

Has

'Has ſhe not demonſtrated, that even the higheſt 'provocations were not ſufficient to warp her from 'her duty to her parents, tho' a *native*, and, as I 'may ſay, an originally *involuntary* duty, becauſe '*native?* And is not this a charming earneſt that 'ſhe will ſacredly obſerve a ſtill higher duty into 'which ſhe propoſes to enter, when ſhe does enter, 'by *plighted* vows, and entirely as a *volunteer?*'

That ſhe loves thee, wicked as thou art, and cruel as a panther, there is no reaſon to doubt. Yet, what a command has ſhe over herſelf, that ſuch a penetrateing ſelf-flatterer as thyſelf, art ſometimes ready to doubt it? Tho' perſecuted on the one hand, as ſhe was, by her own family, and attracted on the other, by the ſplendor of thine; every one of whom courts her to rank herſelf among them?

Thou wilt perhaps think, that I have departed from my propoſition, and pleaded the *Lady's ſake* more than *thine* in the above—But no ſuch thing. All that I have written, is more in *thy* behalf than in *hers*; ſince ſhe may make *thee* happy; but it is next to impoſſible, I ſhould think, if ſhe preſerve her delicacy, that thou canſt make *her* ſo. What is the Love of a Rakiſh Heart? There cannot be *peculiarity* in it. But I need not give my further reaſons. Thou wilt have ingenuity enough, I dare ſay, were there occaſion for it, to ſubſcribe to my opinion.

I plead not for the State from any great liking to it myſelf. Nor have I, at preſent, thoughts of entering into it. But as thou art the laſt of thy name; as thy family is of note and figure in thy country; and as thou thyſelf thinkeſt that thou ſhalt one day marry; is it poſſible, let me aſk thee, that thou canſt have ſuch another opportunity as thou now haſt, if thou letteſt this ſlip? A woman, in her family and fortune not unworthy of thine own (though thou art ſo apt, from pride of Anceſtry, and pride of Heart, to ſpeak

ſlightly

ſlightly of the families thou diſlikeſt); ſo celebrated for beauty; and ſo noted at the ſame time for prudence, for *Soul* (I will ſay, inſtead of *ſenſe*) and for virtue?

If thou art not ſo narrow-minded an elf, as to prefer thine own *ſingle* ſatisfaction to *poſterity*, thou, who ſhouldſt wiſh to beget children for duration, wilt not poſtpone till the Rake's uſual time; that is to ſay, till diſeaſes or years, or both, lay hold of thee; ſince in that caſe thou wouldſt intitle thyſelf to the curſes of thy legitimate progeny for giving them a Being altogether miſerable: A Being, which they will be obliged to hold upon a worſe tenure than that *Tenant-courteſy*, which thou calleſt the *worſt* (*a*); to wit, upon the *Doctor's courteſy*; thy deſcendents alſo propagating (if they ſhall live, and be able to propagate) a wretched Race, that ſhall intail the curſe, or the *reaſon* for it, upon remote generations.

Wicked as the ſober world accounts you and me, we have not yet, it is to be hoped, got over all compunction. Altho' we find Religion againſt us, we have not yet preſumed to make a Religion to ſuit our practices. We deſpiſe thoſe who do. And we know better than to be even *doubters*. In ſhort, we believe a future State of Rewards and Puniſhments. But as we have ſo much youth and health in hand, we hope to have time for repentance. That is to ſay, in plain Engliſh [Nor think thou me too grave, Lovelace: *Thou* art grave ſometimes, tho' not often] we hope to live to Senſe, as long as Senſe can reliſh, and purpoſe to reform when we can ſin no longer.

And ſhall this admirable woman ſuffer for her generous endeavours to ſet on foot thy Reformation; and for inſiſting upon proofs of the ſincerity of thy profeſſions before ſhe will be thine?

Upon the whole matter, let me wiſh thee to con-

(*a*) See Vol. II. p. 388.

ſider

ſider well what thou art about, before thou goeſt a ſtep farther in the path which thou haſt chalked out for thyſelf to tread, and art juſt going to enter upon. Hitherto all is ſo far right, that if the Lady *miſtruſts* thy honour, ſhe has no *proofs*. Be honeſt to her, then, in *her* ſenſe of the word. None of thy companions, thou knoweſt, will offer to laugh at what *thou* doſt. And if they *ſhould* (on thy entering into a State which has been ſo much ridiculed by thee, and by all of us) thou haſt one advantage—It is this; That thou canſt not be aſhamed.

Deferring to the poſt-day to cloſe my Letter, I find one left at my couſin Oſgood's, with direction to be forwarded to the Lady. It was brought within theſe two hours by a *particular* hand, and has a Harlowe-ſeal upon it. As it may therefore be of importance, I diſpatch it with my own, by my ſervant, poſt-haſte (*a*).

I ſuppoſe you will ſoon be in town. Without the Lady, I hope. Farewel.

Be honeſt, and be happy.

Sat. Apr. 22. J. BELFORD.

LETTER XXII.

Mrs. HERVEY, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[*In anſwer to Letter* xix.]

Dear Niece,

IT would be hard not to write a few lines, ſo much preſſed to write, to one I ever loved. Your former Letter I received; yet was not at liberty to anſwer it. I break my word to anſwer you now.

Strange informations are every day received about you. The wretch you are with, we are told, is every hour triumphing and defying—Muſt not theſe infor-

(*a*) This Letter was from Miſs Arabella Harlowe. *See Let.* xxv.

mations

mations aggravate? You know the uncontroulableneſs of the man. He loves his own humour better than he loves you—tho' ſo fine a creature as you are! I warned you over and over: No young Lady was ever more warned!—Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe to do ſuch a thing!

You might have given your friends the meeting. If you had *held* your averſion, it would have been complied with. As ſoon as I was intruſted myſelf with their *intention* to give up the point, I gave you a hint—a dark one perhaps (*a*)—But who would have thought—O Miſs!—Such an *artful* flight!—Such *cunning* preparation!

But you want to clear up things—*What* can you clear up? Are you not gone off?—With a Lovelace too?—*What*, my dear, would you clear up?

You did not *deſign* to go, you ſay. Why did you meet him then, chariot-and-ſix, horſemen, all prepared by him? O, my dear, how Art produces Art!—Will it be believed?—If it *would*, what power will he be thought to have had over you!—He!—Who? *Lovelace!*—The vileſt of Libertines!—Over whom?—A *Clariſſa!*—Was your Love for ſuch a man above your reaſon? Above your reſolution? What credit would a belief of this, *if* believed, bring you?—How mend the matter?—Oh! that you had ſtood the next meeting!

I'll tell you all that was intended if you had.

It was indeed imagined, that you would not have been able to reſiſt your Father's intreaties and commands. He was reſolved to be all condeſcenſion, if anew you had not provoked him. *I love my Clary Harlowe*, ſaid he, but an hour before the killing tidings were brought him; *I love her as my life; I will kneel to her, if nothing elſe will do, to prevail upon her to oblige me!*

(*a*) See Vol. II. p. 228.

Your

Your Father and Mother (the reverſe of what ſhould have been!) would have humbled themſelves to *you*: And if you *could* have denied them, and refuſed to ſign the Settlements previous to the meeting, they would have yielded, although with regret.

But it was preſumed, ſo naturally ſweet your temper, ſo ſelf-denying, as they thought you, that you could *not* have withſtood them, notwithſtanding all your diſlike of the *one* man, without a greater degree of headſtrong paſſion for the *other*, than you had given any of us reaſon to expect from you.

If you *had*, the meeting on Wedneſday would have been a lighter trial to you. You would have been preſented to all your aſſembled friends, with a ſhort ſpeech only, 'That this was the young crea-
'ture, till very lately faultleſs, condeſcending, and
'obliging; now having cauſe to glory in a triumph
'over the wills of Father, Mother, Uncles, the moſt
'indulgent; over family-intereſts, family-views, and
'preferring her own will to every-body's; and this
'for a tranſitory preference to *Perſon* only; there
'being no compariſon between the men as to their
'*Morals*.'

Thus complied with, and perhaps bleſſed, by your Father and Mother, and the conſequences of your diſobedience deprecated in the ſolemneſt manner by your inimitable Mother, your *generoſity* would have been appealed to, ſince your *duty* would have been found too weak an inducement, and you would have been bid to withdraw for one half-hour's conſideration: Then would the Settlements have been again tendered for your ſigning, by the perſon leaſt diſobliging to you; by your good Norton perhaps; ſhe perhaps ſeconded by your Father again: And if again refuſed, you would again have been led in, to declare ſuch your refuſal. Some reſtrictions which you yourſelf had propoſed, would have been inſiſted upon.

upon. You would have been permitted to go home with me, or with your Uncle Antony (with *which* of us was not agreed upon, becauſe they hoped you might be perſuaded) there to ſtay till the arrival of your Couſin Morden; or till your Father could have borne to ſee you; or till aſſured, that the views of Lovelace were at an end.

This the intention, your Father ſo ſet upon your compliance, ſo much in hopes that you would have yielded, that you would have been prevailed upon by methods ſo condeſcending and ſo gentle; no wonder that *he*, in particular, was like a diſtracted man, when he heard of your flight—of your flight, ſo *premeditated*;—with your Ivy Summer-houſe dinings, your arts to blind me, and all of us!—naughty, naughty young creature!

I, for my part, would not believe it, when told of it. Your Uncle Hervey would not believe it. We rather expected, we rather feared, a ſtill more deſperate adventure. There could be but one more deſperate; and I was readier to have the caſcade firſt reſorted to, than the garden back-door.—Your Mother fainted away, while her heart was torn between the two apprehenſions.—Your Father, poor man! your Father was beſide himſelf for near an hour—What imprecations!—What dreadful imprecations!—To this day he can hardly bear your name: Yet can think of nobody elſe. Your merits, my dear, but aggravate your fault.—Something of freſh aggravation almoſt every hour.—How can any favour be expected?

I am ſorry for it; but am afraid, nothing you aſk will be complied with.

Why mention you, my dear, the ſaving you from mortifications, who have gone off with a man? What a poor pride is it to ſtand upon any-thing elſe?

I dare

I dare not open my lips in your favour. Nobody dare. Your Letter muſt ſtand by itſelf. This has cauſed me to ſend it to Harlowe-Place. Expect therefore great ſeverity. May you be enabled to ſupport the lot you have drawn! O my dear! how unhappy have you made every-body! Can *you* expect to be happy? Your Father wiſhes you had never been born. Your poor Mother—But why ſhould I afflict you? There is now no help!—You muſt be changed indeed, if you are not very unhappy yourſelf in the reflections your thoughtful mind muſt ſuggeſt to you.

You muſt now make the beſt of your lot. Yet *not* married, it ſeems!

It is in your power, you ſay, to perform whatever you ſhall undertake to do: You may deceive yourſelf: You hope that your reputation and the favour of your friends may be retrieved. Never, never, both, I doubt; if either. Every offended perſon (and that is all who loved you, and are related to you) muſt *join* to reſtore you: When can theſe be of *one* mind in a caſe ſo notoriouſly wrong?

It would be very grievous, you ſay, to be precipitated upon meaſures, that may make the deſireable Reconciliation more difficult. Is it *now*, my dear, a time for you to be afraid of being *precipitated?* At *preſent*, if *ever*, there can be no thought of Reconciliation. The *upſhot* of your precipitation muſt firſt be ſeen. There may be murder yet, as far as we know. Will the man you are with part willingly with you? If *not*, what may be the conſequence? If he *will*—Lord bleſs me! what ſhall we think of his reaſons for it?—I will fly this thought. I know your purity—But, my dear, are you not out of all protection?—Are you not unmarried?—Have you not (making your daily prayers uſeleſs) thrown yourſelf into temptation? And is not the man the moſt wicked of plotters?

You

You have hitherto, you ſay (and I think, my dear, with an air unbecoming your declared penitence) *no fault to find with the behaviour of a man from whom every evil was apprehended:* Like Cæſar to the Roman augur, which I heard you tell of, who had bid him *Beware of the Ides of March: The Ides of March*, ſaid Cæſar, ſeeing the augur among the croud, as he marched in ſtate to the Senate-houſe, from which he never was to return alive, *The Ides of March are come. But they are not paſt*, the augur replied. Make the application, my dear: May you be able to make this reflection upon his good behaviour to the laſt of your knowlege of him! May he behave himſelf better to you, than he ever did to any-body elſe whom he had power over! Amen!

No anſwer, I beſeech you. I hope your meſſenger will not tell any-body that I have written to you. And I dare ſay you will not ſhew what I have written to Mr. Lovelace—For I have written with the leſs reſerve, depending upon your prudence.

You have my prayers.

My Dolly knows not that I write. No-body does *(a)*: Not even Mr. Hervey.

Dolly would have ſeveral times written: But having defended your fault with heat, and with a partiality, that alarmed us [Such a fall as yours, my dear, muſt be alarming to all parents] ſhe has been forbidden, on pain of loſing our favour for ever: And this at your family's requeſt, as well as by her Father's commands.

You have the poor girl's hourly prayers, I will, however, tell you, tho' ſhe knows not that I do, as well as thoſe of *Your truly afflicted Aunt*,

Friday, April 21. D. HERVEY.

(a) Notwithſtanding what Mrs. Hervey here ſays, it will be hereafter ſeen that this ſevere Letter of hers was written in private concert with the implacable Arabella.

LETTER XXIII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

With the preceding.

Sat. Morn. April 22.

I Have juſt now received the incloſed from my Aunt Hervey. Be pleaſed, my dear, to keep her ſecret of having written to the unhappy wretch her Niece.

I may go to London, I ſee, or where I will. No matter what becomes of me.

I was the willinger to ſuſpend my journey thither, till I heard from Harlowe-Place. I thought, if I could be encouraged to hope for a Reconciliation, I would let this man ſee, that he ſhould not have me in his power, but upon my own terms, if at all.

But I find I muſt be *his*, whether I will or not; and perhaps thro' ſtill greater mortifications than thoſe great ones which I have already met with—And muſt I be ſo abſolutely thrown upon a man, with whom I am not at all ſatisfied!

My Letter is ſent, you ſee, to Harlowe-Place. My heart akes for the reception it may meet with there.

One comfort only ariſes to me from its being ſent; That my Aunt will clear *herſelf* by the communication, from the ſuppoſition of having correſponded with the poor creature whom they have all determined to reprobate. It is no ſmall part of my misfortune that I have weakened the confidence one dear friend has in another, and made one look cool upon another. My poor Couſin Dolly, you ſee, has reaſon for regret on this account, as well as my Aunt. Miſs Howe, my dear Miſs Howe, is but too ſenſible of the effects of my fault, having had more words

with her Mother on my account, than ever ſhe had on any other. Yet the man who has drawn me into all this evil, I muſt be thrown upon!—Much did I conſider, much did I apprehend, *before* my fault, ſuppoſing I *were* to be guilty of it: But I ſaw it not in all its ſhocking lights.

And now, to know that my Father, an hour before he received the tidings of my ſuppoſed flight, owned that he loved me as his life: That he would have been all condeſcenſion: That he would—Oh! my dear, how tender, how mortifyingly tender, now in him! My Aunt need not have been afraid, that it ſhould be known that ſhe has ſent me ſuch a Letter as this!—A Father to KNEEL to his child!—There would not indeed have been any bearing of that!—What I ſhould have done in ſuch a caſe, I know not. Death would have been much more welcome to me than ſuch a ſight, on ſuch an occaſion, in behalf of a man ſo very, very diſguſtful to me!—But I had deſerved annihilation, had I ſuffered my Father to kneel in vain.

Yet, had but the ſacrifice of *inclination* and *perſonal preference* been *all*, leſs than KNEELING ſhould have done. My *duty* ſhould have been the conqueror of my *inclination*. But an averſion—an averſion ſo *very* ſincere!—The triumph of a cruel and ambitious Brother, ever ſo uncontroulable, joined with the inſults of an envious Siſter, bringing wills to *theirs*, which otherwiſe would have been favourable to *me*: The Marriage-duties, ſo abſolutely indiſpenſable, ſo ſolemnly to be engaged for: The Marriage-intimacies [Permit me to ſay to you, my friend, what the pureſt, altho' with apprehenſion, muſt think of] ſo *very* intimate: Myſelf one, who never looked upon any duty, much leſs a voluntarily-vowed one, with indifference; could it have been honeſt in me to have given my hand to an odious hand, and to have

conſented to ſuch a more than reluctant, ſuch an *immiſcible* union, if I may ſo call it?—For Life too!—Did I not *think* more and deeper than moſt young creatures think; did I not *weigh*, did I not *reflect*; I might perhaps have been leſs obſtinate.—*Delicacy* (may I preſume to call it?) *Thinking*, *Weighing*, *Reflection*, are not bleſſings (I have not found them ſuch) in the degree I have them. I wiſh I had been able, in ſome very nice caſes, to have known what *Indifference* was; yet not to have my *Ignorance* imputable to me as a fault. Oh! my dear! the finer Senſibilities, if I may ſuppoſe mine to be ſuch, make not happy!

What a method had my friends intended to take with me! This, I dare ſay, was a method chalked out by my Brother. *He*, I ſuppoſe, was to have preſented me to all my aſſembled friends, as the daughter capable of preferring her own will to the wills of them all. It would have been a ſore trial, no doubt. Would to Heaven, however, I had ſtood it—Let the iſſue have been what it would, would to Heaven I had ſtood it!

There may be murder, my Aunt ſays. This looks as if ſhe knew of Singleton's raſh plot. Such an *upſhot*, as *ſhe* calls it, of this unhappy affair, Heaven avert!

She flies a thought, that I can *leſs* dwell upon—A *cruel* thought—But ſhe has a poor opinion of the purity ſhe compliments me with, if ſhe thinks that I am not, by GOD's grace, above temptation from this Sex. Altho' I never ſaw a man, whoſe *perſon* I could like, before this man; yet his faulty character allowed me but little merit from the Indifference I pretended to on his account. But, now I ſee him *in nearer lights*, I like him leſs than ever. Unpolite, cruel, inſolent!—Unwiſe!—A trifler with his own happineſs; the deſtroyer of mine!—

His

· His laſt treatment — *My fate too viſibly in his · power—Maſter of his own wiſhes* [Shame to ſay · it!]—*if he knew what to wiſh for.*—Indeed, I never liked him ſo little as now. Upon my word, I think I could hate him (if I do not already hate him) ſooner than any man I ever thought tolerably of—A good reaſon why: Becauſe I have been more diſappointed in my expectations of him; altho' they never were ſo high, *as to have made him my choice in preference to the Single Life, had that been permitted me.* Still, if the giving him up for ever will make my path to Reconciliation eaſy, and if they will ſignify as much to me, they ſhall ſee that I never will be *his:* For I have the vanity to think my ſoul his ſoul's ſuperior.

You will ſay I rave: Forbidden to write to my Aunt, and taught to deſpair of Reconciliation, You, my dear, muſt be troubled with my paſſionate reſentments. What a wretch was I to give him a meeting, ſince by that I put it out of my power to meet my aſſembled friends!—All would now, if I had met them, have been over; and who can tell when my preſent diſtreſſes will?—Rid of both men, I had been now perhaps at my Aunt Hervey's, or at my Uncle Antony's; wiſhing for my Couſin Morden's arrival; who might have accommodated all.

I *intended*, indeed, to have ſtood it; and, if I had, how know I by whoſe name I might now have been called? For how ſhould I have reſiſted a condeſcending, a *kneeling* Father, had he been able to have kept his temper with me?

Yet my Aunt ſays, *he* would have relented, if *I* had not. Perhaps he would have been moved by my humility, before he could have ſhewn ſuch *undue* condeſcenſion. Such temper as he would have received me with, might have been improved upon in my favour. And that he had deſigned *ultimately*

to relent, how it clears my friends (at leaſt to themſelves) and condemns me! O why were my Aunt's hints [I remember them now] ſo very dark?—Yet I intended to have returned after the Interview; and then perhaps ſhe would have explained herſelf.—O this artful, this deſigning Lovelace!—Yet I muſt repeat, that moſt ought I to blame myſelf for meeting him.

But far, far, be baniſhed from me fruitleſs recrimination! Far baniſhed, *becauſe* fruitleſs! Let me wrap myſelf about in the mantle of my own Integrity, and take comfort in my unfaulty intention! Since it is now too late to look back, let me collect all my Fortitude, and endeavour to ſtand thoſe ſhafts of angry Providence, which it will not permit me to ſhun! That, whatever the trials may be, which I am deſtined to undergo, I may not behave unworthily in them; but come out amended by them.

Join with me in this prayer, my beloved friend; for your own honour's ſake, as well as for Love's ſake, join with me in it: Leſt a deviation on my ſide ſhould, with the cenſorious, caſt a ſhade upon a friendſhip, which has no Levity in it; and the baſis of which is improvement, as well in the greater as leſſer duties.

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXIV.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Saturday Afternoon, April 22.

O My beſt, my *only* friend! Now indeed is my heart broken! It has received a blow it never will recover. Think not of correſponding with a wretch who now ſeems abſolutely devoted. How can it be otherwiſe, if a parent's curſes have the weight I always attributed to them, and have heard ſo many inſtances in confirmation of that weight!—Yes, my dear Miſs Howe, ſuperadded to all my afflictions,

I have

I have the conſequences of a Father's Curſe to ſtruggle with! How ſhall I ſupport this reflection!—My paſt and my preſent ſituation ſo much authorizing my apprehenſions!

I have, at laſt, a Letter from my unrelenting Siſter. Would to Heaven I had not provoked it by my ſecond Letter to my Aunt Hervey! It lay ready for me, it ſeems. The thunder ſlept, till I awakened it. I incloſe the Letter itſelf. Tranſcribe it I cannot. There is no bearing the thoughts of it: For [Shocking reflection!] the Curſe extends to the life beyond This.

I am in the depth of vapouriſh deſpondency. I can only repeat, Shun, fly, correſpond not with a wretch ſo devoted, as

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXV.

To Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE;

To be left at Mr. Oſgood's, *near* Soho-Square.

Friday, April 21.

IT was *expected* you would ſend again to me, or to my Aunt Hervey. The incloſed has lain ready for you therefore by direction. You will have no Anſwer from any-body, write to *whom* you will, and as *often* as you will, and *what* you will.

It was deſigned to bring you back by proper authority, or to ſend you whither the diſgraces you have brought upon us all, ſhould be in the likelieſt way, after a while, to be forgotten. But I believe that deſign is over: So you may *range* ſecurely—No-body will think it worth while to give themſelves any trouble about you. Yet my Mother has obtained leave to ſend you your cloaths, of all ſorts: But your cloaths only. This is a favour you'll ſee by the within Letter not *deſigned* you: And *now* not

granted for *your* ſake, but becauſe my poor Mother cannot bear in her ſight any-thing you uſed to wear. Read the incloſed, and tremble.

ARABELLA HARLOWE.

To the moſt ungrateful and undutiful of Daughters.

Harlowe-Place, April 15.

Siſter that was!

FOR I know not what name you are *permitted*, or *chuſe* to go by.

You have filled us all with diſtraction. My Father, in the firſt agitations of his mind, on diſcovering your wicked, your ſhameful Elopement, imprecated, on his knees, a fearful Curſe upon you. Tremble at the recital of it!—No leſs, than 'that you 'may meet your puniſhment, both *here* and *here-*'*after*, by means of the very wretch, in whom you 'have choſen to place your wicked confidence.'

Your cloaths will not be ſent you. You ſeem, by leaving them behind you, to have been ſecure of them, whenever you demanded them. But perhaps you could think of nothing but meeting your fellow:—Nothing but how to get off your forward ſelf!—For every-thing ſeems to have been forgotten but what was to contribute to your wicked flight.—Yet you judged right, perhaps, that you would have been detected, had you endeavoured to get away your cloaths.—Cunning creature! not to make *one* ſtep that we could gueſs at you by! Cunning to effect your own ruin, and the diſgrace of all the family!

But does the wretch put you upon writing for your things, for fear you ſhould be too expenſive to him?—That's it, I ſuppoſe.

Was there ever a giddier creature?—Yet this is the celebrated, the blazing Clariſſa—Clariſſa, *what? Harlowe*, no doubt!—And Harlowe it will be, to the diſgrace of us all! Your

Your drawings and your pieces are all taken down; as is alſo your own whole-length picture, in the Vandyke taſte, from your late parlour: They are taken down, and thrown into your cloſet, which will be nailed up, as if it were not a part of the houſe; there to periſh together: For who can bear to ſee them? Yet, how did they uſe to be ſhewn to everybody; the former, for the magnifying of your dainty finger-works; the latter, for the imputed dignity (dignity now in the duſt!) of your boaſted figure; and this by thoſe fond parents whom you have run away from with ſo *much*, yet with ſo *little* contrivance!

My Brother vows revenge upon your Libertine—For the *family*'s ſake he vows it—Not for *yours!*—For he will treat you, he declares, like a common creature, if ever he ſees you: And doubts not, that this will be your fate.

My Uncle Harlowe renounces you for ever.

So does my Uncle Antony.

So does my Aunt Hervey.

So do *I*, baſe unworthy creature! the diſgrace of a good family, and the property of an infamous Rake, as queſtionleſs you will ſoon find yourſelf, if you are not already.

Your books, ſince they have not taught you what belongs to your family, to your Sex, and to your Education, will not be ſent you. Your Money neither. Nor yet the Jewels ſo undeſervedly made yours. For it is wiſhed you may be ſeen a beggar along London-ſtreets.

If all this is heavy, lay your hand to your heart, and aſk yourſelf, Why you have deſerved it?

Every Man, whom your pride taught you to reject with ſcorn (Mr. Solmes excepted, who, however, has reaſon to rejoice that he miſſed you) triumphs in your ſhameful Elopement; and now knows how to account for his being refuſed. Your

Your worthy Norton is aſhamed of you, and mingles her tears with your Mother's; both reproaching themſelves for their ſhares in you, and in ſo fruitleſs an education.

Every-body, in ſhort, is aſhamed of you: But none more than

ARABELLA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXVI.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Tueſday, April 25.

BE comforted; be not dejected; do not deſpond, my deareſt and beſt-beloved friend. God Almighty is juſt and gracious, and gives not his aſſent to raſh and inhuman curſes. Can you think that Heaven will ſeal to the black paſſions of its depraved Creatures? If it did, Malice, Envy, and Revenge would triumph; and the beſt of the human race, blaſted by the malignity of the worſt, would be miſerable in both worlds.

This Outrageouſneſs ſhews only what manner of Spirit they are of, and how much their ſordid Views exceed their parental Love. 'Tis all owing to Rage and Diſappointment—Diſappointment in deſigns proper to be fruſtrated.

· If you conſider this Malediction as it ought to
· be conſidered, a perſon of your piety muſt and will
· rather pity and pray for your *raſh Father*, than ter-
· rify *yourſelf* on the occaſion. None but God can
· curſe. Parents, or others, whoever they be, can
· only pray to Him to curſe: And ſuch Prayers
· can have no weight with a juſt and all-perfect Be-
· ing, the motives to which are unreaſonable, and
· the end propoſed by them cruel.

· Has not God commanded us *to bleſs and curſe*
· *not?* Pray for your Father then, I repeat, that he

· incur

'incur not the Malediction he has announced on 'you; ſince he has broken, as you ſee, a command 'truly divine; while you, by obeying that other 'precept which injoins us *to pray for them that per-* '*ſecute and curſe us*, will turn the Curſe into a 'Bleſſing.'

My Mother blames them for this wicked Letter of your Siſter, and ſhe pities you; and, of her own accord, wiſhed me to write to comfort you, for this once: For ſhe ſays, It is pity your heart, which was ſo noble (and when the ſenſe of your fault, and the weight of a Parent's curſe, are ſo ſtrong upon you) ſhould be quite broken.

Lord bleſs me, how your Aunt writes! — Can there be two rights and two wrongs in palpable caſes!—But, my dear, ſhe *muſt* be wrong: So they all have been, juſtify themſelves now as they will. They can only juſtify themſelves *to* themſelves from ſelfiſh principles, reſolving to *acquit*, not fairly to *try* themſelves. Did your unkind Aunt, in all the tedious progreſs of your contentions with them, give you the leaſt hope of their relenting?—Her dark hints I now recollect, as well as you. But why was any-thing good or hopeful, to be darkly hinted?—How eaſy was it for *her*, who pretended always to love you; for *her*, who can give ſuch flowing licence to her pen for your hurt; to have given you one word, one line (in confidence) of their pretended change of meaſures!

But do not mind their after-pretences, my dear—All of them ſerve but for tacit confeſſions of their vile uſage of you. I will keep your Aunt's Secret, never fear. I would not, on any conſideration, that my Mother ſhould ſee her Letter.

You will now ſee, that you have nothing left, but to overcome all ſcrupulouſneſs, and marry as ſoon as you have opportunity. Determine ſo to do, my dear.

I will

I will give you a motive for it, regarding myſelf. For this I have reſolved, and this I have vowed [O friend, the beſt beloved of my heart, be not angry with me for it!] 'That ſo long as your happineſs is 'in ſuſpenſe, I will never think of marrying.' In juſtice to the man I ſhall have, I have vowed this: For, my dear, muſt I not be miſerable, if you are ſo? And what an unworthy wife muſt I be to any man who cannot have intereſt enough in my heart to make his obligingneſs a balance for an affliction he has not cauſed?

I would ſhew Lovelace your Siſter's abominable Letter, were it to me. I incloſe it. It ſhall not have a place in this houſe. This will enter him of courſe into the ſubject which now you ought to have moſt in view. Let him ſee what you ſuffer for him. He cannot prove baſe to ſuch an excellence. I ſhould never enjoy my head or my ſenſes, ſhould this man prove a villain to you!—With a merit ſo exalted, you may have puniſhment more than enough for your involuntary fault, in that huſband.

I would not have you be too ſure, that their project to ſeize you is over. The words intimating, that it *is* over, in the Letter of that abominable Arabella, ſeem calculated to give you ſecurity.—She only ſays, ſhe *believes* that deſign is over.—And I do not yet find from Miſs Lloyd, that it is diſavowed. So it will be beſt, when you are in London, to be private, and, for fear of the worſt, to let every direction be to a *third place*; for I would not, for the world, have you fall into the hands of ſuch flaming and malevolent ſpirits, by ſurprize.

I will myſelf be content to direct to you at *ſome third place*; and I ſhall then be able to averr to my Mother, or to any other, if occaſion be, *that I know not where you are.*

Beſides, this meaſure will make you leſs apprehenſive

ſive of the conſequences of their violence, ſhould they reſolve to attempt to carry you off in ſpite of Lovelace.

I would have you direct to Mr. Hickman, even your Anſwer to this. I have a reaſon for it. Beſides, my Mother, notwithſtanding this particular indulgence, is very poſitive. · They have prevailed · upon her, I know, to give her word to this pur- · poſe—Spiteful poor wretches! How I hate in par- · ticular your fooliſh Uncle Antony! ·

I would not have your thoughts dwell on the contents of your Siſter's ſhocking Letter; but purſue other ſubjects—The ſubjects before you. And let me know your progreſs with Lovelace, and what he ſays to this diabolical Curſe. So far you may enter into this hateful ſubject. I expect that this will aptly introduce the grand topic between you, without needing a mediator.

Come, my dear, when things are at worſt, they will mend. Good often comes, when Evil is expected.—But if you deſpond, there can be no hopes of cure.—Don't let them break your heart; for that, it is plain to me, is now what ſome people have in view to do.

How poor, to with-hold from you your books, your jewels, and your money! As money is all you can at preſent want, ſince they will vouchſafe to ſend your cloaths, I ſend fifty guineas by the bearer, incloſed in ſingle papers in my *Norris*'s *Miſcellanies*. I charge you, as you love me, return them not.

I have more at your ſervice. So if you like not your lodgings or his behaviour when you get to town, leave both them and him out of hand.

I would adviſe you to write to Mr. Morden without delay. If he intends for England, it may haſten him. And you will do very well till he can come. But ſurely Lovelace will be infatuated, if he ſecure

not

not his happineſs by *your conſent*, before that of Mr. Morden's is made needful on his arrival.

Once more, my dear, let me beg of you to be comforted. Manage with your uſual prudence the Stake before you, and all will ſtill be happy. Suppoſe yourſelf to be *me*, and me to be *you* [You *may* —for your diſtreſs is mine]; and then you will add full day to theſe but glimmering lights which are held out to you, by

Your ever-affectionate and faithful

ANNA HOWE.

I hurry this away by Robert. I will enquire into the truth of your Aunt's pretences about the change of meaſures which ſhe ſays they intended, in caſe you had not gone away.

LETTER XXVII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Wedneſday Morning, April 26.

YOUR Letter, my beloved Miſs Howe, gives me great comfort. How ſweetly do I experience the truth of the Wiſe man's obſervation, *That a faithful friend is the medicine of life!*

Your meſſenger finds me juſt ſetting out for London: The chaiſe at the door. Already I have taken leave of the good Widow, who has obliged me with the company of her eldeſt Daughter, at Mr. Lovelace's requeſt, while he rides by us. The young gentlewoman is to return in two or three days with the chaiſe, in its way to my Lord M's Hertfordſhire Seat.

I received my Siſter's dreadful Letter on Sunday, when Mr. Lovelace was out. He ſaw, on his return, my *extreme anguiſh* and *dejection*; and he was told *how much worſe I had been*: For I had fainted away more that once.

I think

I think the contents of it have touched my head as well as my heart.

He would fain have ſeen it. But I would not permit that, becauſe of the threatenings he would have found in it againſt himſelf. As it *was*, the effect it had upon me, made him break out into execrations and menaces. I was ſo ill, that he himſelf adviſed me to delay going to town on Monday, as I propoſed to do.

He is extremely regardful and tender of me. All that you ſuppoſed *would* follow this violent Letter, from him, *has* followed it. He has offered himſelf to my acceptance, in ſo unreſerved a manner, that I am concerned I have written ſo freely and ſo diffidently of him. Pray, my deareſt friend, keep to yourſelf every-thing that may appear diſreputable of him from me.

I muſt acquaint you, that his kind behaviour, and my low-ſpiritedneſs, co-operating with your former advice, and my unhappy ſituation, made me that very Sunday evening *receive unreſervedly his declarations:* And now indeed I am more in his power than ever.

He preſſes me every hour [Indeed as *needleſly*, as *unkindly*] for freſh tokens of my eſteem *for* him, and confidence *in* him. And, as I have been brought to *ſome verbal conceſſions*, if he ſhould prove unworthy, I am ſure, I ſhall have great reaſon to blame this violent Letter: For I have no reſolution at all. Abandoned thus of all my natural friends, of whoſe returning favour I have now no hopes, and only you to pity me, and *you* reſtrained, as I may ſay, I have been forced to turn my deſolate heart to ſuch protection as I could find.

All my comfort is, that your advice repeatedly given to the ſame purpoſe, in your kind Letter before me, warrants me. I now ſet out the more chear-

fully

ſully to London on that account: For before, a heavy weight hung upon my heart, and, altho' I thought it beſt and ſafeſt to go, yet my ſpirits ſunk, I know not why, at every motion I made towards a preparation for it.

I hope no miſchief will happen on the road.—I hope theſe violent ſpirits will not meet.

Every one is waiting for me.—Pardon me, my beſt, my kindeſt friend, that I return your Norris. In theſe more promiſing proſpects, I cannot have occaſion for your favour. Beſides, I have ſome hope, that with my cloaths they will ſend me the money I wrote for, altho' it is denied me in the Letter. If they do not, and if I ſhould have occaſion, I can but ſignify my wants to ſo ready a friend. And I have promiſed to be obliged only to you. But I had rather methinks you ſhould have it *ſtill to ſay*, if challenged, that nothing of this nature has been either requeſted or done. I ſay This, with a view entirely to my future hopes of recovering your Mother's favour, which, next to that of my own Father and Mother, I am moſt ſolicitous to recover.

I muſt acquaint you with one thing more, notwithſtanding my hurry; and that is, that Mr. Lovelace offered either to attend me to Lord M's, or to ſend for his Chaplain, yeſterday. He preſſed me to conſent to this propoſal, moſt earneſtly; and even ſeemed deſirous rather to have the Ceremony paſs here, than in London: For when there, I had told him, it was time enough to conſider of ſo weighty and important a matter. Now, upon the receipt of your kind, your conſolatory Letter, methinks I could almoſt wiſh it had been *in my power* to comply with his earneſt ſolicitations. But this dreadful Letter *has unhinged my whole frame*. Then ſome *little* Punctilio ſurely is neceſſary. No Preparation made. No Articles drawn. No Licence ready. Grief ſo extreme;

treme: No Pleaſure in proſpect, nor ſo much as in wiſh—O my dear, who could think of entering into ſo ſolemn an Engagement! Who, *ſo* unprepared, could ſeem to be *ſo* ready!

If I could flatter myſelf, that my indifference to all the joys of this life proceeded from *proper* motives, and not rather from the diſappointments and mortifications my pride has met with, how much rather, I think, ſhould I chuſe to be wedded to my ſhroud, than to any man on earth!

Indeed I have at preſent no pleaſure, but in *your* friendſhip. Continue That to me, I beſeech you. If my heart riſes hereafter to a capacity of more, it muſt be built on that foundation.

My ſpirits ſink again, on ſetting out. Excuſe this depth of vapouriſh dejection, which forbids me even *Hope*, the cordial that keeps life from ſtagnating, and which never was denied me till within theſe eight-and-forty hours.

But 'tis time to relieve you.

Adieu, my beſt beloved and kindeſt friend! Pray for your

CLARISSA.

LETTER XXVIII.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Thurſday, April 27.

I AM ſorry you ſent back my Norris. But you muſt be allowed to do as you pleaſe. So muſt I, in my turn. We muſt neither of us perhaps expect abſolutely of the other what is the righteſt to be done: And yet few folks, ſo young as we are, *better* know, *what that righteſt is*. I cannot ſeparate myſelf from you; altho' I give a double inſtance of my vanity in joining myſelf with you in this particular aſſertion.

I am moſt heartily rejoiced, that your proſpects

are ſo much mended; and that, as I hoped, good has been produced out of evil. What muſt the man have been, what muſt have been his views, had he not taken ſuch a turn, upon a Letter ſo vile, and upon a treatment ſo unnatural, himſelf principally the occaſion of it?

You *know beſt* your *motives* for ſuſpending: But I wiſh you *could* have taken him at offers ſo earneſt (*a*). Why ſhould you not have permitted him to ſend for Lord M's Chaplain? If Punctilio only was in the way, and want of a Licence, and of proper Preparations, and ſuch-like, my Service to you, my dear: And there is ceremony tantamount to your ceremony.

Do not, do not, my dear friend, *again* be ſo very melancholy a decliner, as to prefer a ſhroud, when the matter you wiſh for is in your power; and when, as you have juſtly ſaid heretofore, perſons *cannot die when they will.*

But it is a ſtrange perverſeneſs in human nature, that we ſlight that when near us, which at a diſtance we wiſh for.

You have now but one point to purſue: That is Marriage: Let that be ſolemnized. Leave the reſt to Providence; and, to uſe your own words in a former Letter, follow as that leads. You will have a handſome man; a genteel man; he would be a *wiſe* man, if he were not vain of his endowments, and wild and intriguing: But while the eyes of many of our Sex, taken by ſo ſpecious a form, and ſo brilliant a ſpirit, encourage that vanity, you muſt be contented to ſtay till grey hairs and prudence enter

(*a*) Mr. Lovelace in his next Letter tells his friend how extremely ill the Lady was; recovering from fits to fall into ſtronger fits, and nobody expecting her life. She had not, he ſays, acquainted Miſs Howe, how *very* ill ſhe was. In p. 135. ſhe tells Miſs Howe, that her motives for ſuſpending were not *merely ceremonious* ones.

upon

upon the ſtage together. You would not have every-thing in the ſame man.

I believe Mr. Hickman treads no crooked paths; but he hobbles moſt ungracefully in a ſtrait one. Yet Mr. Hickman, tho' he *pleaſes* not my eye, nor *diverts* my ear, will not, as I believe, *diſguſt* the one, nor *ſhock* the other. Your man, as I have lately ſaid, will always keep up attention; you will always be alive with him, though perhaps more from fears than hopes: While Mr. Hickman will neither ſay any thing to keep one awake, nor yet, by ſhocking adventures, make one's ſlumbers uneaſy.

I believe I now know which of the two men ſo prudent a perſon as *you* would, at firſt, have choſen; nor doubt I, that you can gueſs which *I* would have made choice of, if I might. But proud as we are, the proudeſt of us all can *only* refuſe, and many of us accept the but half-worthy, for fear a ſtill worſe ſhould offer.

If the men had choſen for ſpirits like their own, although Mr. Lovelace, at the long run, might have been *too many for me*, I don't doubt but I ſhould have given heart-ake for heart-ake, for one half-year at leaſt; while you, with my dull-ſwift, would have glided on *as* ſerenely, *as* calmly, *as* accountably, as the ſucceeding ſeaſons; and varying no otherwiſe than they, to bring on new beauties and conveniencies to all about you.

I WAS going on in this ſtile—But my Mother broke in upon me, with a prohibitory aſpect. 'She 'gave me leave for one Letter only.'—She had juſt parted with your odious Uncle; and they had been in cloſe conference again.

She has vexed me; I muſt lay this by till I hear from you again; not knowing whither to ſend it.

Direct me to a *Third Place*, as I deſired in my former.

I told my Mother (on her challenging me) that I was writing indeed, and to you: But it was only to amuſe myſelf; for I proteſted, *that I knew not where to ſend to you.*

I hope that your next may inform me of your Nuptials, altho' the next to that were to acquaint me, that he was the ungratefulleſt monſter on earth; as he muſt be, if not the kindeſt huſband in it.

My Mother has vexed me. But ſo, on reviſing, I wrote before.—But ſhe has *unhinged me*, as you call it: Pretended to catechiſe Hickman, I aſſure you, for contributing to our ſuppoſed correſpondence. Catechiſe him *ſeverely* too, upon my word!—I believe I have a ſneaking kindneſs for the ſneaking fellow; for I cannot endure that any-body ſhould treat him like a fool but myſelf.

I believe, between you and me, the good Lady forgot herſelf. I heard her loud. She poſſibly imagined, that my Father was come to life again.—Yet the meekneſs of the man might have ſooner convinced her, I ſhould have thought; for my Father, it ſeems, would talk as loud as ſhe. I ſuppoſe (tho' within a few yards of each other) as if both were out of their way, and were hollowing at half a mile's diſtance, to get in again.

I know you'll blame me for this ſaucineſs.—But I told you I was vexed: And if I had not a ſpirit, my parentage on both ſides might be doubted.

You muſt not chide me too ſeverely, however, becauſe I have learned of you not to defend myſelf in an error: And I own I am wrong: And that's enough. You won't be ſo generous in this caſe, as you are in every other, if you don't think it is.

Adieu, my dear! I muſt, I will love you; and love you for ever! So ſubſcribes your

ANNA HOWE.

LET-

LETTER XXIX.

From Miſs HOWE. *Incloſed in the above.*

Thurſday, April 27.

I HAVE been making enquiry, as I told you I would, whether your Relations had really (before you left them) reſolved upon that change of meaſures which your Aunt mentions in her Letter; and by laying together ſeveral pieces of intelligence, ſome drawn from my Mother, thro' your Uncle Antony's communications; ſome from Miſs Lloyd, by your Siſter's; and ſome by a third way, that I ſhall not tell you of; I have reaſon to think the following a true State of the Caſe.

'That there was no intention of a change of meaſures, till within two or three days of your going away. On the contrary, your Brother and Siſter, tho' they had no hope of prevailing with you in Solmes's favour, were reſolved never to give over their perſecutions, till they had puſhed you upon taking ſome ſtep, which, by help of *their good offices*, ſhould be deemed inexcuſable by the half-witted ſouls they had to play upon.

'But that at laſt your Mother (tired with and perhaps aſhamed of the paſſive part ſhe had acted) thought fit to declare to Miſs Bell, that ſhe was determined to try to put an end to the family-feuds; and to get your Uncle Harlowe to ſecond her endeavours.

'This alarmed your Brother and Siſter; and then a change of meaſures was reſolved upon. Solmes's offers were however too advantageous to be given up; and your Father's condeſcenſion was now to be their ſole dependence, and (as *they* give out) the trying of what That would do with you, their laſt effort.'

And, indeed, my dear, this muſt have ſucceeded, I verily think, with ſuch a daughter as they had to deal with, could that Father, who never, I dare ſay, kneeled in his life but to his God, have ſo far condeſcended as your Aunt writes he would.

But then, my dear, what would this have done?—Perhaps you would have given Lovelace the *meeting*, in hopes to pacify him, and prevent miſchief; ſuppoſing that they had given you time, and not hurried you directly into the State. But if you had *not* met him, you ſee, that he was reſolved to viſit them, and well attended too: And what muſt have been the conſequence?

So that, upon the whole, we know not but matters may be beſt as they *are*, however diſagreeable that *beſt* is.

I hope your conſiderate and thoughtful mind will make a good uſe of this hint. Who would not with patience ſuſtain even a great evil, if ſhe could perſuade herſelf, that it was kindly diſpenſed, in order to prevent a *ſtill* greater?—Eſpecially, if ſhe could ſit down, as you can, and acquit her own heart?

Permit me one further obſervation—Do we not ſee, from the above State of the matter, what might have been done before, by *the worthy perſon* of your family, had ſhe exerted the *Mother*, in behalf of a child ſo meritorious, yet ſo much oppreſſed?

Adieu, my dear. I will be ever yours.

ANNA HOWE.

Clariſſa, in her Anſwer to the firſt of the two laſt laſt Letters, chides her friend for giving ſo little weight to her advice, in relation to her behaviour to her Mother. It may be proper to infert here the following extracts from that Anſwer; tho' a little before the time.

You are very diverting, *ſays ſhe*, in what you write

· write of the two Gentlemen (*a*), and how unaptly
· you think they have choſen; Mr. Hickman in ad-
· dreſſing you; Mr. Lovelace me. But I am incli-
· nable to believe, that with a view to happineſs,
· however two mild tempers might agree, two high
· ones would make ſad work of it, both at one time
· violent and unyielding. You two might indeed
· have raqueted the ball betwixt you, as you ſay (*b*).
· But Mr. Hickman, by his gentle manners, ſeems
· formed for you, if you go not too far with him.
· If you do, it would be a tameneſs in him to bear it,
· which would make a man more contemptible than
· Mr. Hickman can ever deſerve to be made. Nor
· is it a diſgrace for even a brave man, who knows
· what a woman is to vow to him *afterwards*, to
· be very obſequious *beforehand*.

· Do you think it is to the credit of Mr. Love-
· lace's character, that he can be offenſive and vio-
· lent?—Does he not, as all ſuch ſpirits muſt, ſub-
· ject himſelf to the neceſſity of making ſubmiſſions
· for his exceſſes, far more mortifying to a proud
· heart than thoſe condeſcenſions which the high-
· ſpirited are ſo apt to impute as a weakneſs of mind
· in ſuch a man as Mr. Hickman?

· Let me tell you, my dear, that Mr. Hickman
· is ſuch a one, as would rather bear an affront *from*
· a Lady, than offer one *to* her. He had rather, I
· dare ſay, that ſhe ſhould have occaſion to ask *his*
· pardon, than he *hers*. But, my dear, *you have*
· *outlived your firſt paſſion*; · and had the ſecond man
been an angel, he would not have been more than
indifferent to you.

My motives for ſuſpending, *proceeds ſhe*, were not *merely ceremonious ones*. I was really very ill. I could not hold up my head. The contents of my Siſter's Letters had pierced my heart. Indeed, my

(*a*) See p. 131. and p. 26, 27. (*b*) P. 27.

dear, I was *very* ill. And was I, moreover, to be as ready to accept his offer, as if I were afraid *he never would repeat it?*

'I ſee with great regret, that your Mamma is ſtill immoveably bent againſt our correſpondence. What ſhall I do about it?—It goes againſt me to continue it, or to wiſh you to favour me with returns.—Yet I have ſo managed my matters, that I have no friend but you to adviſe with. It is enough to make one indeed wiſh to be married to this man, tho' a man of errors; as he has worthy Relations of my own Sex; and I ſhould have ſome friends, I hope:—And having *ſome*, I might have *more*—For as money is ſaid to increaſe money, ſo does the countenance of perſons of character increaſe friends: While the deſtitute *muſt* be deſtitute.—It goes againſt my heart to beg of you to diſcontinue correſponding with me; and yet it is againſt my conſcience to carry it on againſt parental prohibition. But I dare not uſe all the arguments againſt it that I could uſe—And why?—For fear I ſhould convince you; and you ſhould reject me, as the reſt of my friends have done. I leave therefore the determination of this point upon you.—I am not, I find, to be truſted with it. But be *mine* all the fault, and all the puniſhment, if it be puniſhable!—And certainly it muſt, when it can be the cauſe of thoſe over-lively ſentences wherewith you conclude the Letter I have before me, and which I muſt no farther animadvert upon, becauſe you forbid me to do ſo.'

To the ſecond Letter, among other things, ſhe ſays,

So, my dear, you ſeem to think, that there was a *fate* in my error. The cordial, the conſiderate friend, is ſeen in the obſervation you make on this occaſion. Yet ſince things have happened as they have, would

to

to Heaven I could hear, that all the world acquitted my Father, or, at leaſt, my Mother! whoſe character, before theſe family-feuds broke out, was the ſubject of every-one's admiration. Don't let anybody ſay from you, ſo that it may come to *her* ear, that ſhe might, by a timely exertion of her fine talents, have ſaved her unhappy child. You will obſerve, my dear, that *in her own good time*, when ſhe ſaw that there was not likely to be an end to my Brother's perſecutions, ſhe reſolved to exert herſelf. But the pragmatical daughter, *by the fatal meeting*, precipitated all, and fruſtrated her indulgent deſigns. O my love, I am now convinced, by dear experience, that while children are ſo happy as to have parents or guardians, whom they *may* conſult, they ſhould not preſume (no, not with the beſt and pureſt intentions) to follow their own conceits, in material caſes.

A ray of hope of future Reconciliation darts in upon my mind, from the intention you tell me my Mother had to exert herſelf in my favour, had I not gone away. And my hope is the ſtronger, as this communication points out to me, that my *Uncle Harlowe's intereſt* is likely, in my Mother's opinion, to be of weight, if it could be engaged. It will behove me, perhaps, to apply to that dear Uncle, if a proper occaſion offer.

LETTER XXX.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

Monday, April 24.

FATE is weaving a whimſical web for thy friend; and I ſee not but I ſhall be inevitably manacled.

Here have I been at work, dig, dig, dig, like a cunning miner, at one time, and ſpreading my ſnares, like an artful fowler, at another, and exulting in my contrivances to get this inimitable creature abſolutely into

into my power. Every-thing made for me. Her Brother and Uncle were but my pioneers: Her Father ſtormed as I directed him to ſtorm. Mrs. Howe was acted by the ſprings I ſet at work: Her Daughter was moving for me, and yet imagined herſelf plumb againſt me: And the dear creature herſelf had already run her ſtubborn neck into my gin, and knew not that ſhe was caught; for I had not drawn my ſprindges cloſe about her—And juſt as all this was completed, wouldſt thou believe, that I ſhould be my own enemy, and her friend?—That I ſhould be ſo totally diverted from all my favourite purpoſes, as to propoſe to marry her before I went to town, in order to put it out of my own power to reſume them?

When thou knoweſt This, wilt thou not think that my black angel plays me booty, and has taken it into his head to urge me on to the indiſſoluble tie, that he might be more ſure of me (from the complex tranſgreſſions to which he will certainly ſtimulate me, when wedded) than perhaps he thought he could be from the ſimple ſins, in which I have ſo long allowed myſelf, that they ſeem to have the plea of habit?

Thou wilt be ſtill the more ſurpriſed, when I tell thee, that there ſeems to be a coalition going forward between the black angels and the white ones; for here has hers induced her in one hour, and by one retrograde accident, to *acknowlege*, what the charming creature never before acknowleged, a preferable favour for me. She even avows an intention to be mine:—Mine, without reformation-conditions. —She permits me to talk of Love to her: Of the irrevocable Ceremony: Yet, another extraordinary! poſtpones that Ceremony; chuſes to ſet out for London; and even to go to the Widow's in town.

Well, but how comes all this about, methinks thou aſkeſt?—Thou, Lovelace, dealeſt in wonders; yet aimeſt not at the *Marvellous*—How did all this come about?

I will tell thee—I was *in danger of loſing my Charmer for ever.*—She was ſoaring upward to her native Skies. She was got above earth, by means, too, of the *Earth-born:* And ſomething extraordinary was to be done to keep her with us Sublunaries. And what ſo effectually as the ſoothing voice of Love, and the attracting offer of Matrimony from a man not hated, can fix the attention of the maiden heart aking with uncertainty; and before impatient of the queſtionable queſtion?

This, in ſhort, was the caſe—While ſhe was refuſing all manner of obligation to me, keeping me at haughty diſtance, in hopes that her Couſin Morden's arrival would ſoon fix her in a full and abſolute independence of me; diſguſted likewiſe at her adorer, for holding himſelf the reins of his own paſſions, inſtead of giving them up to her controul—She writes a Letter, urging an Anſwer to a Letter before ſent, for her apparel, her jewels, and ſome gold, which ſhe had left behind her; all which was to ſave her pride from obligation, and to promote the independence her heart was ſet upon. And what followed but a ſhocking Anſwer, made ſtill more ſhocking by the communication of a Father's curſe upon a Daughter deſerving only bleſſings?—A curſe upon the curſer's heart, and a double one upon the tranſmitter's, the ſpiteful, the envious Arabella!

Abſent when it came; on my return, I found her recovering from fits, again to fall into ſtronger fits; and no-body expecting her life; half a dozen meſſengers diſpatched to find me out. Nor wonder at her being ſo affected; She, whoſe filial piety gave her dreadful faith in a Father's curſes; and the curſe of this gloomy tyrant extending (to uſe her own words, when ſhe could ſpeak) *to both worlds*—O that it had turned, in the moment of its utterance, to a mortal quinſey, and ſticking in his gullet, had choaked the

old

old execrator, as a warning to all ſuch unnatural Fathers!

What a miſcreant had I been, not to have endeavoured to bring her back, by all the endearments, by all the vows, by all the offers, that I could make her?

I *did* bring her back. More than a Father to her; for I have given her a life her unnatural Father had well-nigh taken away: Shall I not cheriſh the fruits of my own benefaction? I was in earneſt in my vows to marry; and my ardor to urge the preſent time was a *real* ardor. But extreme dejection, with a mingled delicacy, that in her dying moments I doubt not ſhe will preſerve, have cauſed her to refuſe me the *Time*, tho' not the Solemnity; for ſhe has told me, that now ſhe muſt be wholly in my protection, [*being deſtitute of every other!*]—More indebted, ſtill, thy friend, as thou ſeeſt, to her cruel relations, than to herſelf, for her favour!

She has written to Miſs Howe an account of their barbarity; but *has not acquainted her, how very ill ſhe was.*

Low, very low, ſhe remains; yet, dreading her ſtupid Brother's enterprize, ſhe wants to be in London: Where, but for *this* accident, and (wouldſt thou have believed it?) for *my perſuaſions*, ſeeing her ſo very ill, ſhe would have been this night; and we ſhall actually ſet out on Wedneſday morning, if ſhe be not worſe.

And now for a few words with thee, on thy heavy preachment of Saturday laſt.

Thou art apprehenſive, that the Lady is now truly in danger; and it is a miracle, thou telleſt me, if ſhe withſtand ſuch an attempter: 'Knowing what we 'know of the Sex, thou ſayeſt, thou ſhouldſt dread, 'wert thou me, to make farther trial, leſt thou 'ſhouldſt ſucceed.' And, in another place, telleſt me, 'That thou pleadeſt not for the State for any 'favour thou haſt for it.' What

What an advocate art thou for matrimony!—Thou wert ever an unhappy fellow at argument. Does the trite ſtuff with which the reſt of thy Letter abounds, in *favour* of wedlock, ſtrike with the force that this which I have tranſcribed does *againſt* it?

Thou takeſt great pains to convince me, and that from the diſtreſſes the Lady is reduced to (chiefly by her friends perſecutions and implacableneſs, I hope thou wilt own, and not from me, as yet) that the propoſed trial will not be a fair trial. But let me aſk thee, Is not Calamity the teſt of Virtue? And wouldſt thou not have me value this charming creature upon *proof* of her merits?—Do I not intend to reward her by marriage, if ſhe ſtand that *proof?*

But why repeat I what I have ſaid before?—Turn back, thou egregious arguer, turn back to my long Letter of the 13th (*a*); and thou wilt there find every ſyllable of what thou haſt written either anſwered or invalidated.

But I am not angry with thee, Jack. I love oppoſition. As gold is tried by fire, and virtue by temptation; ſo is ſterling wit by oppoſition. Have I not, before thou ſettedſt out as an advocate for my Fair-one, often brought thee in, as making objections to my proceedings, for no other reaſon than to exalt myſelf by proving thee a man of ſtraw? As Homer raiſes up many of his champions, and gives them terrible names, only to have them knocked on the head by his heroes.

However, take to thee this one piece of advice—Evermore be ſure of being in the right, when thou preſumeſt to ſit down to correct thy maſter.

And another, if thou wilt—Never offer to invalidate the force which a virtuous education ought to have in the Sex, by endeavouring to find excuſes for *their* frailty from the frailty of ours. For,

(*a*) See Vol. II. Letter l. p. 343—354.

are

'are we not devils to each other? They tempt us; 'We tempt them. Becauſe we *men* cannot reſiſt 'temptation, is that a reaſon that *women* ought not, 'when the whole of their education is caution and 'warning againſt our attempts? Do not their grand-'mothers give them one eaſy rule?—Men are to 'aſk—Women are to deny.'

Well, but to return to my principal ſubject; let me obſerve, that be my future reſolutions what they will as to this Lady, the contents of the violent Letter ſhe has received, have ſet me at leaſt a month forward with her. I can now, as I hinted, talk of Love and Marriage, without controul or reſtriction; her Injunctions no more my terror.

In this ſweetly familiar way ſhall we ſet out together for London. Mrs. Sorlings's eldeſt daughter, at my motion, is to attend her in the chaiſe; while I ride by way of eſcort: For ſhe is extremely apprehenſive of the Singleton plot; and has engaged me to be all patience, if any-thing ſhould happen on the road. But nothing I am ſure *will* happen: For, by a Letter received juſt now from Joſeph, I underſtand, that James Harlowe has already laid aſide his ſtupid project: And This by the earneſt deſire of all thoſe of his friends to whom he had communicated it; who were afraid of the conſequences that might attend it. But it is not over with *me* however; altho' I am not determined at preſent as to the uſes I may make of it.

My Beloved tells me, ſhe ſhall have her cloaths ſent her: She hopes alſo her jewels, and ſome gold, which ſhe left behind her. But Joſeph ſays, cloaths *only* will be ſent. I will not, however, tell her that: On the contrary, I ſay, there is no doubt, but they will ſend *all* ſhe wrote for. The greater her diſappointment *from them*, the greater muſt be her dependence *on me*.

But,

But, after all, I hope I ſhall be enabled to be honeſt to a merit ſo tranſcendent. The devil take thee tho' for thy opinion given ſo mal-à-propo', that ſhe *may be* overcome.

If thou deſigneſt to be honeſt, methinks thou ſay'ſt, why ſhould not Singleton's plot be over with *thee*, as it is with her *Brother?*

Becauſe (if I *muſt* anſwer thee) where people are ſo modeſtly doubtful of what they are able to do, it is good to leave a loop-hole. And let me add, that when a man's heart is ſet upon a point, and any-thing occurs to beat him off, he will find it very difficult, when the ſuſpending reaſon ceaſes, to forbear reſumeing it.

LETTER XXXI.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Tueſday, April 25.

ALL hands at work in preparation for London. What makes my heart beat ſo ſtrong? Why riſes it to my throat, in ſuch half-choaking flutters, when I think of what this removal may do for me? I am hitherto reſolved to be honeſt: And that increaſes my wonder at theſe involuntary commotions. 'Tis a plotting villain of a heart: It ever was; and ever will be, I doubt. Such a joy when any roguery is going forward!—I ſo little its maſter!—A head likewiſe ſo well turned to anſwer the triangular varlet's impulſes!—No matter. I will have one ſtruggle with thee, old friend; and if I cannot overcome thee now, I never will again attempt to conquer thee.

The dear creature continues extremely low and dejected. Tender Bloſſom! How unfit to contend with the rude and ruffling winds of paſſion, and haughty and inſolent controul!—Never till now from under the wing (it is not enough to ſay of indulging, but) of

admiring parents; the Mother's boſom only fit to receive this charming Flower!

This was the reflection, that, with mingled Compaſſion, and augmented Love, aroſe to my mind, when I beheld the Charmer repoſing her lovely face upon the boſom of the widow Sorlings, from a recovered fit, as I entered, ſoon after ſhe had received her execrable Siſter's Letter. How lovely in her tears!—And as I entered, her lifted-up face, ſignificantly beſpeaking my protection, as I thought. And can I be a villain to ſuch an angel!—I hope not.—But why, Belford, why once more, putteſt thou me in mind, that ſhe *may be* overcome? And why is her own reliance on my honour ſo late and ſo reluctantly ſhewn?

But, after all, ſo low, ſo dejected, continues ſhe to be, that I am terribly afraid I ſhall have a vapouriſh wife, if I *do* marry. I ſhould then be doubly undone. Not that I ſhall be *much at home with her, perhaps, after the firſt fortnight, or ſo.* But when a man has been ranging, like the painful Bee, from flower to flower, perhaps for a month together, and the thoughts of Home and a Wife begin to have their charms with him, to be received by a Niobe, who, like a wounded vine, weeps her vitals away, while ſhe but involuntarily curls about him; how ſhall I be able to bear That?

May Heaven reſtore my Charmer to health and ſpirits, I hourly pray—that a man may ſee whether ſhe can love any-body but her Father and Mother! In *their* power, I am confident, it will be at any time, to make her huſband joyleſs; and that, as I hate them ſo heartily, is a ſhocking thing to reflect upon.—Something *more* than woman, an *angel*, in ſome things; but a *baby* in others: So father-ſick! ſo family-fond; what a poor chance ſtands a huſband with ſuch a wife, unleſs, forſooth, they vouchſafe to be reconciled to her, and *continue* reconciled?

It

It is infinitely better for her and for me, that we ſhould not marry. What a delightful manner of life [O that I could perſuade her to it!] would the life of Honour be with ſuch a woman! The fears, the inquietudes, the uneaſy days, the reſtleſs nights; all ariſing from doubts of having diſobliged me! Every abſence dreaded to be an abſence for ever! And then, how amply rewarded, and rewarding, by the rapture-cauſing return! Such a paſſion as this, keeps Love in a continual fervour; makes it all alive. The happy pair, inſtead of ſitting dozing and nodding at each other in oppoſite chimney-corners, in a winter-evening, and over a wintry Love, always new to each other, and having always ſomething to ſay.

Thou knoweſt, in my verſes to my Stella, my mind on this occaſion. I will lay thoſe verſes in her way, as if undeſignedly, when we are together at the widow's; that is to ſay, if we do not ſoon go to church by conſent. She will thence ſee what my notions are of wedlock. If ſhe receives them with any ſort of temper, That will be a foundation; and let *me* alone to build upon it.

Many a girl has been *carried*, who never would have been *attempted*, had ſhe ſhewed a proper reſentment, when her ears or her eyes were firſt invaded. I have tried a young creature by a bad book, a light quotation, or an indecent picture; and if ſhe has borne that, or only bluſhed, and not been angry; and more-eſpecially if ſhe has leered and ſmiled; that girl have I, and old Satan, put down for our own. O how I could warn theſe little rogues if I would! Perhaps Envy, more than Virtue, will put me upon ſetting up beacons for them, when I grow old and joyleſs.

Tueſday Afternoon.

If you are in London when I get thither, you will ſee me ſoon. My Charmer is a little better than ſhe

was. Her eyes ſhew it, and her harmonious voice, hardly audible laſt time I ſaw her, now begins to chear my heart once more. But yet ſhe has no Love, no Senſibility!—There is no addreſſing her with thoſe *meaning*, yet *innocent* freedoms (innocent, *at firſt ſetting out*, they may be called) which ſoften others of her Sex. The more ſtrange this, as ſhe now acknowleges preferable favour for me; and is highly ſuſceptible of grief. Grief mollifies and enervates. The grieved mind looks round it, ſilently implores conſolation, and loves the Soother. Grief is ever an inmate with joy. Tho' they won't ſhew themſelves at the ſame window at *one* time; yet have they the whole houſe in common between them.

LETTER XXXII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

Wedn. Apr. 26.

AT laſt my lucky Star has directed us into the deſired Port, and we are ſafely landed. Well ſays Rowe:

The wiſe and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them. Sloth and folly
Shiver and ſhrink at ſight of toil and hazard,
And make *th' impoſſibility they* fear.

But in the midſt of my exultation, ſomething, I know not what to call it, checks my joys, and glooms over my brighter proſpects. If it be not Conſcience, it is wondrouſly like what I thought ſo, many, many years ago.

Surely, Lovelace, methinks thou ſayſt, thy good motions are not gone off already! Surely thou wilt not now at laſt be a villain to this Lady.

I can't tell what to ſay to it. Why would not the dear creature accept of me, when I ſo ſincerely offered myſelf

myſelf to her acceptance? Things already appear with a very different face *now I have got her here.* Already have our Mother and her Daughters been about me. 'Charming Lady! What a complexion! What eyes! 'What majeſty in her perſon!— O Mr. Lovelace, 'you are a happy man!—*You owe us ſuch a Lady!*' —Then they remind me of my revenge, and of my hatred to her whole family.

Sally was ſo ſtruck with her, at firſt ſight, that ſhe broke out to me in thoſe lines of Dryden:

——*Fairer to be ſeen*
Than the fair Lily on the flow'ry green!
More freſh than May herſelf in bloſſoms new!—

I ſent to thy Lodgings within half an hour after our arrival, to receive thy congratulations upon it: But thou wert at Edgware, it ſeems.

My Beloved, who is charmingly amended, is retired to her conſtant employment, writing. I muſt content myſelf with the ſame amuſement, till ſhe ſhall be pleaſed to admit me to her preſence; for already have I given to every one her cue.

'And, among the reſt, who doſt thou think is to 'be her maid-ſervant?— Deb. Butler.

'Ah, Lovelace!

'And ah, Belford! It can't be otherwiſe. But 'what doſt think Deb's Name is to be?— Why, 'Dorcas, Dorcas Wykes. And won't it be admi-'rable, if either thro' fear, fright, or good liking, 'we can get my Beloved to accept of Dorcas Wykes 'for a bedfellow?'

In ſo many ways will it be now in my power to have the dear creature, that I ſhall not know which of them to chuſe!—

But here comes the Widow, with Dorcas Wykes in her hand; and I am to introduce them both to my Fair One.

* * * * * *

So!— The honeſt girl is accepted— Of good parentage: But, thro' a neglected education, plaguy illiterate—She can neither write, nor read writing. A kinſwoman of Mrs. Sinclair—Could not therefore well be refuſed, the Widow in perſon recommending her; and the wench only taken till her Hannah can come. What an advantage has an impoſing or forward nature over a courteous one!— So here may ſomething ariſe to lead into correſpondencies, and ſo forth. To be ſure, a perſon need not be *ſo wary, ſo cautious of what ſhe writes, or what ſhe leaves upon her table or toilette, when her attendant cannot read.*

· It would be a miracle, as thou ſayſt, if this · Lady can ſave herſelf— And having gone ſo far, · how can I recede?— Then my Revenge upon the · Harlowes!— To have run away with a daughter · of theirs, to make her a Lovelace— To make her · one of a family ſo ſuperior to her own, what a · Triumph, as I have heretofore obſerved *(a)*, to · *them!*— But to run away with her, and to bring · her to my lure in the *other* light, what a mortification of their pride! What a gratification of my · own!

· Then theſe women are continually at me. Theſe · women, who, before my whole ſoul and faculties · were abſorbed in the Love of this ſingle charmer, · uſed always to oblige me with the flower and firſt · fruits of their garden! Indeed, indeed, my Goddeſs ſhould not have choſen this London Widow's · —But I dare ſay, if I *had*, ſhe would *not*. People · who will be dealing in contradiction, ought to pay · for it. And to be puniſhed by the conſequences · of our own choice, what a moral lies there!— · What a deal of Good may I not be the occaſion · of from a little Evil? ·

Dorcas is a neat creature, both in perſon and dreſs; her countenance not vulgar. And I am in hopes, as I hinted above, that her Lady will accept of her for her

(a) See Vol. II. p. 342, 343.

her bedfellow, in a ſtrange houſe, for a week or ſo. But I ſaw ſhe had a diſlike to her at her very firſt appearance: Yet I thought the girl behaved very modeſtly— *Over-did* it a little, perhaps—Her Lady ſhrunk back, and looked ſhy upon her. The doctrine of Sympathies and Antipathies is a ſurpriſing doctrine.—But Dorcas will be exceſſively obliging, and win her Lady's favour ſoon, I doubt not. I am ſecure in one of the wench's qualities however. She is not to be corrupted. A great point that!—Since a Lady and her Maid, when heartily of one party, will be too hard for half a ſcore devils.

The dear Creature was no leſs ſhy when the Widow firſt accoſted her, at her alighting. Yet I thought, that honeſt Doleman's Letter had prepared her for her maſculine appearance.

And now I mention that Letter, why doſt thou not wiſh me joy, Jack?

Joy of what?

Why, joy of my Nuptials.—Know then, that *ſaid*, is *done* with me, when I have a mind to have it ſo; and that we are actually man and wife. Only that Conſummation has not paſſed— Bound down to the contrary of that, by a ſolemn vow, till a Reconciliation with her family take place. The women here are told ſo. They know it, before my Beloved knows it; and that thou wilt ſay, is odd.

But how ſhall I do to make my Fair-one keep her temper on the intimation? *Why, is ſhe not here?*—At Mrs. Sinclair's?— But if ſhe will hear reaſon, I doubt not to convince her, that ſhe ought to acquieſce.

She will inſiſt, I ſuppoſe, upon my leaving her, and that I ſhall not take up my lodgings under the ſame roof. But circumſtances are changed ſince I firſt made her that promiſe. I have taken all the vacant apartments; and muſt carry this point alſo.

I hope in a while to get her with me to the public Entertainments. She knows nothing of the Town,

and has ſeen leſs of its diverſions than ever woman of her taſte, her fortune, her endowments, did ſee. She has indeed a natural politeneſs, which tranſcends all acquirement. The moſt capable of any one I ever knew, of judging what an *hundred* things are, by ſeeing *one* of a like nature. Indeed ſhe took ſo much pleaſure in her own choſen amuſements till perſecuted out of them, that ſhe had neither leiſure nor inclination for the Town-diverſions.

Theſe diverſions will amuſe. And the duce is in it, if a little Suſceptibility will not put forth, now ſhe receives my addreſs; eſpecially if I can manage it ſo, as to be allowed to live under *one* roof with her. What though the ſenſibility be at firſt faint and reluctant, like the appearance of an early Spring-flower in froſty weather, which ſeems afraid of being nipt by an eaſterly blaſt; That will be enough for me.

I hinted to thee in a former *(a)*, that I had provided Books for the Lady's in-door amuſement. Sally and Polly are readers. My Beloved's light cloſet was their library. And ſeveral pieces of devotion have been put in, bought on purpoſe, at *ſecond-hand*.

I was always for forming a judgment of the reading part of the Sex by their books. The obſervations I have made on this occaſion have been of great uſe to me, as well in England as out of it. This ſagacious Lady may poſſibly be as curious in this point, as her Lovelace.

So much for the preſent. Thou ſeeſt, that I have a great deal of buſineſs before me. Yet I will write again ſoon.

Mr. Lovelace ſends another Letter with this; in which he takes notice of young Mrs. Sorlings's ſetting out with them, and leaving them at Barnet: But as its contents are nearly the ſame with thoſe in the Lady's next Letter, it is omitted.

(*a*) See Letter ix. *p.* 43.

LET-

LETTER XXXIII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Wedn. Afternoon, Apr. 26.

AT length, my deareſt Miſs Howe, I am in London, and in my new lodgings. They are neatly furniſhed, and the ſituation, for the Town, is pleaſant. But, I think, you muſt not aſk me, how I like the old gentlewoman. Yet ſhe ſeems courteous and obliging. Her kinſwomen juſt appeared to welcome me at my alighting. They ſeem to be genteel young women. But more of their Aunt and of them, as I ſhall ſee more.

Miſs Sorlings has an Uncle at Barnet, whom ſhe found ſo very ill, that her uneaſineſs on that account (having large expectations from him) made me comply with her deſire to ſtay with him. Yet I wiſhed, as her Uncle did not expect her, that ſhe would ſee me ſettled in London; and Mr. Lovelace was ſtill more earneſt that ſhe would, offering to ſend her back again in a day or two, and urging, that her Uncle's malady threatened not a ſudden change. But leaving the matter to *her choice*, after ſhe knew what *would have been mine*, ſhe made me not the expected compliment. Mr. Lovelace, however, made her a handſome preſent at parting.

His genteel ſpirit on all occaſions makes me often wiſh him more conſiſtent.

As ſoon as I arrived, I took poſſeſſion of my apartment. I ſhall make good uſe of the light cloſet in it, if I ſtay here any time.

One of his attendants returns in the morning to The Lawn; and I made writing to you by him, an excuſe for my retiring.

And now give me leave to chide you, my deareſt friend, for your raſh, and I hope revocable reſolution, not to make Mr. Hickman the happieſt man in the

world, while my happineſs is in ſuſpenſe. Suppoſe I were to be unhappy, what, my dear, would this reſolution of yours avail me? Marriage is the higheſt State of Friendſhip: If happy, it leſſens our cares by dividing them, at the ſame time that it doubles our pleaſures by a mutual participation. Why, my dear, if you love me, will you not rather give *another* friend to one who has *not two* that ſhe is ſure of?— Had you married on your Mother's laſt Birth-day, as ſhe would have had you, I ſhould not, I dare ſay, have wanted a refuge, that would have ſaved me many mortifications, and much diſgrace.

HERE I was broken in upon by Mr. Lovelace; introducing the Widow leading in a kinſwoman of hers to attend me, if I approved of her, till my Hannah ſhould come, or till I had provided myſelf with ſome other ſervant. The Widow gave her many good qualities; but ſaid, that ſhe had one great defect; which was, that ſhe could not write, nor read writing; that part of her education having been neglected when ſhe was young: But for diſcretion, fidelity, obligingneſs, ſhe was not to be outdone by anybody. She commended her likewiſe for her ſkill at the needle.

As for *her defect*, I can eaſily forgive that. She is very likely and genteel; too genteel indeed, I think, for a ſervant. But, what I like leaſt of all in her, ſhe has a ſtrange ſly Eye. I never ſaw ſuch an Eye— Half-confident, I think. But indeed Mrs. Sinclair herſelf (for that is the Widow's name) has an odd winking eye; and her reſpectfulneſs ſeems too much ſtudied, methinks, for the London eaſe and freedom. But people can't help their looks, you know; and after all, ſhe is extremely civil and obliging. And as for the young woman (Dorcas is her name) ſhe will not be long with me.

I accepted her: How could I do otherwiſe (if I had

had had a mind to make objections, which in my preſent ſituation I had not) her Aunt preſent, and the young woman alſo preſent; and Mr. Lovelace officious in his introducing them, to oblige me? But, upon their leaving me, I told *him* (who ſeemed inclinable to begin a converſation with me) that I deſired that this apartment might be conſidered as my Retirement: That when I ſaw him, it might be in the Dining-room (which is up a few ſtairs; for this back houſe being once two, the rooms do not all of them very conveniently communicate with each other); and that I might be as little broken in upon as poſſible, when I am here. He withdrew very reſpectfully to the door; but there ſtopt; and aſked for my company *then* in the Dining-room. If he were about ſetting out for other lodgings, I would go with him now, I told him: But if he did not juſt then go, I would firſt finiſh my Letter to Miſs Howe.

I ſee he has no mind to leave me, if he can help it. My Brother's ſcheme may give him a pretence to try to engage me to diſpenſe with his promiſe. But if I *now do*, I muſt acquit him of it entirely.

My approbation of his tender behaviour in the midſt of my grief, has given him a right, as he ſeems to think, of addreſſing me with all the freedom of an approved Lover. I ſee by this man, that when once a woman embarks with this Sex, there is no receding. One conceſſion is but the prelude to another with them. He has been ever ſince Sunday laſt continually complaining of the diſtance I keep him at; and thinks himſelf intitled now, to call in queſtion my value for him; ſtrengthening his doubts by my former declared readineſs to give him up to a Reconciliation with my friends—And yet has himſelf fallen off from that *obſequious tenderneſs*, if I may couple the words, which drew from me the conceſſions he builds upon.

While we were talking at the door, my new ſervant

vant came up, with an invitation to us both to Tea. I ſaid *he* might accept of it, if he pleaſed; but I muſt purſue my writing; and not chuſing either Tea or Supper, I deſired him to make my excuſes below, as to both; and inform them of my choice to be retired as much as poſſible; yet to promiſe for me my attendance on the Widow and her Nieces at breakfaſt in the morning.

He objected particularity in the eye of ſtrangers, as to avoiding Supper.

You know, ſaid I, and you can tell them, that I ſeldom eat Suppers. My ſpirits are low. You muſt never urge me againſt a declared choice. Pray, Mr. Lovelace, inform them of all my particularities. If they are obliging, they will allow for them. I come not hither to make new acquaintance.

I have turned over the books I have in my cloſet; and am not a little pleaſed with them; and think the better of the people of the houſe for their ſakes.

Stanhope's Goſpels; Sharp's, Tillotſon's, and South's Sermons; Nelſon's Feaſts and Faſts; a Sacramental piece of the Biſhop of Man, and another of Dr. Gauden Biſhop of Exeter; and Inett's Devotions; are among the devout books: And among thoſe of a lighter turn, the following not ill-choſen ones; A Telemachus in French, another in Engliſh; Steele's, Rowe's, and Shakeſpeare's Plays; that genteel Comedy of Mr. Cibber, The Careleſs Huſband, and others of the ſame Author; Dryden's Miſcellanies; the Tatlers, Spectators, and Guardians; Pope's, and Swift's, and Addiſon's Works.

In the blank leaves of the Nelſon and Biſhop Gauden, is Mrs. Sinclair's name; and in thoſe of moſt of the others, either Sarah Martin, or Mary Horton, the names of the two Nieces.

I AM exceedingly out of humour with Mr. Lovelace:

lace: And have great reaſon to be ſo. As you will allow, when you have read the converſation I am going to give you an account of; for he would not let me reſt till I gave him my company in the Dineing-room.

He began with letting me know, that he had been out to enquire after the character of the Widow; which was the more neceſſary, he ſaid, as he ſuppoſed that I would *expect his frequent abſence.*

I *did*, I ſaid; and that he would not think of taking up his lodging in the ſame houſe with me. But what, ſaid I, is the reſult of your enquiry?

Why, indeed, the Widow's character was, in the main, what he liked well enough. But as it was Miſs Howe's opinion, as I had told him, that my Brother had not given over his ſcheme; as the Widow lived by letting lodgings; and had others to lett in the ſame part of the houſe, which might be taken by an enemy; he knew no better way, than for him to take them all, as it could not be for a long time—*unleſs I would think of removing to others.*

So far was well enough: But as it was eaſy for me to ſee, that he ſpoke the ſlighter of the Widow, in order to have a pretence to lodge here himſelf, I aſked him his intention in that reſpect. And he frankly owned, that if I choſe to ſtay here, he could not, as matters ſtood, think of leaving me for ſix hours together; and he had prepared the Widow to expect, that we ſhould be here but for a few days;—only till we could fix ourſelves in a houſe ſuitable to our condition; and this, that I might be under the leſs embarraſs, if I pleaſed to remove.

Fix *our*-ſelves in a houſe, and *we* and *our*, Mr. Lovelace—Pray, in what light—

He interrupted me—Why, my deareſt Life, if you will hear me with patience— Yet I am half-afraid, that I have been too forward, as I have not conſulted you upon it— But as my friends in town, according

to

to what Mr. Doleman has written, in the Letter you have ſeen, conclude us to be married—

Surely, Sir, you have not preſumed—

" Hear me out, deareſt Creature—You have received with favour my addreſſes—You have made me hope for the honour of your conſenting hand: Yet, by declining my moſt fervent tender of myſelf to you at Mrs. Sorlings's, have given me apprehenſions of delay: I would not for the world be thought ſo ungenerous a wretch, now you have honoured me with your confidence, *as to wiſh to precipitate you:* Yet your Brother's ſchemes are not given up. Singleton, I am afraid, is actually in town; his veſſel lies at Rotherhith— Your Brother is abſent from Harlowe-Place; indeed not with Singleton yet, as I can hear. If you are *known* to be mine, or if you are but *thought* to be ſo, there will probably be an end of your Brother's contrivances. The Widow's character may be as worthy *as it is ſaid to be.* But the worthier ſhe is, the more danger, if your Brother's agent ſhould find us out; ſince ſhe may be perſuaded, that ſhe ought in conſcience to take a parent's part, againſt a child who ſtands in oppoſition to them. But if ſhe believes us married, her good character will ſtand us in ſtead, and ſhe will be of our party.— Then I have taken care to give her a reaſon why two apartments are requiſite for us, at the hour of retirement.

I perfectly raved at him. I would have flung from him in reſentment; but he would not let me: And what could I do? Whither go, the evening advanced?

I am aſtoniſhed at you! ſaid I.—If you are a man of honour, what need of all this ſtrange obliquity! You delight in crooked ways—Let me know, ſince I *muſt* ſtay in your company (for he held my hand) let me know all you have ſaid to the people below.— Indeed, indeed, Mr. Lovelace, you are a very unaccountable man.

My

My deareſt Creature, need I to have mentioned any thing of this? And could I not have taken up my lodgings in this houſe, unknown to you, if I had not intended to make you the judge of all my proceedings? But *This* is what I have told the Widow before her kinſwomen, and before your new ſervant—'That 'indeed we were privately married at Hertford; but 'that you had preliminarily bound me under a ſo-'lemn vow, which I am moſt religiouſly reſolved to 'keep, to be contented with ſeparate apartments, and 'even not to lodge under the ſame roof, till a cer-'tain Reconciliation ſhall take place, which is of high 'conſequence to both.' And further, that I might convince you of the purity of my intentions, and that my whole view in this was to prevent miſchief, I have acquainted them, 'that I have ſolemnly pro-'miſed to behave to you before every-body, as if 'we were only betrothed, and not married; not even 'offering to take any of thoſe innocent freedoms 'which are not refuſed in the moſt punctilious Loves.'

And then he ſolemnly vowed to me the ſtricteſt obſervance of the ſame reſpectful behaviour to me.

I ſaid, that I was not by any means ſatisfied with the tale he had told, nor with the neceſſity he wanted to lay me under, of appearing what I was not: That every ſtep he took was a wry one, a needleſs wry one: And ſince he thought it neceſſary to tell the people below any-thing about me, I inſiſted, that he ſhould unſay all he had ſaid, and tell them the truth.

What he had told them, he ſaid, was with ſo many circumſtances, that he could ſooner die than contradict it. And ſtill he inſiſted upon the propriety of appearing to be married, for the reaſons he had given before— And, deareſt Creature, ſaid he, why this high diſpleaſure with me upon ſo well-intended an expedient? You know, that I cannot wiſh to ſhun your Brother, or his Singleton, but upon your account. The firſt ſtep I would take, if left to myſelf, would

would be to find them out. *I have always acted in this manner, when any-body has preſumed to give out threatnings againſt me.*

'Tis true, I ſhould have conſulted you firſt, and had your leave. But ſince you diſlike what I have ſaid, let me implore you, deareſt Madam, to give the only proper ſanction to it, by naming an early day. Would to Heaven that were to be to-morrow!—For God's ſake, let it be to-morrow! But if not [Was it his buſineſs, my dear, before I ſpoke (yet he ſeemed to be afraid of me) to ſay, *If not?*] let me beſeech you, Madam, if my behaviour ſhall not be to your diſlike, that you will not to-morrow at breakfaſt-time, diſcredit what I have told them. The moment I give you cauſe to think, that I take any advantage of your conceſſion, that moment revoke it, and expoſe me, as I ſhall deſerve.— And once more, let me remind you, that I have no view either to ſerve or ſave myſelf by this expedient. It is only to prevent a probable miſchief, for your own mind's ſake; and for the ſake of thoſe who deſerve not the leaſt conſideration from me.

What could I ſay? What could I do?— I verily think, that had he urged me again, in a *proper manner*, I ſhould have conſented (little ſatisfied as I am with him) to give him a meeting to-morrow morning at a more ſolemn place than in the parlour below.

But this I reſolve, that he ſhall not have my conſent to ſtay a night under this roof. He has now given me a ſtronger reaſon for this determination than I had before.

❁ ❁

Alas! my dear, how vain a thing to ſay, what we will or what we will not do, when we have put ourſelves into the power of this Sex!—He went down to the people below, on my deſiring to be left to myſelf; and ſtaid till their ſupper was juſt ready; and then, deſiring a moment's *audience*, as he called it,

he

he beſought my leave to ſtay that one night, promiſing to ſet out either for Lord M's, or for Edgware to his friend Belford's, in the morning, after breakfaſt. But if I were againſt it, he ſaid, he would not ſtay ſupper; and would attend me about eight next day—Yet he added, that my denial would have a very particular appearance to the people below, from what he had told them; and the more, as he had actually agreed for all the vacant apartments (indeed only for a month) for the reaſon he had before hinted at: But I need not ſtay here two days, if, upon converſing with the Widow and her Nieces in the morning, I ſhould have any diſlike to them.

I thought, notwithſtanding my reſolution abovementioned, that it would ſeem too punctilious to deny him, under the circumſtances he had mentioned:—Having, beſides, no reaſon to think he would obey me; for he looked, as if he were determined to debate the matter with me. And now as I ſee no likelihood of a Reconciliation with my friends, and as I have actually received his addreſſes; I thought I would not quarrel with him, if I could help it, eſpecially as he aſked to ſtay but for one night, and could have done ſo without my knowing it; and you being of opinion, that the proud wretch, diſtruſting his own merits with me, or at leaſt my regard for him, will probably bring me to ſome conceſſions in his favour—For all theſe reaſons, I thought proper to yield *this* point: Yet I was ſo vexed with him on the *other*, that it was impoſſible for me to comply with that grace which a conceſſion ſhould be made with, or not made at all.

This was what I ſaid—What you *will* do, you *muſt* do, I think. You are very ready to promiſe; very ready to depart from your promiſe. You ſay, however, that you will ſet out to-morrow for the country. You know how ill I have been. I am not well enough now to debate with you upon your encroaching ways.

I am

I am utterly diſſatisfied with the tale you have told below. Nor will I promiſe to appear to the people of the houſe to-morrow what I am not.

He withdrew in the moſt reſpectful manner, beſeeching me only to favour him with ſuch a meeting in the morning, as might not make the Widow and her Nieces think he had given me reaſon to be offended with him.

I retired to my own apartment, and Dorcas came to me ſoon after to take my commands. I told her, that I required very little attendance, and always dreſſed and undreſſed myſelf.

She ſeemed concerned, as if ſhe thought I had repulſed her; and ſaid, It ſhould be her whole ſtudy to oblige me.

I told her, that I was not difficult to be pleaſed: And ſhould let her know from time to time what aſſiſtances I ſhould expect from her. But for that night I had no occaſion for her further attendance.

She is not only genteel, but is well-bred, and well-ſpoken.—She muſt have had what is generally thought to be the polite part of education: But it is ſtrange, that Fathers and Mothers ſhould make ſo light, as they generally do, of that preferable part, in girls, which would improve their minds, and give a grace to all the reſt.

As ſoon as ſhe was gone, I inſpected the doors, the windows, the wainſcot, the dark cloſet as well as the light one; and finding very good faſtenings to the door, and to all the windows, I again had recourſe to my pen.

❁ ❁

Mrs. Sinclair is juſt now gone from me. Dorcas, ſhe told me, had acquainted her, that I had diſmiſſed her for the night. She came to aſk me how I liked my apartment, and to wiſh me good reſt. She expreſſed her concern, that they could not have my company at ſupper. Mr. Lovelace, ſhe ſaid, had informed

formed them of my love of retirement. She aſſured me, that I ſhould not be broken in upon. She highly extolled *him*, and gave *me* a ſhare in the praiſe, as to perſon. But was ſorry, ſhe ſaid, that ſhe was likely to loſe us ſo ſoon as Mr. Lovelace talked of.

I anſwered her with ſuitable civility; and ſhe withdrew with great tokens of reſpect. With greater, I think, than ſhould be from diſtance of years, as ſhe was the wife of a gentleman; and as the appearance of every-thing about her, as well houſe as dreſs, carries the marks of ſuch good circumſtances, as require not abaſement.

If, my dear, you *will* write againſt prohibition, be pleaſed to direct, *To Miſs Lætitia Beaumont; To be left till called for, at Mr. Wilſon's in Pall-Mall.*

Mr. Lovelace propoſed this direction to me, not *knowing* of your deſire that our Letters ſhould paſs by a third hand. As his motive for it was, that my Brother might not trace out where we are, I am glad, as well from this inſtance as from others, that he ſeems to think he has done miſchief enough already.

Do you know how my poor Hannah does?

Mr. Lovelace is ſo full of his contrivances and expedients, that I think it may not be amiſs to deſire you to look carefully to the Seals of my Letters, as I ſhall to thoſe of yours. If I find him baſe in this particular, I ſhall think him capable of any evil; and will fly him as my worſt enemy.

LETTER XXXIV.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

With her two laſt Letters, No. xxviii. xxix. *incloſed.*

Thurſday Night, April 27.

I Have yours; juſt brought me. Mr. Hickman has help'd me to a lucky expedient, which, with the aſſiſtance of the Poſt, will enable me to correſpond

with you every day. An honeſt higgler [Simon Collins his name] by whom I ſhall ſend this, and the two incloſed (now I have your direction whither) goes to town conſtantly on Mondays, Wedneſdays, and Fridays; and can bring back to me from Mr. Wilſon's what you ſhall have cauſed to be left for me.

I congratulate you on your arrival in town, ſo much amended in ſpirits. I muſt be brief. I hope you'll have no cauſe to repent returning my Norris. It is forthcoming on demand.

I am ſorry your Hannah can't be with you. She is very ill ſtill; but not dangerouſly.

I long for your account of the women you are with. If they are not right people, you will find them out in one breakfaſting.

I know not what to write upon his reporting to them that you are actually married. His reaſons for it are plauſible. But he delights in odd expedients and inventions.

Whether you like the people or not, do not, by your noble ſincerity and plain-dealing, make yourſelf enemies. You are in the *world* now, you know.

I am glad you had thoughts of taking him at his offer, if he had re-urged it. I wonder he did not. But if he do not ſoon, and in ſuch a way as you *can* accept of it, don't think of ſtaying with him.

Depend upon it, my dear, he will not leave you, either night or day, if he can help it, now he has got footing.

I ſhould have abhorred him for his report of your marriage, had he not made it with ſuch circumſtances as leave it ſtill in your power to keep him at diſtance. If once he offer at the *leaſt* familiarity— But this is needleſs to ſay to you. He can have, I think, no other deſign, but what he profeſſes; becauſe he muſt needs think, that his report of being married to you muſt increaſe your vigilance.

You

You may depend upon my looking narrowly into the Sealings of your Letters. If, as you ſay, he be baſe in that point, he will be ſo in every-thing. But to a perſon of your merit, of your fortune, of your virtue, he cannot be baſe. The man is no fool. It is his Intereſt, as well with regard to his expectations from his own friends, as from you, to be honeſt. Would to Heaven, however, that you were *really* married! This is now the predominant wiſh of

Your ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXXV.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Thurſday Morning, Eight o' Clock.

I AM more and more diſpleaſed with Mr. Lovelace, on reflection, for his boldneſs in hoping to make me, tho' but *paſſively*, as I may ſay, teſtify to his great untruth. And I ſhall like him ſtill leſs for it, if his view in it does not come out to be *the hope of accelerating my reſolution in his favour*, by the difficulty it will lay me under as to my behaviour to him. He has ſent me his compliments by Dorcas, with a requeſt that I will permit him to attend me in the Dining-room;—perhaps, that he may gueſs from thence, whether I will meet him in good humour, or not: But I have anſwered, that as I ſhall ſee him at breakfaſt-time, I deſire to be excuſed.

Ten o' Clock.

I TRIED to adjuſt my countenance before I went down, to an eaſier air than I had a heart, and was received with the higheſt tokens of reſpect by the Widow, and her two Nieces: Agreeable young women enough in their perſons; but they ſeemed to put on an air of reſerve; while Mr. Lovelace was eaſy and free to all, as if he were of long acquaintance with them: Gracefully enough, I cannot but ſay; an ad-

vantage which travelled gentlemen have over other people.

The Widow, in the converſation we had after breakfaſt, gave us an account of the military merit of the Colonel her Huſband; and, upon this occaſion, put her handkerchief to her eyes twice or thrice. I hope, for the ſake of her ſincerity, ſhe wetted it, becauſe ſhe would be *thought* to have done ſo; but I ſaw not that ſhe did. She wiſhed that I might never know the loſs of a Huſband ſo dear to me, as her beloved Colonel was to her: And again ſhe put her handkerchief to her eyes.

It muſt, no doubt, be a moſt affecting thing to be ſeparated from a good Huſband, and to be left in difficult circumſtances beſides, and that not by *his* fault, and expoſed to the inſults of the baſe and ingrateful, as ſhe repreſented her caſe to be at his death. This moved me a good deal in her favour.

You know, my dear, that I have an open and free heart; and, naturally, have as open and free a countenance; at leaſt my complimenters have told me ſo. At once, where I like, I mingle minds without reſerve, encouraging reciprocal freedoms, and am forward to diſſipate diffidences. But with theſe two Nieces of the Widow I never can be intimate—I don't know why.

Only, that circumſtances, and what paſſed in converſation, encouraged not the notion, or I ſhould have been apt to think, that the young Ladies and Mr. Lovelace were of longer acquaintance than of yeſterday. For he, by ſtealth, as it were, caſt glances ſometimes at them, which they returned; and, on my ocular notice, their eyes fell, as I may ſay, under my eye, as if they could not ſtand its examination.

The Widow directed all her talk to me, as to Mrs. Lovelace; and I, with a very ill grace, bore it. And once ſhe expreſſed, more forwardly than I thanked her

for, her wonder that any vow, any conſideration, however weighty, could have force enough with ſo charming a couple, as ſhe called him and me, to make us keep ſeparate beds.

Their eyes, upon this hint, had the advantage of mine. Yet was I not conſcious of guilt. How know I then, upon recollection, that my cenſures upon theirs are not too raſh? There are, no doubt, many truly modeſt perſons (putting myſelf out of the queſtion) who, by bluſhes at an injurious charge, have been ſuſpected, by thoſe who cannot diſtinguiſh between the confuſion which guilt will be attended with, and the noble conſciouſneſs that overſpreads the face of a fine ſpirit, to be thought but capable of an imputed evil.

The great Roman, as we read, who took his ſurname from one part in three (the fourth not then diſcovered) of the world he had triumphed over, being charged with a mean crime to his ſoldiery, choſe rather to ſuffer exile (the puniſhment due to it, had he been found guilty) than to have it ſaid, that Scipio was queſtioned in public, on ſo ſcandalous a charge. And think you, my dear, that Scipio did not bluſh with indignation, when the charge was firſt communicated to him?

Mr. Lovelace, when the Widow expreſſed her forward wonder, looked ſly and leering, as if to obſerve how I took it; and ſaid, they might take notice that his regard for my will and pleaſure (calling me his dear creature) had greater force upon him, than the oath by which he had bound himſelf.

Rebuking both him and the Widow, I ſaid, It was ſtrange to me to hear an oath or vow ſo lightly treated, as to have it thought but of *ſecond* conſideration, whatever were the firſt.

The obſervation was juſt, Miſs Martin ſaid; for that nothing could excuſe the breaking of a ſolemn vow, be the occaſion of making it what it would.

I aſked after the neareſt church; for I have been too long a ſtranger to the ſacred worſhip. They named St. James's, St. Anne's, and another in Bloomſbury; and the two Nieces ſaid, they oſteneſt went to St. James's church, becauſe of the good company, as well as for the excellent preaching.

Mr. Lovelace ſaid, the Royal Chapel was the place he oſteneſt went to, when in town. Poor man! little did I expect to hear he went to any place of devotion. I aſked, If the preſence of the viſible king of, comparatively, but a ſmall territory, did not take off, too generally, the requiſite attention to the ſervice of the inviſible King and Maker of a thouſand worlds?

He believed this might be ſo with ſuch as came for curioſity, when the Royal Family were preſent. But otherwiſe, he had ſeen as many contrite faces at the Royal Chapel, as any-where elſe: And why not? Since the people about Courts have as deep ſcores to wipe off, as any people whatſoever.

He ſpoke this with ſo much levity, that I could not help ſaying, that nobody queſtioned but he knew how to chuſe his company.

Your ſervant, my dear, bowing, were his words; and turning to them, You will obſerve, upon numberleſs occaſions, Ladies, as we are further acquainted, that my Beloved never ſpares me upon theſe topics. But I admire her as much in her reproofs, as I am fond of her approbation.

Miſs Horton ſaid, There was a time for everything. She could not but ſay, that ſhe thought innocent mirth was mighty becoming in young people.

Very true, joined in Miſs Martin. And Shakeſpeare ſays well, *That youth is the ſpring of life, The bloom of gaudy years* [With a theatrical air ſhe ſpoke it]. And, for her part, ſhe could not but admire in my ſpouſe, that charming vivacity which ſo well ſuited his time of life.

Mr.

Mr. Lovelace bowed. The man is fond of praiſe. More fond of it, I doubt, than of deſerving it. Yet this ſort of praiſe he *does* deſerve. He has, you know, an eaſy free manner, and no bad voice: And this praiſe ſo expanded his gay heart, that he ſung the following lines from Congreve, as he told us they were:

Youth does a thouſand pleaſures bring,
Which from decrepit Age will fly;
Sweets that wanton in the boſom of the ſpring,
In winter's cold embraces die.

And this for a compliment, as he ſaid, to the two Nieces. Nor was it thrown away upon them. They encored it; and his compliance fixed them in my memory.

We had ſome talk about meals; and the Widow very civilly offered to conform to any rules I would ſet her. I told her, how eaſily I was pleaſed, and how much I choſe to dine by myſelf, and that from a plate ſent me from any ſingle diſh. But I will not trouble you, my dear, with ſuch particulars.

They thought me very ſingular; and with reaſon: But as I liked them not ſo *very* well as to forego my own choice in compliment to them, I was the leſs concerned for what they thought.—And ſtill the leſs, as Mr. Lovelace had put me very much out of humour with him.

They, however, cautioned me againſt melancholy. I ſaid, I ſhould be a very unhappy creature if I could not bear my own company.

Mr. Lovelace ſaid, That he muſt let the Ladies into my Story; and then they would know how to allow for my ways. But, *my dear, as you love me*, ſaid the confident wretch, give as little way to melancholy as poſſible. Nothing but the ſweetneſs of your temper, and your high notions of a duty that never can be deſerved where you place it, can make you ſo uneaſy

as you are.—Be not angry, *my dear Love*, for ſaying ſo (ſeeing me frown, I ſuppoſe): And ſnatched my hand, and kiſſed it.

I left him with them; and retired to my cloſet and my pen.

Juſt as I have written thus far, I am interrupted by a meſſage from him, that he is ſetting out on a journey, and deſires to take my commands.—So here I will leave off, to give him a meeting in the Dining-room.

I was not diſpleaſed to ſee him in his riding dreſs.

He ſeemed deſirous to know how I liked the gentlewomen below. I told him, that altho' I did not think them *very* exceptionable, yet as I wanted not, in my preſent ſituation, new acquaintance, I ſhould not be fond of cultivating theirs.

· He urged me ſtill further on this head.

· I could not ſay, I told him, that I greatly liked · either of the young gentlewomen, any more than · their Aunt: And that were my ſituation ever ſo · happy, they had much too gay a turn for me.

· He did not wonder, he ſaid, to hear me ſay ſo. · He knew not any of the Sex who had been ac- · cuſtomed to ſhew themſelves at the Town Diverſions · and Amuſements, that would appear tolerable to · me. *Silence* and *Bluſhes*, Madam, are now no graces · with our fine Ladies in Town. Hardened by fre- · quent public appearances, they would be as much · aſhamed to be found guilty of theſe weakneſſes, as · men.

· Do you defend theſe two gentlewomen, Sir, by · reflections upon half the Sex? · But you muſt ſecond me, Mr. Lovelace (and yet I am not fond of being thought particular) in my deſire of breakfaſting and ſupping (when I *do* ſup) by myſelf.·

If I would have it ſo, to be ſure it ſhould be ſo.

The

The people of the houſe were not of conſequence enough to be apologized to, in any point where my pleaſure was concerned. And if I ſhould diſlike them ſtill more on further knowlege of them, he hoped I would think of *ſome other lodgings.*

He expreſſed a good deal of regret at leaving me, declaring, that it was abſolutely in obedience to my commands: But that he could not have conſented to go, while my Brother's ſchemes were on foot, if I had not done him the credit of my countenance in the report he had made that we were married; which, he ſaid, had bound all the family to his intereſt, ſo that he could leave me with the greater ſecurity and ſatisfaction.

He hoped, he ſaid, that on his *return* I would name his happy day; and the rather as I might be convinced, by my Brother's projects, that no Reconciliation was to be expected.

I told him, that perhaps I might write one Letter to my Uncle Harlowe. He once loved me. I ſhould be eaſier when I had made one direct application. I might poſſibly propoſe ſuch terms, in relation to my Grandfather's Eſtate, as might procure me their attention; and I hoped he would be long enough abſent to give me time to write to him, and receive an anſwer from him.

That, he muſt beg my pardon, he could not promiſe. He would inform himſelf of Singleton's and my Brother's motions; and if on his return he found no reaſon for apprehenſion, he would go directly to Berks, and endeavour to bring up with him his Couſin Charlotte, who, he hoped, would induce me to give him an earlier Day, than at preſent I *ſeemed to think of.*—I *ſeemed to think of*, my dear!—Very acquieſcent, as I ſhould imagine!—

I told him, that I ſhould take that young Lady's company for a great favour.

I was

I was the more pleaſed with this motion, as it came from himſelf, and with no ill grace.

He earneſtly preſſed me to accept of a Bank Note: But I declined it. And then he offered me his ſervant William for my attendant in his abſence; who, he ſaid, might be diſpatched to him, if any-thing extraordinary fell out. I conſented to that.

He took his leave of me in the moſt reſpectful manner, only kiſſing my hand. He left the Bank Note, unobſerved by me, upon the table. You may be ſure I ſhall give it him back at his return.

I am now in a much better humour with him than I was.

Where doubts of any perſon are removed, a mind not ungenerous is willing, by way of amends for having conceived thoſe doubts, to conſtrue everything that happens *capable* of a good conſtruction, in that perſon's favour. Particularly, I cannot but be pleaſed to obſerve, that altho' he ſpeaks of the Ladies of his family with the freedom of Relationſhip, yet it is always with tenderneſs. And from a man's kindneſs to his relations of the Sex, a woman has ſome reaſon to expect his good behaviour to herſelf, when married, if ſhe be willing to deſerve it from him.

And thus, my dear, am I brought to ſit down ſatisfied with this man, where I find room to infer that he is not by nature a ſavage. 'But how could 'a creature who gave a man an opportunity to run 'away with her, expect to be treated by that man 'with a very degree of politeneſs?

'But why, now, when fairer proſpects ſeem to 'open, why theſe melancholy reflections, will my 'beloved friend aſk of her Clariſſa?

'Why? Can you aſk why, my deareſt Miſs Howe, 'of a creature, who, in the world's eye, has inrolled 'her name among the giddy and the inconſiderate;

• who labours under a Parent's curſe, and the cruel
• uncertainties which muſt ariſe from reflecting, that,
• equally againſt duty and principle, ſhe has thrown
• herſelf into the power of a man, and that man an
• immoral one?—Muſt not the ſenſe ſhe has of her
• inconſideration darken her moſt hopeful proſpects?
• Muſt it not even riſe *ſtrongeſt* upon a thoughtful
• mind, when her hopes are the faireſt? Even her
• pleaſures, were the man to prove *better* than ſhe
• expects, coming to her with an abatement, like
• that which perſons who are in poſſeſſion of ill-
• gotten wealth muſt then moſt poignantly ex-
• perience (if they have reflecting and unſeared
• minds) when, all their wiſhes anſwered (if the
• wiſhes of ſuch perſons can ever be wholly anſwer-
• ed) they ſit down in hopes to *enjoy* what they
• have unjuſtly obtained, and find their own reflec-
• tions their greateſt torment.•

May you, my dear friend, be always happy in your reflections, prays,

Your ever-affectionate

CL. HARLOWE.

Mr. Lovelace in his next Letter triumphs on his having carried his two great points of making the Lady yield to paſs for his wife to the people of the houſe, and to his taking up his Lodging in it, tho' but for one night. He is now, *he ſays*, in a fair way, and doubts not but that he ſhall ſoon prevail, if not by perſuaſion, by ſurprize. *Yet he pretends to have ſome little remorſe, and* cenſures himſelf as acting the part of the grand tempter. But having ſucceeded thus far, he cannot, *he ſays*, forbear trying, according to the reſolution he had before made, whether he cannot go farther.

He gives the particulars of their debates on the above-mentioned ſubjects, to the ſame effect as in the Lady's laſt Letters.

It will by this time be ſeen, that his whole merit with regard to this Lady, lies in doing juſtice to her excellencies both of mind and perſon, tho' to his own condemnation. Thus he begins his ſucceeding Letter.

And now, Belford, will I give thee an account of our firſt breakfaſt converſation.

All ſweetly ſerene and eaſy was the lovely brow and charming aſpect of my goddeſs, on her deſcending among us; commanding reverence from every eye; a courteſy from every knee; and ſilence, awful ſilence, from every quivering lip. While ſhe, armed with conſcious worthineſs and ſuperiority, looked and behaved, as an Empreſs would look and behave among her vaſſals; yet with a freedom from pride and haughtineſs, as if born to dignity, and to a behaviour habitually gracious.

He takes notice of the jealouſy, pride and vanity of Sally Martin and Polly Horton, on his reſpectful behaviour to the Lady: *Creatures who, brought up too high for their fortunes, and to a taſte of pleaſure, and the public diverſions, had fallen an eaſy prey to his ſeducing Arts (as will be ſeen in the* CONCLUSION *of this Work): And who, as he obſerves,* 'had not yet got over that diſtinction 'in their Love, which makes a woman prefer 'one man to another.'

How difficult is it, *ſays he*, to make a woman ſubſcribe to a preference againſt herſelf, though ever ſo viſible; eſpecially where Love is concern'd! This violent, this partial little devil, Sally, has the inſolence to compare herſelf with my angel—yet owns her to be an angel. I charge you, Mr. Lovelace, ſays ſhe, ſhew none of your extravagant acts of kindneſs before me, to this ſullen, this gloomy Beauty—

I cannot bear it. Then was I reminded of her firſt ſacrifice.

What a rout do theſe women make about nothing at all! Were it not for what the *learned Biſhop* in his Letter from Italy calls The Intanglements of Amour, and *I* the Delicacies of Intrigue, what is there, Belford, in all they can do for us?

How do theſe creatures endeavour to ſtimulate me! A fallen woman is a worſe devil than even a profligate man. The former is incapable of remorſe: That am not I—Nor ever ſhall they prevail upon me, though aided by all the powers of darkneſs, to treat this admirable creature with indignity.—So far, I mean, as indignity can be ſeparated from the trials which will prove her to be either woman or angel.

Yet with them, I am a craven. I might have had her before now, if I would. If I would treat her as fleſh and blood, I ſhould find her ſuch. They thought I knew, if any man living did, that if a man made a goddeſs of a woman, ſhe would aſſume the goddeſs; that if power were given her, ſhe would exert that power to the giver, if to nobody elſe—And D—r's wife is thrown into my diſh, who, thou knoweſt, kept her ceremonious huſband at haughty diſtance, and whined in private to her inſulting footman. O how I curſed the blaſpheming wretches! They will make me, as I tell them, hate their houſe, and remove from it. And by my ſoul, Jack, I am ready at times to think that I ſhould not have brought her hither, were it but on Sally's account. And yet, without knowing either Sally's heart, or Polly's, the dear creature reſolves againſt having any converſation with them but ſuch as ſhe cannot avoid. I am not ſorry for this, thou mayſt think; ſince jealouſy in woman is not to be concealed from woman. And Sally has no command of herſelf.

What doſt think?—Here this little devil Sally,

not

not being able, as ſhe told me, to ſupport life under my diſpleaſure, was going into a fit: But when I ſaw her *preparing* for it, I went out of the room; and ſo ſhe thought it would not be worth her while to ſhew away.

In this manner he mentions what his meaning was in making the Lady the compliment of his abſence:

As to leaving her; If I go but for *one* night, I have fulfilled my promiſe: And if ſhe think not, I can mutter and grumble, and yield again, and make a merit of it; and then, unable to live out of her preſence, ſoon return. Nor are women ever angry at bottom for being diſobeyed thro' exceſs of Love. They like an uncontroulable paſſion. They like to have every favour raviſhed from them; and to be eaten and drank quite up by a voracious Lover. Don't I know the Sex?—Not ſo, indeed, as yet, my Clariſſa: But however, with *her* my frequent egreſſes will make me look new to her, and create little buſy ſcenes between us. At the leaſt, I may, ſurely, without exception, ſalute her at parting, and at return; and will not thoſe occaſional freedoms (which civility will warrant) by degrees familiarize my Charmer to them?

But here, Jack, what ſhall I do with my Uncle and Aunts, and all my loving Couſins? For I underſtand, that they are more in haſte to have me married than I am myſelf.

LETTER XXXVI.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Friday, April 28.

MR. Lovelace is returned already. My Brother's projects were his pretence. I could not but look upon this ſhort abſence as an evaſion of his

his promiſe; eſpecially as he had taken ſuch precautions with the people below; and as he knew that I propoſed to keep cloſe within-doors. I cannot bear to be dealt meanly with, and angrily inſiſted, that he ſhould directly ſet out for Berkſhire, in order to engage his Couſin, as he had promiſed.

O my deareſt Life, ſaid he, why will you baniſh me from your preſence? I cannot leave you for ſo long a time, as you ſeem to expect I ſhould. I have been hovering about town ever ſince I left you. Edgware was the furtheſt place I went to; and there I was not able to ſtay two hours, for fear, at this criſis, any-thing ſhould happen. Who can account for the workings of an apprehenſive mind, when all that is dear and valuable to it is at ſtake? You may ſpare yourſelf the trouble of writing to any of your friends, till the ſolemnity has paſſed that ſhall intitle me to give weight to your application. When they know we are married, your Brother's plots will be at an end; and your Father, and Mother, and Uncles, muſt be reconciled to you. Why then ſhould you heſitate a moment to confirm my happineſs? Why, once more, would you baniſh me from you? Why will you not give the man, who has brought you into difficulties, and who ſo honourably wiſhes to extricate you from them, the happineſs of doing ſo?

He was ſilent. My voice failed to ſecond the inclination I had to ſay ſomething not wholly diſcouraging to a point ſo warmly preſſed.

I'll tell you, my angel, reſumed he, what I propoſe to do, if you approve of it. I will inſtantly go out to view ſome of the handſome new Squares, or fine Streets round them, and make a report to you of any ſuitable houſe I find to be lett. I will take ſuch a one as you ſhall chuſe, and ſet up an equipage befitting our condition. You ſhall direct the whole. And

on

on ſome early day, either before or after we fix [*It muſt be at your own choice*] be pleaſed to make me the happieſt of men. And then will every-thing be in a deſirable train. You ſhall receive in your own houſe (if it can be ſo ſoon furniſhed as I wiſh) the compliments of all my relations. Charlotte ſhall viſit you in the interim: And if it take up time, you ſhall chuſe whom you will honour with your company, firſt, ſecond, or third, in the ſummer months; and on your return you ſhall find all that was wanting in your new habitation ſupplied; and pleaſures in a conſtant round ſhall attend us. O my angel, take me to you, inſtead of baniſhing me from you, and make me yours for ever.

You ſee, my dear, that here was no *Day* preſſed for. I was not uneaſy about that; and the ſooner recovered myſelf, as there was not. But, however, I gave him no reaſon to upbraid me for refuſing his offer of going in ſearch of a houſe.

He is accordingly gone out for this purpoſe. But I find, that he intends to take up his lodging here to-night; and if to-night, no doubt on other nights, while he is in town. As the doors and windows of my apartment have good faſtenings; As he has not, in all this time, given me cauſe for apprehenſion; As he has the pretence of my Brother's ſchemes to plead; As the people below are very courteous and obliging; Miſs Horton eſpecially, who ſeems to have taken a great liking to me, and to be of a gentler temper and manners, than Miſs Martin; and, As we are now in a tolerable way—I imagine, it would look particular to them all, and bring me into a debate with a man, who (let him be ſet upon what he will) has always a great deal to ſay for himſelf, if I were to inſiſt upon his promiſe: On all theſe accounts, I think, I will take no notice of his lodging here, if he don't.

Let

Let me know, my dear, your thoughts of every-thing.

You may believe I gave him back his Bank Note the moment I ſaw him.

Friday Evening.

Mr. Lovelace has ſeen two or three houſes; but none to his mind. But he has heard of one which looks promiſing, he ſays, and which he is to enquire about in the morning.

Saturday Morning.

He has made his enquiries, and actually ſeen the houſe he was told of laſt night. The owner of it is a young widow Lady, who is inconſolable for the death of her huſband; *Fretchville* her name. It is furniſhed quite in taſte, every thing being new within theſe ſix months. He believes, if I like not the furniture, the uſe of it may be agreed for, with the houſe, for a time certain: But if I like it, he will endeavour to take the one, and purchaſe the other, directly.

The Lady ſees nobody; nor are the beſt apartments above-ſtairs to be viewed till ſhe is either abſent, or gone into the country; which ſhe talks of doing in a fortnight, or three weeks, at fartheſt; and to live there retired.

What Mr. Lovelace ſaw of the houſe (which were the Salon and two Parlours) was perfectly elegant; and he was aſſured, all is of a piece. The Offices are alſo very convenient; Coach-houſe and Stables at hand.

He ſhall be very impatient, he ſays, till I ſee the whole; nor will he, if he finds he can have it, look farther till I have ſeen it, except any-thing elſe offer to my liking. The price he values not.

'He now does nothing but talk of the *Ceremony*; 'but not indeed of the *Day*. I don't want him to 'urge that—But I wonder he does not.'

He has juſt now received a Letter from Lady Betty Lawrance, by a particular hand; the contents principally relating to an affair ſhe has in Chancery. But in the poſtſcript ſhe is pleaſed to ſay very reſpectful things of me.

They are all impatient, ſhe ſays, for the Happy Day being over; which, they flatter themſelves, will *enſure his Reformation.*

He hoped, he told me, that I would *ſoon* enable him to anſwer *their* wiſhes, and *his own.*

But, my dear, altho' the opportunity was ſo inviteing, he urged not for the *Day.* Which is the *more extraordinary,* as he was ſo preſſing for marriage before we came to Town.

He was very earneſt with me to give him, and four of his friends, my company on Monday evening, at a little collation. Miſs Martin and Miſs Horton cannot, he ſays, be there, being engaged in a party of their own, with two daughters of Colonel Solcombe, and two nieces of Sir Antony Holmes, upon an annual occaſion. But Mrs. Sinclair will be preſent, and ſhe gave him hope of the company of a young Lady of very great fortune and merit (Miſs *Partington)* an Heireſs, to whom Colonel Sinclair it ſeems in his life-time was guardian, and who therefore calls Mrs. Sinclair Mamma.

I deſired to be excuſed. He had laid me, I ſaid, under a moſt diſagreeable neceſſity of appearing as a married perſon; and I would ſee as few people as poſſible who were to think me ſo.

He would not urge it, he ſaid, if I were *much* averſe: But they were his ſelect friends; men of birth and fortune; who longed to ſee me. It was true, he added, that they, as well as his friend Doleman, believed we were married: But they thought him under the reſtrictions that he had mentioned to the people below. I might be aſſured, he told me, that his politeneſs

liteneſs before them ſhould be carried into the higheſt degree of reverence.

When he is ſet upon any-thing, there is no knowing, as I have ſaid heretofore, what one *can* do (*a*). But I will not, if I can help it, be made a ſhew of; eſpecially to men of whoſe characters and principles I have no good opinion. I am, my deareſt friend,

Your ever-affectionate

CL. HARLOWE.

· *Mr. Lovelace in his next Letter gives an account* · *of his quick return: Of his reaſons to the Lady* · *for it: Of her diſpleaſure upon it: And of her* · *urging his abſence, from the ſafety ſhe was in from* · *the ſituation of the houſe, except ſhe were to be* · *traced out by his viſits.*

· I was confoundedly puzzled, *ſays he*, on this · occaſion, and on her inſiſting upon the execution · of a too-ready offer which I made her to go down · to Berks, to bring up my Couſin Charlotte to viſit · and attend her. I made miſerable excuſes; and, · fearing that they would be mortally reſented, as · her paſſion began to riſe upon my ſaying Char- · lotte was delicate, which ſhe took ſtrangely wrong, · I was obliged to ſcreen myſelf behind the moſt · ſolemn and explicit declarations.

· *He then repeats thoſe declarations, to the ſame effect* · *with the account ſhe gives of them.*

· I began, *ſays he*, with an intention to keep my · Life of Honour in view, in the declarations I made · her; but, as it has been ſaid of a certain orator · in the Houſe of Commons, who more than once, · in a long ſpeech, convinced himſelf as he went · along, and concluded againſt the ſide he ſet out · intending to favour, ſo I in earneſt preſſed without

(*a*) See p. 158. See alſo Vol. II. p. 32.

reſerve for Matrimony in the progreſs of my harangue, which ſtate I little thought of urging upon her with ſo much ſtrength and explicitneſs.

He then values himſelf upon the delay that his propoſal of taking and furniſhing a houſe muſt occaſion.

He wavers in his reſolutions whether to act honourably or not, by a merit ſo exalted.

He values himſelf upon his own delicacy, in expreſſing his indignation againſt her friends, for ſuppoſing what he pretends his heart riſes againſt them for preſuming to ſuppoſe.

But have I not reaſon, *ſays he*, to be angry with her, for not praiſing me for this my delicacy, when ſhe is ſo ready to call me to account for the leaſt failure in punctilio?—However, I believe I can excuſe her too, upon this generous conſideration [For *generous* I am ſure it is, becauſe it is againſt myſelf]; That her mind being the eſſence of delicacy, the leaſt want of it ſhocks her; while the meeting with what is ſo very extraordinary to *me*, is too familiar to *her* to obtain her notice, *as* an extraordinary.

He glories in the ſtory of the houſe, and of the young Widow poſſeſſor of it, Mrs. Fretchville he calls her; and leaves it doubtful to Mr. Belford, whether it be a real or fictitious ſtory.

He mentions his different propoſals in relation to the Ceremony, which he ſo earneſtly preſſed for; and owns his artful intention in avoiding to name the Day.

And now, *ſays he*, I hope ſoon to have an opportunity to begin my operations; ſince all is *Halcyon* and Security.

It is impoſſible to deſcribe the dear Creature's

· ſweet and ſilent confuſion, when I touched upon · the matrimonial topics.

· She *may* doubt. She *may* fear. The wiſe in · all important caſes will doubt, and will fear, till · they are ſure. But her apparent willingneſs to · think well of a ſpirit ſo inventive, and ſo machi- · nating, is a happy prognoſtic for me. O theſe · reaſoning Ladies! — How I love theſe reaſoning · Ladies! — 'Tis all over with them, when once · Love has crept into their hearts: For then will · they employ all their reaſoning powers to *excuſe*, · rather than to *blame*, the conduct of the *doubted* · Lover, let appearances againſt him be ever ſo · ſtrong.·

Mowbray, Belton, and Tourville, long to ſee my angel, and will be there. She has *refuſed* me; but *muſt be preſent* notwithſtanding. · So gene- · rous a ſpirit as mine is, cannot enjoy its happineſs · without communication. If I raiſe not your envy · and admiration both at once, but half-joy will be · the joy of having ſuch a charming Fly entangled · in my web. She therefore muſt comply. And · thou muſt come.· And then will I ſhew thee the pride and glory of the Harlowe family, my implaca- ble enemies; and thou ſhalt join with me in my tri- umph over them all.

· I know not what may ſtill be the perverſe Beau- · ty's fate: I want thee therefore to ſee and admire · her, while ſhe is ſerene, and full of hope: Before · her apprehenſions are realized, if realized they · are to be; and if evil apprehenſions of me ſhe · really has: Before her beamy eyes have loſt their · luſtre: While yet her charming face is ſurrounded · with all its virgin glories; and before the plough · of diſappointment has thrown up furrows of di- · ſtreſs upon every lovely feature.·

If I can procure you this honour, you will be ready

to laugh out, as I have often much ado to forbear, at the puritanical behaviour of the Mother before this Lady. Not an oath, not a curſe, nor the leaſt free word, eſcapes her lips. She minces in her gaite. She prims up her horſe-mouth. Her voice, which when ſhe pleaſes, is the voice of thunder, is ſunk into an humble whine. Her ſtiff hams, that have not been bent to a civility for ten years paſt, are now limbered into courteſies three-deep at every word. Her fat arms are croſſed before her; and ſhe can hardly be prevailed upon to ſit in the preſence of my goddeſs.

I am drawing up inſtructions for ye all to obſerve on Monday night.

Saturday Night.

Most confoundedly alarmed!—Lord, Sir, what do you think? cried Dorcas—My Lady is reſolved to go to Church to-morrow! I was at Quadrille with the women below—To Church! ſaid I; and down I laid my cards. *To Church!* repeated they, each looking upon the other. We had done playing for *that* night.

Who could have dreamt of ſuch a whim as this?—Without notice, without queſtions! Her cloaths not come! No leave aſked!—Impoſſible ſhe ſhould think of being *my wife!*—Beſides, ſhe don't conſider, if ſhe go to Church, I muſt go too!—Yet not to aſk for my company!—Her Brother and Singleton ready to ſnap her up, as far as ſhe knows!—Known by her cloaths!—Her perſon, her features, ſo diſtinguiſhed!—Not ſuch another woman in England! To Church of all places!—Is the devil in the girl, ſaid I? as ſoon as I could ſpeak.

Well, but to leave this ſubject till to-morrow morning, I will now give you the Inſtructions I have drawn up for yours and your companions behaviour on Monday night.

In-

Inſtructions to be obſerved by John Belford, Richard Mowbray, Thomas Belton, and James Tourville, Eſquires of the Body to General Robert Lovelace, on their admiſſion to the preſence of his Goddeſs.

YE muſt be ſure to let it ſink deep into your heavy heads, that there is no ſuch Lady in the world, as Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe; and that ſhe is neither more nor leſs than Mrs. Lovelace, though at preſent, to my ſhame be it ſpoken, a Virgin.

Be mindful alſo, that your old Mother's name, after that of *her* Mother when a Maid, is Sinclair: That her Huſband was a Lieutenant-colonel, and all that *you*, Belford, know from honeſt Doleman's Letter of her *(a)*, that let your brethren know.

Mowbray and Tourville, the two greateſt blunderers of the four, I allow to be acquainted with the Widow and Nieces, from the knowlege they had of the Colonel. They will not forbear familiarities of ſpeech to the Mother, as of longer acquaintance than a day. So I have ſuited their parts to their capacities.

They may praiſe the Widow and the Colonel for people of great honour—But not too groſly; nor to labour the point ſo as to render themſelves ſuſpected.

The Mother will lead ye into her own and the Colonel's praiſes; and Tourville and Mowbray may be both her vouchers—I, and you, and Belton, muſt be only hearſay confirmers.

As poverty is generally ſuſpectible, the Widow muſt be got handſomely aforehand; and no doubt but ſhe *is*. The elegance of her houſe and furniture, and her readineſs to diſcharge all demands upon her, which ſhe does with oſtentation enough, and which makes her neighbours, I ſuppoſe, like her the better, demonſtrate this. She will pro-

(*a*) See p. 34—37.

· poſe to do handſome things by her two Nieces. · Sally is near Marriage—with an eminent Woolen· draper in the Strand, if ye have a mind to it; for · there are five or ſix of them there.

· The Nieces may be enquired after, ſince they · will be abſent, as perſons reſpected by Mowbray · and Tourville, for their late worthy Uncle's ſake.

· Watch ye diligently every turn of my counte· nance; every motion of my eye; for in my eye, · and in my countenance, will ye find a ſovereign · regulator.· I need not bid you reſpect me mightily: Your allegiance obliges ye to that: And who that ſees me, reſpects me not?

· Priſcilla Partington (for her looks ſo innocent, · and diſcretion ſo deep, yet ſeeming ſo ſoftly) may · be greatly relied upon. She will accompany the · Mother, gorgeouſly dreſſed, with all her Jew's extra· vagance flaming out upon her; and firſt *induce*, then · *countenance*, the Lady. She has her cue, and I hope · will make her acquaintance coveted by my Charmer.

· Miſs Partington's hiſtory is this: The Daughter · of Col. Sinclair's Brother-in-law; That Brother-in· law may have been a Turky merchant, or any mer· chant, who died confoundedly rich: The Colonel · one of her guardians [*Collateral credit in that to · the Old one*]: Whence ſhe always calls Mrs. Sin· clair *Mamma*; tho' not ſucceeding to the truſt.

· She is juſt come to paſs a day or two, and then · to return to her ſurviving guardian's at Barnet.

· Miſs Partington has ſuitors a little hundred · (her Grandmother, an Alderman's Dowager, hav· ing left her a great additional fortune); and is not · truſted out of her guardian's houſe, without an old · gouvernante noted for diſcretion, except to her · Mamma Sinclair; with whom now-and-then ſhe is · permitted to be for a week together.

· Priſc. will Mamma-up Mrs. Sinclair, and will

· under-

undertake to court her guardian to let her paſs a delightful week with her—Sir Edward Holden, he may as well be, if your ſhallow pates will not be clogged with too many circumſtantials. Lady Holden perhaps will come with her; for ſhe always delighted in her Mamma Sinclair's company; and talks of her, and her good management, twenty times a day.

Be it principally thy part, Jack, who art a parading fellow, and aimeſt at wiſdom, to keep thy brother-varlets from blundering; for, as thou muſt have obſerved from what I have written, we have the moſt watchful and moſt penetrating Lady in the world to deal with: A Lady worth deceiving! But whoſe eyes will pierce to the bottom of your ſhallow ſouls the moment ſhe hears you open. Do thou therefore place thyſelf between Mowbray and Tourville: Their toes to be played upon and commanded by thine, if they go wrong: Thy elbows to be the miniſters of approbation.

As to your general behaviour; No hypocriſy!—I hate it: So does my Charmer. If I had ſtudied for it, I believe I *could* have been an hypocrite: But my general character is ſo well known, that I ſhould have been ſuſpected at once, had I aimed at making myſelf too white. But what neceſſity can there be for hypocriſy, unleſs the generality of the Sex were to *refuſe* us for our immoralities? The beſt of them love to have the credit of reforming us. Let the ſweet ſouls try for it: If they fail, their intent was good. That will be a conſolation to them. And as to *us*, our work will be the eaſier; our ſins the fewer: Since they will draw themſelves in with a very little of our help; and we ſhall ſave a parcel of curſed Falſhoods, and appear to be what we *are* both to Angels and Men.—Mean time their very Grandmothers will acquit us,

and

· and reproach them with their *Self-do*, *Self-have*; · and as having *erred againſt knowlege*, and ventured · againſt *manifeſt appearances*. What folly therefore · for men of our character to be hypocrites!

· Be ſure to inſtruct the reſt, and do thou thyſelf · remember, not to talk obſcenely.· You know I never permitted any of you to talk obſcenely. Time enough for that, when ye grow old, and can ONLY talk. · Beſides, ye muſt conſider Priſc's *affected* · character, my Goddeſs's *real* one. Far from ob- · ſcenity therefore, do not ſo much as touch upon · the double Entendre.· What! as I have often ſaid, cannot you touch a Lady's heart, without wounding her ear?

· It is *neceſſary*, that ye ſhould appear worſe men · than myſelf. You cannot help appearing ſo, you'll · ſay. Well then, there will be the leſs reſtraint upon · you—The leſs reſtraint, the leſs affectation.—And · if Belton begins his favourite ſubject in behalf of · *keeping*, it may make me take upon myſelf to op- · poſe him: But fear not; I ſhall not give the argu- · ment all my force.

· She muſt have ſome curioſity, I think, to ſee · what ſort of men my companions are: She will · not expect any of you to be ſaints. Are ye not · men born to conſiderable fortunes, altho' ye are not · all of ye men of parts? Who is it in this mortal · life, that *wealth does not miſlead?* And as it gives · people the *power of being miſchievous*, does it not · require great virtue to forbear the uſe of that · power? Is not the devil ſaid to be the god of this · world? Are we not children of this world? Well · then!—Let me tell thee, that it is the *poor* and the · *middling* that muſt ſave the reſt; if the reſt are to · be ſaved. Ingrateful wretches the reſt, thou wilt · be apt to ſay, to make ſuch ſorry returns, as they · generally make, to the *poor* and the *middling!*·

This

This dear Lady is prodigiouſly learned in *Theories:* But as to *Practics*, as to *Experimentals*, muſt be, as you know from her tender years, a mere novice. Till ſhe knew me, I dare ſay, ſhe did not believe, whatever ſhe had read, that there were ſuch fellows in the world, as ſhe will ſee in you four. I ſhall have much pleaſure in obſerving how ſhe'll ſtare at her company, when ſhe finds me the politeſt man of the five.

· And ſo much for Inſtructions general and particular for your behaviour on Monday-night.

· And let me add, that you muſt attend to every · minute circumſtance, whether you think there be · reaſon in it, or not. Deep, like golden ore, fre· quently lies my meaning, and richly worth digging · for. The hint of *leaſt* moment, as *you* may ima· gine it, is often pregnant with events of the *greateſt*. · Be implicit. Am not I your General? Did I ever · lead you on, that I brought ye not off with ſafety · and ſucceſs, ſometimes to your own ſtupid aſtoniſh· ment?·

And now, methinks, thou art curious to know, what can be my view in riſquing the diſpleaſure of my Fair one, and alarming her fears, after four or five halcyon days have gone over our heads?—I'll ſatisfy thee.

The viſitors of the two Nieces will croud the houſe. Beds will be ſcarce. Miſs Partington, a ſweet modeſt genteel girl, will be prodigiouſly taken with my Charmer; will want to begin a friendſhip with her. A ſhare in her bed for one night only, will be requeſted. Who knows, but on that very Monday night I may be ſo unhappy, as to give *mortal offence* to my Beloved? *The ſhieſt birds may be caught napping.* Should ſhe *attempt to fly me* upon it, cannot I *detain her?* Should ſhe *actually fly*, cannot I *bring her back* by authority civil or uncivil, if I have

have evidence upon evidence that ſhe acknowleged, though but tacitly, her Marriage?—And *ſhould I*, or *ſhould I not* ſucceed, and ſhe *forgive me*, or if ſhe but deſcend to *expoſtulate*, or if ſhe *bear me in her ſight*; then will ſhe be all my own. All delicacy is my Charmer. I long to ſee how ſuch a delicacy, on *any* of theſe occaſions, will behave. And in my ſituation it behoves me to provide againſt every accident.

I muſt take care, knowing what an Eel I have to do with, that the little wriggling rogue does not ſlip thro' my fingers. How ſilly ſhould I look, ſtaring after her, when ſhe had ſhot from me into the muddy river, her family, from which with ſo much difficulty I have taken her!

Well then; here are—Let me ſee—How many perſons are there who, after Monday night, will be able to ſwear, that ſhe has gone by my name, anſwered to my name, had no other view in leaving her friends, but to go by my name? Her own relations neither able nor willing to deny it.—Firſt, here are *my* Servants; her Servant Dorcas; Mrs. Sinclair; Mrs. Sinclair's two Nieces; and Miſs Partington.

But for fear theſe evidences ſhould be ſuſpected, here comes the jet of the buſineſs—'No leſs than 'four worthy gentlemen, of fortune and family, who 'were all in company ſuch a night particularly, at a 'collation to which they were invited by Robert 'Lovelace, of Sandoun-Hall in the county of Lan'caſter, Eſquire, in company with Magdalen Sin'clair widow, and Priſcilla Partington ſpinſter, and 'the Lady complainant; when the ſaid Robert Love'lace addreſſed himſelf to the ſaid Lady, on a mul'titude of occaſions, as *his* wife; as they and others 'did, as Mrs. Lovelace; every one complimenting 'and congratulating her upon her nuptials; and that 'ſhe received ſuch their compliments and congratu-

'lations with no other viſible diſpleaſure or repug-
'nance, than ſuch as a young Bride, full of bluſhes
'and pretty confuſion, might be ſuppoſed to expreſs
'upon ſuch contemplative revolvings as thoſe com-
'pliments would naturally inſpire.' Nor do thou rave at me, Jack, nor *rebel*.—Doſt think I brought the dear creature hither for nothing?

And here's a faint ſketch of my plot.—Stand by, varlets—Tanta-ra-ra-ra!—Veil your bonnets, and confeſs your maſter!

LETTER XXXVII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

Sunday.

HAVE been at Church, Jack—Behaved admirably well too! My Charmer is pleaſed with me now: For I was exceedingly attentive to the diſcourſe, and very ready in the auditor's part of the Service.—Eyes did not much wander. How could they, when the lovelieſt object, infinitely the lovelieſt, in the whole Church, was in my view?

Dear creature! how fervent, how amiable, in her devotions! I have got her to own, *that ſhe prayed for me*. I hope a prayer from ſo excellent a mind will not be made in vain.

There is, after all, ſomething beautifully ſolemn in devotion. The Sabbath is a charming inſtitution to *keep* the heart right, when it *is* right. One day in ſeven, how reaſonable!—I think I'll go to Church once a day often. I fanſy it will go a great way towards making me a reformed man. To ſee multitudes of well-appearing people, all joining in one reverent act: An exerciſe worthy of a rational being!—Yet it adds a ſting or two to my former ſtings, when I think of my projects with regard to this charming creature. In my conſcience, I believe, if

I were

I were to go conſtantly to Church, I could not purſue them.

I had a ſcheme come into my head while there: But I will renounce it, becauſe it obtruded itſelf upon me in ſo good a place. Excellent creature! How many *ruins* has ſhe prevented by attaching me to herſelf; by engroſſing my whole attention!

But let me tell thee what paſſed between us in my firſt viſit of this morning; and then I will acquaint thee more largely with my good behaviour at Church.

I could not be admitted till after eight. I found her ready prepared to go out. I pretended to be ignorant of her intention, having charged Dorcas not to own that ſhe had told me of it.

Going abroad, Madam?—with an air of indifference.

Yes, Sir; I intend to go to Church.

I hope, Madam, I ſhall have the honour to attend you.

No: She deſigned to take a chair, and go to the next Church.

This ſtartled me: A chair to carry her to the next Church from Mrs. Sinclair's, her right name not Sinclair, and to bring her back hither, in the face of people who might not think well of the houſe!—There was no permitting That. Yet I was to appear indifferent. But ſaid, I ſhould take it for a favour, if ſhe would permit me to attend her in a coach, as there was time for it, to St. Paul's.

She made objections to the gaiety of my dreſs; and told me, that, if ſhe went to St. Paul's, ſhe could go in a coach without *me*.

I objected Singleton and her Brother, and offered to dreſs in the plaineſt ſuit I had.

I beg the favour of attending you, dear Madam, ſaid I. I have not been at Church a great while: We ſhall ſit in different Stalls: And the next time I go,

go, I hope it will be to give myſelf a title to the greateſt bleſſing I can receive.

She made ſome further objections: But at laſt permitted me the honour of attending her.

I got myſelf placed in her eye, that the time might not ſeem tedious to me; for we were there early. And I gained her good opinion, as I mentioned above, by my behaviour.

The ſubject of the diſcourſe was particular enough: It was about a prophet's ſtory or parable of an Ewe-lamb taken by a rich man from a poor one, who dearly loved it, and whoſe only comfort it was: Deſigned to ſtrike remorſe into David, on his adultery with Uriah's wife Bathſheba, and his murder of the huſband. Theſe women, Jack, have been the occaſion of all manner of miſchief from the beginning! Now, when David, full of indignation, ſwore [King David would ſwear, Jack: But how ſhouldſt thou know who King David was? The ſtory is in the Bible] that the rich man ſhould ſurely die; Nathan, which was the prophet's name, and a good ingenious fellow, cried out (which were the words of the text) *Thou art the man!*—By my ſoul I thought the parſon looked directly at me: And at that moment I caſt my eye full on my Ewe-lamb. But I muſt tell thee too, that I thought a good deal of my Roſebud.—A better man than King David, in *that* point, however, thought I!

When we came home, we talked upon the ſubject; and I ſhewed my Charmer my attention to the diſcourſe, by letting her know where the doctor made the moſt of his ſubject, and where it might have been touched to greater advantage: For it is really a very affecting ſtory, and has as pretty a contrivance in it as ever I read. And this I did in ſuch a grave way, that ſhe ſeemed more and more pleaſed with me; and I have no doubt, that I ſhall get her

to

to favour me to-morrow night with her company at my collation.

Sunday Evening.

We all dined together in Mrs. Sinclair's parlour. All *exceſſively* right! The two Nieces have topp'd their parts; Mrs. Sinclair hers. Never ſo eaſy as now!—'She really thought a little oddly of theſe 'people at firſt, ſhe ſaid: Mrs. Sinclair ſeemed very 'forbidding! Her Nieces were perſons with whom 'ſhe could not wiſh to be acquainted. But really 'we ſhould not be too haſty in our cenſures. Some 'people improve upon us. The widow ſeems *tole-* '*rable.*' She went no farther than *tolerable*. 'Miſs 'Martin and Miſs Horton are young people of good 'ſenſe, and have read a great deal. What Miſs 'Martin particularly ſaid of marriage, and of her 'humble ſervant, was very ſolid. She believes, 'with ſuch notions, ſhe cannot make a bad wife.' —I have ſaid, Sally's humble ſervant is a woolen-draper of great reputation; and ſhe is ſoon to be married.

I have been letting her into thy character, and into the characters of my other three Eſquires, in hopes to excite her curioſity to ſee you to-morrow night. I have told her ſome of the *worſt*, as well as *beſt* parts of your characters, in order to exalt myſelf, and to obviate any ſudden ſurprizes, as well as to teach her, what ſort of men ſhe may expect to ſee, if ſhe will oblige me with her company.

By her after-obſervations upon each of you, I ſhall judge what I may or may not do to *obtain* or *keep* her good opinion; what ſhe will *like*, what *not*; and ſo purſue the one, or avoid the other, as I ſee proper.—So, while ſhe is penetrating into your ſhallow heads, I ſhall enter *her* heart, and know what to bid *my own* to hope for.

The houſe is to be taken in three weeks: All will be

be over in three weeks, or bad will be my luck!—Who knows but in three days?—Have I not carried that great point of making her paſs for my Wife to the people below? And that other great one of fixing myſelf here night and day? — What woman ever eſcaped me, who lodged under one roof with me?—The Houſe too, THE houſe; the people, people after my own heart: Her ſervants, Will and Dorcas, both *my* ſervants.—*Three days* did I ſay! Pho! pho! pho!—*Three hours!*

* * * * *

· I HAVE carried my third point; but ſo extremely to the diſlike of my Charmer, that I have · been threatened, for ſuffering Miſs Partington to · be introduced to her without her leave. Which · laid her under a neceſſity to deny or comply with · the urgent requeſt of ſo fine a young Lady; who · had engaged to honour me at my Collation, on · condition that my Beloved would be preſent at it.

· To be obliged to appear before my friends as · what ſhe was not! She was for inſiſting, that I · ſhould acquaint the women here with the truth · of the matter; and not go on propagating ſtories · for her to countenance; making her a ſharer in · my guilt.

· But what points will not perſeverance carry? · eſpecially when it is cover'd over with the face of · yielding *now*, and Parthian-like returning to the · charge *anon*. Do not the Sex carry all their points · with their men by the ſame methods? Have I · converſed with them ſo freely as I have done, and · learnt nothing of them? Didſt thou ever know · that a woman's denial of any favour, whether the · leaſt or the greateſt, that my heart was ſet upon, · ſtood her in any ſtead? The more perverſe ſhe, · the more ſteady I; that is my rule.

· But the point thus ſo much againſt her will car-

· ried, I doubt thou will ſee in her more of a ſullen
· than of an obliging Charmer. For when Miſs
· Partington was withdrawn, " What was Miſs
· " Partington to her? In her ſituation ſhe wanted
· " no new acquaintance. And what were my four
· " friends to her in her preſent circumſtances? She
· " would aſſure me, if ever again"—And there
· ſhe ſtopt, with a twirl of her hand.

· When we meet, I will, in her preſence, tipping
· thee a wink, ſhew thee the motion; for it was a
· very pretty one. Quite new. Yet have I ſeen
· an hundred pretty paſſionate twirls too, in my
· time, from other Fair-ones. How univerſally en-
· gaging it is to put a woman of ſenſe, to whom a
· man is not married, in a paſſion, let every ranting
· ſcene in our Plays teſtify. Take care, my Char-
· mer, now thou art come to delight me with thy
· angry twirls, that thou tempteſt me not to pro-
· voke a *variety of them* from one, whoſe every mo-
· tion, whoſe every air, carries in it ſo much ſenſe
· and ſoul.

· But, angry or pleaſed, this charming Creature
· muſt be all lovelineſs. Her features are all har-
· mony, and made for one another. No other fea-
· ture could be ſubſtituted in the place of any one of
· hers, but muſt abate of her perfection: And think
· you that I do not long to have your opinion of
· my fair Prize?·

If you love to ſee features that glow, tho' the heart is frozen, and never yet was thawed; if you love fine ſenſe, and adages flowing through teeth of ivory, and lips of coral; an eye that penetrates all things; a voice that is harmony itſelf; an air of grandeur, mingled with a ſweetneſs that cannot be deſcribed; a politeneſs that, if ever equalled, was never excelled—You'll ſee all theſe excellencies, and ten times more, in this my GLORIANA.

Mark

Mark her majeſtic fabric!—She's a temple
Sacred by birth, and built by hands divine;
Her Soul the deity that lodges there:
Nor is the pile unworthy of the god.

Or, to deſcribe her in a ſofter ſtile with Rowe,

The bloom of op'ning flow'rs, unſully'd beauty,
Softneſs, and ſweeteſt innocence, ſhe wears,
And looks like nature in the world's firſt ſpring.

Adieu, varlets four!—At Six on Monday evening, I expect ye all.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Sunday, April 30.

MR. Lovelace in his laſt Letters having taken notice of the moſt material paſſages contained in this Letter, the following Extracts from it are only inſerted.

She gives pretty near the ſame account that he does of what paſſed between them, on her reſolution to go to church; and of his propoſal of St. Paul's, and deſire of attending her. She praiſes his good behaviour there; as alſo the diſcourſe, and the preacher: Is pleaſed with its ſeaſonableneſs: Gives particulars of the converſation between them afterwards, and commends the good obſervations he makes upon the ſermon.

I am willing, *ſays ſhe*, to have hopes of him: But am ſo unable to know how to depend upon his ſerioufneſs for an hour together, that all my favourable accounts of him in this reſpect muſt be taken with allowance.

Being very much preſſed, I could not tell how

· to refuſe dining with the Widow and her Nieces
· this day. I am better pleaſed with them, than I
· ever thought I ſhould be. I cannot help blaming
· myſelf for my readineſs to give ſevere cenſures,
· where reputation is concerned. Peoples ways, hu-
· mours, conſtitutions, education, allowed for, my
· dear, many perſons, as far as I know, may appear
· blameleſs, whom others of different humours and
· educations are too apt to blame; and who, from
· the ſame fault, may be as ready to blame *them*. I
· will therefore make it a rule to myſelf for the fu-
· ture, Never to judge peremptorily on firſt ap-
· pearances: But yet I muſt obſerve, that theſe are
· not people I ſhould chuſe to be intimate with, or
· whoſe ways I can like: Altho', for the ſtations they
· are in, they may go thro' the world with tolerable
· credit.

· Mr. Lovelace's behaviour has been ſuch, as
· makes me call this, ſo far as it is paſſed, an agree-
· able day. Yet, when eaſieſt as to him, my ſitua-
· tion with my friends takes place in my thoughts,
· and cauſes me many a tear.

· I am the more pleaſed with the people of the
· houſe, becauſe of the perſons of rank they are
· acquainted with, and who viſit them.

Sunday Evening.

· I AM ſtill well pleaſed with Mr. Lovelace's be-
· haviour. We have had a good deal of ſerious
· diſcourſe together. The man has really juſt and
· good notions. He confeſſes how much he is pleaſed
· with this day, and hopes for many ſuch. Never-
· theleſs, he ingenuouſly warned me, that his unlucky
· vivacity might return: But he doubted not, that
· he ſhould be fixed at laſt by my example and con-
· verſation.

· He has given me an entertaining account of the
· four

· four gentlemen he is to meet to-morrow night: · *Entertaining*, I mean, for his humourous deſcription of their perſons, manners, *&c.* but ſuch a deſcription as is far from being to their praiſe: Yet · he ſeemed rather to deſign to divert my melancholy · by it, than to degrade them. I think at bottom, · my dear, that he muſt be a good-natured man; · but that he was ſpoiled young for want of check · or controul.

· I cannot but call this, my circumſtances conſi· dered, an happy day to the end of it. Indeed, my · dear, I think I could prefer him to all the men I ever · knew, were he but to be always what he has been · this day. You ſee how ready I am to own all you · have charged me with, when I find myſelf out. · It is a difficult thing, I believe, ſometimes, for a · young creature that is able to deliberate with her· ſelf, to know when ſhe loves, or when ſhe hates: · But I am reſolved, as much as poſſible, to be de· termined both in my hatred and love by *actions*, · as *they* make the man worthy or unworthy.·

She dates again on Monday, and declares herſelf highly diſpleaſed at Miſs Partington's being introduced to her: And ſtill more for being obliged to promiſe to be preſent at Mr. Lovelace's Collation. She foreſees, ſhe ſays, a murder'd Evening.

LETTER XXXIX.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Monday Night, May 1.

I HAVE juſt eſcaped from the very diſagreeable company I was obliged, ſo much againſt my will, to be in. As a very particular relation of this evening's converſation would be painful to me, you muſt content yourſelf with what you ſhall be able to

collect from the outlines, as I may call them, of the characters of the perſons; aſſiſted by the little hiſtories Mr. Lovelace gave me of each yeſterday.

The names of the gentlemen are Belton, Mowbray, Tourville, and Belford. Theſe four, with Mrs. Sinclair, Miſs Partington, the great heireſs mentioned in my laſt, Mr. Lovelace, and myſelf, made up the company.

I gave you before the favourable ſide of Miſs Partington's character, ſuch as it was given me by Mrs. Sinclair, and her Nieces. I will now add a few words from my own obſervation upon her behaviour in *this* company.

In *better* company perhaps ſhe would have appeared to leſs diſadvantage: But, notwithſtanding her *innocent looks*, which Mr. Lovelace alſo highly praiſed, he is the laſt perſon whoſe judgment I would take upon real modeſty. For I obſerved, that, upon ſome talk from the gentlemen, not free enough to be openly cenſured, yet too indecent in its implication to come from well-bred perſons, in the company of virtuous people, this young Lady was very ready to apprehend; and yet, by ſmiles and ſimperings, to encourage, rather than diſcourage, the culpable freedoms of perſons, who, in what they went out of their way to ſay, muſt either be guilty of abſurdity, meaning *nothing*; or, meaning *ſomething*, of rudeneſs *(a)*.

But indeed I have ſeen women, of whom I had a better opinion, than I can ſay I have of Mrs. Sinclair, who have allowed *gentlemen*, and *themſelves* too, in greater liberties of this ſort, than I have thought conſiſtent with that purity of manners which ought to be the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of our Sex: For

(*a*) Mr. Belford in Vol. IV. Letter xxi. reminds Mr. Lovelace of ſome particular topics which paſſed in their converſation, extremely to the Lady's honour.

what

what are *words*, but the *body* and *dreſs* of *thought*? And is not the mind ſtrongly indicated by its outward dreſs?

But to the *gentlemen*; as they muſt be called in right of their anceſtors, it ſeems; for no other do they appear to have:

Mr. BELTON has had Univerſity-education, and was deſigned for the gown; but that not ſuiting with the gaiety of his temper, and an Uncle dying, who deviſed to him a good Eſtate, he quitted the College, came up to town, and commenced fine gentleman. He is ſaid to be a man of ſenſe.—Mr. Belton dreſſes gaily, but not quite foppiſhly; drinks hard; keeps all hours, and glories in doing ſo; games, and has been hurt by that pernicious diverſion: He is about thirty years of age: His face is of a fiery red, ſomewhat bloated and pimply; and his irregularities threaten a brief duration to the ſenſual dream he is in: For he has a ſhort conſumptive cough, which ſeems to denote bad lungs; yet makes himſelf and his friends merry by his ſtupid and inconſiderate jeſts upon very threatening ſymptoms, which ought to make him more ſerious.

Mr. MOWBRAY has been a great traveller; ſpeaks as many languages as Mr. Lovelace himſelf, but not ſo fluently: Is of a good family: Seems to be about thirty-three or thirty-four: Tall and comely in his perſon: Bold and daring in his look: Is a large-boned ſtrong man: Has a great ſcar in his forehead, with a dent, as if his ſkull had been beaten in there; and a ſeamed ſcar in his right cheek.—He dreſſes likewiſe very gaily: Has his ſervants always about him, whom he is continually calling upon, and ſending on the moſt trifling meſſages; half a dozen inſtances of which we had in the little time I was among them; while they ſeem to watch the turn of his fierce eye, to be ready to run, before they have

half his meſſage, and ſerve him with fear and trembling. Yet to his equals the man ſeems tolerable: He talks not amiſs upon public entertainments and diverſions; eſpecially upon thoſe abroad: Yet has a romancing air; and averrs things ſtrongly, which ſeem quite improbable. Indeed, he *doubts* nothing, but what he ought to *believe:* For he jeſts upon ſacred things; and profeſſes to hate the Clergy of all Religions. He has high notions of *Honour*, a word hardly ever out of his mouth; but ſeems to have no great regard to *Morals*.

Mr. Tourville occaſionally told his age; juſt turned of thirty-one. He alſo is of an antient family; but, in his perſon and manners, more of what I call the Coxcomb, than any of his companions. He dreſſes richly; would be thought elegant in the choice and faſhion of what he wears; yet, after all, appears rather tawdry than fine. One ſees, by the care he takes of his Outſide, and the notice he beſpeaks from *every one* by his *own* notice of himſelf, that the Inſide takes up the leaſt of his attention. He dances finely, Mr. Lovelace ſays: Is a maſter of muſic; and ſinging is one of his principal excellencies. They prevailed upon him to ſing; and he obliged them both in Italian and French; and, to do him juſtice, his ſongs in both were decent. They were all highly delighted with his performance; but his greateſt admirers were Mrs. Sinclair, Miſs Partington, and *himſelf*. To me he appeared to have a great deal of affectation.

Mr. Tourville's converſation and addreſs are inſufferably full of thoſe really groſs affronts upon the underſtandings of our Sex, which the moderns call *Compliments*, and are intended to paſs for ſo many inſtances of good breeding, tho' the moſt hyperbolical, unnatural ſtuff that can be conceived, and which can only ſerve to ſhew the inſincerity of the *complimenter*;

plimenter; and the ridiculous light in which the *complimented* appears in his eyes, if he ſuppoſes a woman capable of reliſhing the romantic abſurdities of his ſpeeches.

He affects to introduce into his common talk Italian and French words; and often anſwers an Engliſh queſtion in French, which language he greatly prefers to the barbarouſly hiſſing Engliſh. But then he never fails to tranſlate into this his *odious* native tongue the words and the ſentences he ſpeaks in the other two—Leſt, perhaps, it ſhould be queſtioned whether he underſtands what he ſays.

He loves to tell ſtories: Always calls them *merry*, *facetious*, *good*, or *excellent*, before he begins, in order to beſpeak the attention of the hearers; but never gives himſelf concern in the *progreſs* or *concluſion* of them, to make good what he promiſes in his *preface*. Indeed he ſeldom brings any of them to a concluſion; for, if his company have patience to hear him out, he breaks in upon himſelf by ſo many parenthetical intruſions, as one may call them, and has ſo many incidents ſpringing in upon him, that he frequently drops his own thread, and ſometimes ſits down ſatisfied half-way; or, if at other times he would reſume it, he applies to his company to help him in again, with a *Devil fetch him* if he remembers what he was driving at—But enough, and too much of Mr. Tourville.

Mr. Belford is the fourth gentleman, and one of whom Mr. Lovelace ſeems more fond than of any of the reſt; for he is a man of tried bravery, it ſeems; and this pair of friends came acquainted upon occaſion of a quarrel (poſſibly about a woman) which brought on a challenge, and a meeting at Kenſington Gravelpits; which ended without unhappy conſequences, by the mediation of three gentlemen ſtrangers, juſt as each had made a paſs at the other.

Mr.

Mr. Belford it ſeems is about ſeven or eight-and-twenty. He is the youngeſt of the five, except Mr. Lovelace: And they are perhaps the wickedeſt; for they ſeem to lead the other three as they pleaſe. Mr. Belford, as the others, dreſſes gaily: But has not thoſe advantages of perſon, nor from his dreſs, which Mr. Lovelace is too proud of. He has, however, the appearance and air of a gentleman. He is well read in claſſical authors, and in the beſt Engliſh poets and writers: And, by his means, the converſation took now-and-then a more agreeable turn: And I, who endeavoured to put the beſt face I could upon my ſituation, as I paſſed for Mrs. Lovelace with them, made ſhift to join in it, at ſuch times; and received abundance of compliments from all the company, on the obſervations I made *(a)*.

Mr. Belford ſeems good-natured and obliging; and, altho' very complaiſant, not ſo fulſomely ſo, as Mr. Tourville; and has a polite and eaſy manner of expreſſing his ſentiments on all occaſions. He ſeems to delight in a logical way of argumentation, as alſo does Mr. Belton. Theſe two attacked each other in this way; and both looked at us women, as if to obſerve whether we did not admire their Learning, or, when they had ſaid a ſmart thing, their Wit. But Mr. Belford had viſibly the advantage of the other, having quicker parts, and, by taking the worſt ſide of the argument, ſeemed to *think* he had. Upon the whole of his behaviour and converſation, he put me in mind of that character in Milton:

——*His tongue*
Dropt manna, and could make the worſe appear
The better reaſon, to perplex and daſh
Matureſt counſels; for his thoughts were low;

(*a*) See Vol. IV. Letter xxi. above referred to.

To

To vice induſtrious: But to nobler deeds
Tim'rous and ſlothful:—Yet he pleas'd the ear.

How little ſoever matters in general may be to our liking, we are apt, when hope is ſtrong enough to permit it, to endeavour to make the beſt we can of the lot we have drawn; and I could not but obſerve often, how much Mr. Lovelace excelled all his four friends in every-thing they ſeemed deſirous to excel in. But, as to wit and vivacity, he had no equal there. All the others gave up to him, when his lips began to open. The haughty Mowbray would call upon the prating Tourville for ſilence, and would elbow the ſupercilious Belton into attention, when Lovelace was going to ſpeak. And when he had ſpoken, the words, Charming fellow! with a free word of admiration or envy, fell from every mouth.

He has indeed ſo many advantages in his perſon and manner, that what would be inexcuſable in another, if one took not great care to watch over one's ſelf, and to diſtinguiſh what is the eſſence of right and wrong, would look becoming in him.

Mr. Belford, to my no ſmall vexation and confuſion, with the forwardneſs of a favoured and intruſted friend, ſingled me out, on Mr. Lovelace's being ſent for down, to make me congratulatory compliments on my ſuppoſed nuptials; which he did with a caution, not to inſiſt too long on the rigorous vow I had impoſed upon a man ſo univerſally admired—

'See him among twenty men,' ſaid he, 'all of 'diſtinction, and no-body is regarded but Mr. Love-'lace.'

It muſt, indeed, be confeſſed, that there is in his whole deportment a natural dignity, which renders all inſolent or imperative demeanour as unneceſſary

as

as inexcuſable. Then that deceiving ſweetneſs which appears in his ſmiles, in his accent, in his whole aſpect and addreſs, when he thinks it worth his while to oblige, or endeavour to attract, how does this ſhew, that he was *born* innocent, as I may ſay; that he was not *naturally* the cruel, the boiſterous, the impetuous creature, which the wicked company he may have fallen into have made him! For he has, beſides, an open, and, I think, an honeſt countenance. Don't *you* think ſo, my dear?— On all theſe ſpecious appearances, have I founded my hopes of ſeeing him a reformed man.

But it is amazing to me, I own, that with ſo much of the gentleman, ſuch a general knowlege of books and men, ſuch a ſkill in the learned as well as modern languages, he can take ſo much delight as he does in the company of ſuch perſons as I have deſcribed, and in ſubjects of frothy impertinence, unworthy of his talents, and of his natural and acquired advantages. I can think but of one reaſon for it, and that muſt argue a very low mind; his VANITY; which makes him deſirous of being conſidered as the head of the people he conſorts with. A man to love praiſe; yet to be content to draw it from ſuch contaminated ſprings!—

One compliment paſſed from Mr. Belford to Mr. Lovelace, which haſtened my quitting the ſhocking company—'You are a happy man, Mr. Lovelace,' ſaid he, upon ſome fine ſpeeches made him by Mrs. Sinclair, and aſſented to by Miſs Partington: 'You 'have ſo much courage, and ſo much wit, that 'neither man nor woman can ſtand before you.'

Mr. Belford looked at me, when he ſpoke: Yes, my dear, he ſmilingly looked at me: And he looked upon his complimented friend: And all their *aſſenting*, and therefore *affronting* eyes, both mens and womens, were turned upon your Clariſſa: At leaſt, my

my ſelf-reproaching heart made me think ſo; for that would hardly permit my eye to look up.

Oh! my dear, were but a woman, who gives reaſon to the world to think her to be in love with a man [And this muſt be believed to be my caſe; or to what can my *ſuppoſed* voluntary going off with Mr. Lovelace be imputed?] to reflect one moment on the exaltation ſhe gives *him*, and the diſgrace ſhe brings upon *herſelf*; the low pity, the ſilent contempt, the inſolent ſneers and whiſpers, to which ſhe makes herſelf obnoxious from a cenſuring world of both Sexes; how would ſhe deſpiſe herſelf! And how much more eligible would ſhe think death itſelf to ſuch a diſcovered debaſement!

What I have thus in general touched upon, will account to you, why I could not more particularly relate what paſſed in this evening's converſation: Which, as may be gathered from what I have written, abounded with *approbatory* accuſations, and *ſuppoſed* witty retorts.

LETTER XL.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Monday Midnight.

I Am very much vex'd and diſturbed at an odd incident.

Mrs. Sinclair has juſt now left me; I believe in diſpleaſure, on my declining to comply with a requeſt ſhe made me: Which was, To admit Miſs Partington to a ſhare in my bed; her houſe being crouded by her Nieces gueſts and by their attendants, as well as by thoſe of Miſs Partington.

There might be nothing in it; and my denial carried a ſtiff and ill-natured appearance. But inſtantly, upon her making the requeſt, it came into my thought, 'that I was in a manner a ſtranger to 'every-

'every-body in the houſe: Not ſo much as a ſervant I could call my own, or of whom I had any great opinion: That there were four men of free manners in the houſe, *avowed* ſupporters of Mr. Lovelace in matters of offence; himſelf a man of enterprize; all, as far as I knew (and as I had reaſon to think by their noiſy mirth after I left them) drinking deeply: That Miſs Partington herſelf is not ſo baſhful a perſon as ſhe was repreſented to me to be: That *officious pains* were taken to give me a good opinion of her: And that Mrs. Sinclair made a greater parade in prefacing the requeſt, than ſuch a requeſt needed. To deny, thought I, can carry only an appearance of ſingularity to people who *already* think me ſingular. To conſent, may poſſibly, if not probably, be attended with inconveniencies. The conſequences of the alternative ſo very diſproportionate, I thought it more prudent to incur the cenſure, than to riſk the inconvenience.'

I told her, that I was writing a long Letter: That I ſhould chuſe to write till I were ſleepy: And that a companion would be a reſtraint upon me, and I upon her.

She was loth, ſhe ſaid, that ſo delicate a young creature and ſo great a fortune as Miſs Partington, ſhould be put to lie with Dorcas in a preſs-bed. She ſhould be very ſorry, if ſhe had aſked an improper thing. She had never been ſo put to it before. And Miſs would ſtay up with *her*, till I had done writing.

Alarmed at this urgency, and it being eaſier to perſiſt in a denial *given*, than to give it at *firſt*, I ſaid, Miſs Partington ſhould be welcome to my whole bed, and I would retire into the dining-room, and there, locking myſelf in, write all the night.

The poor thing, ſhe ſaid, was afraid to lie alone. To be ſure Miſs Partington would not put me to ſuch an inconvenience. She

She then withdrew: But returned; begged my pardon for returning: But the poor child, ſhe ſaid, was in tears. Miſs Partington had never ſeen a young Lady ſhe ſo much admired, and ſo much wiſhed to imitate, as me. The dear girl hoped that nothing had paſſed in her behaviour, to give me diſlike to her.—Should ſhe bring her to me?

I was very buſy, I ſaid. The Letter I was writeing was upon a very important ſubject. I hoped to ſee the young Lady in the morning; when I would apologize to her for my particularity. And then Mrs. Sinclair heſitating, and moving towards the door (though ſhe turned round to me again) I deſired her *(lighting her)* to take care how ſhe went down.

Pray, Madam, ſaid ſhe, on the ſtairs head, don't give yourſelf all this trouble. God knows my heart, I meant no affront: But, ſince you ſeem to take my freedom amiſs, I beg you will not acquaint Mr. Lovelace with it; for he perhaps will think me bold and impertinent.

Now, my dear, is not this a particular incident; either as I have made it, or as it was deſigned? I don't love to do an uncivil thing. And if nothing were meant by the requeſt, my refuſal deſerves to be called uncivil: Then I have ſhewn a ſuſpicion of foul uſage by it, which ſurely dare not be meant. If *juſt*, I ought to apprehend every-thing, and fly the houſe and the man as I would an infection. If *not juſt*, and if I cannot contrive to clear myſelf of having entertained ſuſpicions, by aſſigning *ſome other* plauſible reaſon for my denial, the very *ſtaying here* will have an appearance not at all reputable to myſelf.

I am now out of humour with him, with myſelf, with all the world, but you. His companions are ſhocking creatures. Why, again I repeat, ſhould he have been deſirous to bring me into ſuch company? Once more, I like him not. Indeed I do not like him!

LET-

LETTER XLI.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Tueſday, May 2.

WITH infinite regret I am obliged to tell you, that I can no longer write to you, or receive Letters from you. Your Mother has ſent me a Letter incloſed in a cover to Mr. Lovelace, directed for him at Lord M's (and which was brought him juſt now) reproaching me on this ſubject in very angry terms, and forbidding me, 'as I would not be 'thought to intend, to make her and you unhappy, 'to write to you without her leave.'

This, therefore, is the laſt you muſt receive from me, till happier days: And as my proſpects are not very bad, I preſume we ſhall ſoon have leave to write again; and even to ſee each other: Since an alliance with a family ſo honourable as Mr. Lovelace's is, will not be a diſgrace.

She is pleaſed to write, 'that if I would wiſh to '*inflame* you, I ſhould let you know her written 'prohibition: But if otherwiſe, find ſome way of my 'own accord (without bringing *her* into the queſtion) 'to decline a correſpondence, which I muſt know 'ſhe has for ſome time paſt forbidden.' But all I can ſay is, to beg of you *not* to be inflamed;—to beg of you, not to let her *know*, or even by your behaviour to her, on this occaſion, *gueſs*, that I have acquainted you with my reaſon for declining to write to you. For how elſe, after the ſcruples I have heretofore made on this very ſubject, yet proceeding to correſpond, can I honeſtly ſatisfy you about my motives for this ſudden ſtop? So, my dear, I chuſe, you ſee, rather to rely upon your diſcretion, than to feign reaſons with which you would not be ſatisfied, but, with your uſual active penetration, ſift to the bottom,

and at laſt find me to be a mean and low qualifier; and that, with an implication injurious to you, that I ſuppoſed you had not prudence enough to be truſted with the naked truth.

I repeat, that my proſpects are not bad. 'The 'houſe, I preſume, will ſoon be taken. The people 'here are very reſpectful, notwithſtanding my nicety 'about Miſs Partington. Miſs Martin, who is near 'marriage with an eminent tradeſman in the Strand, 'juſt now, in a very reſpectful manner, aſked my 'opinion of ſome patterns of rich ſilks for the occa-'ſion. The Widow has a leſs forbidding appearance 'than at firſt. Mr. Lovelace, on my declared diſlike 'of his four friends, has aſſured me, that neither they 'nor any-body elſe ſhall be introduced to me, with-'out my leave.'

Theſe circumſtances I mention (as you will ſuppoſe) that your kind heart may be at eaſe about me; that you may be induced by them to acquieſce with your Mother's commands (*chearfully* acquieſce) and that for *my ſake*, leſt I ſhould be thought an *inflamer*; who am, with very contrary intentions, my deareſt and beſt-beloved friend,

Your ever-obliged and affectionate

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XLII.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Wedn. May 3.

I Am aſtoniſhed that my Mother ſhould take ſuch a ſtep—purely to exerciſe an unreaſonable act of authority; and to oblige the moſt remorſeleſs hearts in the world. If I find, that I can be of uſe to you either by advice or information, do you think I will not give it?—Were it to any other perſon, much *leſs* dear to me than you are, do you think, in ſuch a caſe, I would forbear giving it?

Mr. Hickman, who pretends to a little caſuiſtry in ſuch nice matters, is of opinion, that I ought not to decline a correſpondence thus circumſtanced. And 'tis well he is; for my Mother having ſet me up, I muſt have ſomebody to quarrel with.

This I will come into, if it will make you eaſy—I will forbear to write to *you* for a few days, if nothing extraordinary happen; and till the rigour of her prohibition is abated. But be aſſured, that I will not diſpenſe with your writing to *me*. My Heart, my Conſcience, my Honour, will not permit it.

But how will I help myſelf?—How!—Eaſily enough. For I do aſſure you, that I want but very little further provocation to fly privately to London. And if I do, I will not leave you till I ſee you either honourably married, or abſolutely quit of the wretch: And in this laſt caſe, I will take you down with me, in defiance of the whole world: Or, if you refuſe to go with me, ſtay with you, and accompany you as your ſhadow whitherſoever you go.

Don't be frighted at this declaration. There is but one conſideration, and but one hope, that withhold me; watched as I am in all my retirements; obliged to read to her without a voice; to work in her preſence without fingers; and to lie with her every night againſt my will. The *conſideration* is, Leſt you ſhould apprehend that a ſtep of this nature would look like a doubling of your fault, in the eyes of ſuch as think your going away a fault. The *hope* is, That things will ſtill end happily, and that ſome people will have reaſon to take ſhame to themſelves for the ſorry parts they have acted. Nevertheleſs I am often balancing—But your reſolving to give up the correſpondence at this criſis, will turn the ſcale. *Write* therefore, or *take the conſequence*.

A few words upon the ſubject of your laſt Letters—I know not whether your Brother's wife project be

be given up or not. A dead ſilence reigns in your family. Your Brother was abſent three days; then at home one; and is now abſent: But whether with Singleton or not, I cannot find out.

By your account of your wretch's companions, I ſee not but they are a ſet of *Infernals*, and he the *Beelzebub*. What could he mean, as you ſay, by his earneſtneſs to bring you into ſuch company, and to give you ſuch an opportunity to make him and them reflecting-glaſſes to one another? The man's a *fool*, to be ſure, my dear.—A *ſilly fellow*, at leaſt.—The wretches muſt put on their *beſt* before you, no doubt.—Lords of the creation!—Noble fellows theſe!—Yet who knows how many poor deſpicable ſouls of our Sex the worſt of them has had to whine after him!

You have brought an inconvenience upon yourſelf, as you obſerve, by your refuſal of Miſs Partington for your bedfellow. Pity you had not admitted her. Watchful as *you* are, what *could* have happened? If violence were intended, he would not ſtay for the *night*. You might have ſat up after her, or not gone to bed. Mrs. Sinclair preſſed it too far. You was over-ſcrupulous.

If any-thing happen to delay your nuptials, I would adviſe you to remove: But if you marry, perhaps you may think it no great matter to ſtay where you are, till you take poſſeſſion of your own Eſtate. The knot once tied, and with ſo reſolute a man, it is my opinion, your relations will ſoon reſign what they cannot legally hold: And, were even a litigation to follow, you will not be *able*, nor ought you to be *willing*, to help it: For your Eſtate will then be his right; and it will be unjuſt to wiſh it to be with-held from him.

One thing I would adviſe you to think of; and that is, of proper Settlements: It will be to the

credit of your prudence and of his juſtice (and the more as matters ſtand) that ſomething of this ſhould be done before you marry. Bad as he is, no body accounts him a ſordid man. And I wonder he has been hitherto ſilent on that ſubject.

I am not diſpleaſed with his propoſal about the widow Lady's houſe. I think it will do very well. But if it muſt be three weeks before you can be certain about it; ſurely you need not put off his Day for that ſpace: And he may beſpeak his Equipages. Surpriſing to me, as well as to you, that he could be ſo acquieſcent!

I repeat—Continue to write to me. I inſiſt upon it; and that as minutely as poſſible: Or, take the conſequence. I ſend this by a particular hand. I am, and ever will be,

Your moſt affectionate

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XLIII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Thurſday, May 4.

I Forego every other engagement, I ſuſpend every wiſh, I baniſh every other fear, to take up my pen, to beg of you, that you will not think of being *guilty* of ſuch an act of Love as I can never thank you for; but muſt for ever regret. If I *muſt* continue to write to you, I muſt. I know full well your impatience of controul, when you have the leaſt imagination that your generoſity or friendſhip is likely to be wounded by it.

My deareſt, deareſt creature, would you incur a maternal, as I have a paternal, malediction? Would not the world think there was an infection in my fault, if it were to be followed by Miſs Howe? There are ſome points ſo flagrantly wrong, that they

they will not bear to be argued upon. This is one of them. I need *not* give reaſons againſt ſuch a raſhneſs. Heaven forbid that it ſhould be known that you had it but once in your *thought*, be your motives ever ſo noble and generous, to follow ſo bad an example; the rather, as that you would, in ſuch a caſe, want the extenuations that might be pleaded in my favour; and particularly that one of being *ſurpriſed* into the unhappy ſtep.

The reſtraint your Mother lays you under, would not have appeared heavy to you, but on my account. Would you have once thought it a hardſhip to be admitted to a part of her bed?—How did I uſe to be delighted with ſuch a favour from *my* Mother!—How did I love to work in her preſence!—So did you in the preſence of yours once. And to read to her in winter-evenings I know was one of your joys. —Do not give me cauſe to reproach *myſelf* on the reaſon that may be aſſigned for the change in *you*.

Learn, my dear, I beſeech you learn, to ſubdue your own paſſions. Be the motives what they will, Exceſs is Exceſs. Thoſe paſſions in our Sex, which we take no pains to ſubdue, may have one and the ſame ſource with thoſe infinitely blacker paſſions, which we uſed ſo often to condemn in the violent and headſtrong of the other Sex; and which may be only heightened in *them* by *Cuſtom*, and their *freer Education*. Let us both, my dear, ponder well this thought; look into ourſelves, and fear.

If I write, as I find I muſt, I inſiſt upon *your* forbearing to write. Your ſilence to *this* ſhall be the ſign to me, that you will not think of the raſhneſs you threaten me with; and that you will obey your Mother as to *your own* part of the correſpondence, however: Eſpecially, as you can inform or adviſe me in every weighty caſe by Mr. Hickman's pen.

My trembling writing will ſhew you, my dear impetuous creature, what a trembling heart you have given to

Your ever-obliged,

Or, if you take ſo raſh a ſtep,

Your for-ever diſobliged,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

My cloaths were brought to me juſt now. But you have ſo much diſcompoſed me, that I have no heart to look into the trunks. 'Why, 'why, my dear, will you fright me with your 'flaming Love? Diſtreſs is Diſtreſs, to a weak 'heart, whether it ariſe from Friendſhip or 'Enmity.'

A ſervant of Mr. Lovelace carries this to Mr. Hickman for diſpatch-ſake. Let that worthy man's pen relieve my heart from this new uneaſineſs.

LETTER XLIV.

Mr. HICKMAN, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[*Sent to Wilſon's by a particular hand.*]

Madam, *Friday, May 5.*

I Have the honour of dear Miſs Howe's commands, to acquaint you, without knowing the occaſion, 'That ſhe is exceſſively concerned for the con-'cern ſhe has given you in her laſt Letter: And 'that, if you will but write to her, under cover as 'before, ſhe will have no thoughts of what you are 'ſo very apprehenſive about.'—Yet ſhe bid me 'write, 'That if ſhe has but the *leaſt* imagination 'that ſhe can *ſerve* you, and *ſave* you,' thoſe are her words, 'all the cenſures of the world will be but 'of ſecond conſideration with her.' I have great temptations on this occaſion, to expreſs my own reſentments upon your preſent ſtate; but not being fully

fully appriſed of what that is—only conjecturing from the diſturbance upon the mind of the deareſt Lady in the world to me, and the moſt ſincere of friends to you, that *that* is not altogether ſo happy as were to be wiſhed; and being, moreover, forbid to enter into the cruel ſubject; I can only offer, *as I do*, my beſt and faithfulleſt ſervices; and wiſh you a happy deliverance from all your troubles. For I am,

Moſt excellent young Lady,
Your faithful and moſt obedient Servant,
CH. HICKMAN.

LETTER XLV.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Tueſday, May 2.

MERCURY, as the Fabuliſt tells us, having the curioſity to know the eſtimation he ſtood in among mortals, deſcended in diſguiſe, and, in a Statuary's ſhop, cheapened a Jupiter, then a Juno, then one, then another, of the *Dii majores*; and, at laſt, aſked, What price that ſame Statue of *Mercury* bore? O Sir, ſays the artiſt, buy one of the others, and I'll throw you in that for nothing.

How ſheepiſh muſt the god of thieves look, upon this rebuff to his vanity!

So thou!—A thouſand pounds wouldſt thou give for the good opinion of this ſingle Lady—To be only thought tolerably of, and not quite unworthy of her converſation, would make thee happy. And at parting laſt night, or rather this morning, thou madeſt me promiſe a few lines to Edgware, to let thee know what ſhe thinks of thee, and of thy Brethren.

Thy thouſand pounds, Jack, is all thy own: For moſt heartily does ſhe diſlike ye all—Thee as much as any of the reſt.

I am ſorry for it too, as to thy part; for two reaſons—*One*, that I think thy motive for thy curioſity was Fear or Conſciouſneſs: Whereas that of the Arch-thief was Vanity, intolerable Vanity: And he was therefore juſtly ſent away with a bluſh upon his cheeks to heaven, and could not brag—The *other*, that I am afraid, if ſhe diſlikes *thee*, ſhe diſlikes *me*: For are we not birds of a feather?

I muſt never talk of Reformation, ſhe told me, having ſuch companions, and taking ſuch delight as I ſeemed to take, in their frothy converſation.

I, no more than you, Jack, imagined ſhe could poſſibly like ye: But then, as *my* friends, I thought a perſon of her education would have been more ſparing of her cenſures.

I don't know how it is, Belford; but women think themſelves intitled to take any freedoms with us, while we are unpolite, forſooth, and I can't tell what, if we don't tell a pack of curſed lyes, and make black white, in *their* favour—teaching us to be hypocrites, yet ſtigmatizing us, at other times, for deceivers.

I defended ye all as well as I could: But you know there was no attempting ought but a palliative defence, to one of her principles.

I will ſummarily give thee a few of my pleas.

'To the *pure*, every little deviation ſeemed offenſive: Yet I ſaw not, that there was any-thing amiſs the whole evening, either in the words or behaviour of any of my friends. Some people could talk but upon *one* or *two* ſubjects: She upon *every-one*: No wonder, therefore, *they* talked to what they underſtood beſt; and to mere objects of ſenſe. Had ſhe honoured us with more of *her* converſation, ſhe would have been leſs diſguſted with *ours*; for ſhe ſaw how every one was prepared to admire her, whenever

'ſhe

'ſhe opened her lips. You, in particular, had 'ſaid, when ſhe retired, that Virtue itſelf ſpoke, 'when ſhe ſpoke: But that you had ſuch an awe 'upon you, after ſhe had favoured us with an obſer-'vation or two on a ſubject ſtarted, that you ſhould 'ever be afraid, in her company, to be found *moſt* 'exceptionable, when you intended to be *leaſt* ſo.'

Plainly, ſhe ſaid, ſhe neither liked my companions, nor the houſe ſhe was in.

I liked not the houſe any more than ſhe: Tho' the people were very obliging, and ſhe had owned they were leſs exceptionable to herſelf, than at firſt: And were we not about another of our own?

She did not like Miſs Partington—Let her fortune be what it would, and ſhe had heard a great deal ſaid of her fortune, ſhe ſhould not chuſe an intimacy with her. She thought it was a hardſhip to be put upon ſuch a difficulty, as ſhe was put upon the preceding night, when there were lodgers in the front-houſe, whom they had reaſon to be freer with, than, upon ſo ſhort an acquaintance, with her.

I pretended to be an utter ſtranger as to this particular; and, when ſhe explained herſelf upon it, condemned Mrs. Sinclair's requeſt, and called it a confident one.

She, *artfully*, made lighter of her denial of the girl for a bedfellow, than ſhe *thought* of it, I could ſee that; for it was plain, ſhe ſuppoſed there was room for me to think ſhe had been either *over-nice*, or *over-cautious*.

I offered to reſent Mrs. Sinclair's freedom.

No; there was no great matter in it. It was beſt to let it paſs. It might be thought more particular in her to deny ſuch a requeſt, than in Mrs. Sinclair to make it, or Miſs Partington to expect it to be complied with. But as the people below had a large acquaintance, ſhe did not know how often ſhe might

have her retirements invaded, if ſhe gave way. And indeed there were Levities in the behaviour of that young Lady, which ſhe could not ſo far paſs over as to wiſh an intimacy with her.

I ſaid, I liked Miſs Partington as little as *ſhe* could. Miſs Partington was a ſilly young creature; who ſeemed too likely to juſtify the watchfulneſs of her guardians over her.—But, nevertheleſs, as to her general converſation and behaviour laſt night, I muſt own, that I thought the girl (for *girl* ſhe was, as to diſcretion) not exceptionable; only carrying herſelf like a free good-natured creature who believed herſelf ſecure in the honour of her company.

It was very well ſaid of me, ſhe replied: But, if that young Lady were ſo well ſatisfied with her company, ſhe muſt needs ſay, that I was very kind to ſuppoſe her ſuch an *innocent*—For her own part, ſhe had ſeen nothing of the London world: But thought, ſhe muſt tell me plainly, that ſhe never was in ſuch company in her life; nor ever again wiſhed to be in ſuch.

There, Belford!—Worſe off than Mercury!—Art thou not?

I was nettled. Hard would be the lot of *more* diſcreet women, as far as I knew, than Miſs Partington, were they to be judged by ſo rigid a virtue as hers.

Not ſo, ſhe ſaid: But if I really ſaw nothing exceptionable to a virtuous mind, in that young perſon's behaviour, my ignorance of *better* behaviour was, ſhe muſt needs tell me, as pitiable as *hers*: And it were to be wiſhed, that minds *ſo* paired, for their own ſakes, ſhould never be ſeparated.

See, Jack, what I get by my charity!

I thanked her heartily. But ſaid, that I muſt take the liberty to obſerve, that good folks were generally ſo uncharitable, that, devil take me, if I would chuſe to be good, were the conſequence to be, that I muſt think hardly of the whole world beſides.

She

She congratulated me upon my charity: But told me, that to *enlarge her own*, ſhe hoped it would not be expected of her to approve of the *low company* I had brought her into laſt night.

No exception for thee, Belford!—Safe is thy thouſand pounds.

I ſaw not, I ſaid, begging her pardon, that ſhe liked *any-body* [*Plain-dealing for plain-dealing, Jack! —Why then did ſhe abuſe my friends?*] However, let me but know whom and what ſhe did or did not like; and, if poſſible, I would like and diſlike the very ſame perſons and things.

She bid me then, in a pet, *diſlike myſelf.*

Curſed ſevere!—Does ſhe think ſhe muſt not pay for it one day, or one night?—And if one, many; *that's my comfort.*

I was in ſuch a train of being happy, I ſaid, before my earneſtneſs to procure her to favour my friends with her company, that I wiſhed the devil had had as well my friends as Miſs Partington—And yet I muſt ſay, that I ſaw not how good people could anſwer half their end, which was to amend the world by their example, were they to accompany *only* with the good.

I had like to have been blaſted by two or three flaſhes of lightning from her indignant eyes; and ſhe turned ſcornfully from me, and retired to her own apartment.

Once more, Jack, ſafe, as thou ſeeſt, is thy thouſand pounds.

She ſays, I am not a polite man: But is ſhe, in the inſtance before us, more polite for a woman?

And now, doſt thou not think, that I owe my Charmer ſome revenge for her cruelty in obliging ſuch a fine young creature, and ſo vaſt a fortune, as Miſs Partington, to croud into a preſs-bed with Dorcas the maid-ſervant of the proud refuſer!—Miſs Partington too (with tears) declaring by Mrs. Sinclair, that would

Mrs.

Mrs. Lovelace do her the honour of a viſit at Barnet, the beſt bed and beſt room in her guardian's houſe ſhould be at her ſervice. Thinkeſt thou, that I could not gueſs at her diſhonourable fears of me?—That ſhe apprehended, that the ſuppoſed *huſband* would endeavour to take poſſeſſion of *his own?*—And that Miſs Partington would be willing to contribute to ſuch a piece of juſtice?

Thus, then, thou both remindeſt, and defieſt me, Charmer!—And ſince thou relieſt more on thy own precaution than upon my honour; be it unto thee, Fair One, as thou apprehendeſt!

And now, Jack, let me know, what thy opinion, and the opinions of thy brother varlets, are of my Gloriana.

I have juſt now heard, that Hannah hopes to be ſoon well enough to attend her young Lady, when in London. It ſeems the girl has had no phyſician. I muſt ſend her one, out of pure love and reſpect to her miſtreſs. Who knows but medicine may *weaken* nature, and *ſtrengthen* the diſeaſe?—As her malady is not a *fever*, very likely it may do ſo.—But perhaps the wench's hopes are too forward. *Bluſtering weather in this month yet.*—And that is bad for rheumatic complaints.

LETTER XLVI.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Tueſday, May 2.

JUST as I had ſealed up the incloſed, comes a Letter to my Beloved, in a cover to me, directed to Lord M's. From whom, thinkeſt thou?—From Mrs. Howe!—

And what the contents?

How ſhould I know, unleſs the dear creature had communicated them to me? But a very cruel Letter I be-

I believe it is, *by the effect it had upon her.* The tears ran down her cheeks as ſhe read it; and her colour changed ſeveral times. No end of her perſecutions, I think!

'What a cruelty in my fate!' ſaid the ſweet lamenter.—'Now the *only* comfort of my life muſt be 'given up!'

Miſs Howe's correſpondence, no doubt.

But *ſhould* ſhe be ſo much grieved at this? This correſpondence was prohibited before, and that, to the *Daughter*, in the ſtrongeſt terms: But yet carried on by *both*; altho' a *brace of impeccables*, and pleaſe ye. Could they expect, that a Mother would not vindicate her authority?—And finding her prohibition ineffectual with her perverſe *Daughter*, was it not reaſonable to ſuppoſe ſhe would try what effect it would have upon her *Daughter*'s *friend?*—And now I believe the end will be effectually anſwered: For my Beloved, I dare ſay, will make a point of conſcience of it.

I hate cruelty, eſpecially in *women*; and ſhould have been more concerned for this inſtance of it in Mrs. Howe, had I not had a ſtronger inſtance of the ſame in my Beloved to Miſs Partington; for how did ſhe know, ſince ſhe was ſo much afraid for *herſelf*, whom Dorcas might let in to that innocent and *leſs watchful* young Lady? But nevertheleſs I muſt needs own, that I am not very ſorry for this prohibition, let it *originally* come from the *Harlowes*, or *from whom it will*; becauſe I make no doubt, that it is owing to Miſs Howe, in a great meaſure, that my Beloved is ſo much upon her guard, and thinks ſo hardly of me. And who can tell, *as characters here are ſo tender*, and *ſome diſguiſes ſo flimſy*, what conſequences might follow this undutiful correſpondence?—I ſay, therefore, I am not ſorry for it: Now will ſhe not have any-body to compare notes with: Any-body to alarm her: And

I may

I may be ſaved the guilt and diſobligation of inſpecting into a correſpondence that has long made me uneaſy.

How every-thing works for me!—Why will this charming Creature make *ſuch contrivances* neceſſary, as will increaſe my trouble, and my guilt too, as ſome would account it? But why, rather I ſhould aſk, will ſhe fight againſt her Stars?

LETTER XLVII.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq;*

Edgware, Tueſday-Night, May 2.

WIthout ſtaying for the promiſed Letter from you to inform us what the Lady ſays of *us*, I write to tell you, That we are all of *one* opinion with regard to *her*; which is, that there is not of her age a finer woman in the world, as to her Underſtanding. As for her Perſon, ſhe is at the age of bloom, and an admirable creature; a perfect Beauty: But this *poorer* praiſe, a man, who has been honoured with her converſation, can hardly deſcend to give; and yet ſhe was brought amongſt us contrary to her will.

Permit me, dear Lovelace, to be a means of ſaving this excellent creature from the dangers ſhe hourly runs from the moſt plotting heart in the world. In a former, I pleaded your own family, Lord M's wiſhes particularly; and then I had not ſeen her: But, now, I join *her* ſake, *honour*'s ſake, motives of juſtice, generoſity, gratitude, and humanity, which are all concerned in the preſervation of ſo fine a woman. Thou knoweſt not the anguiſh I ſhould have had (whence ariſing, I cannot deviſe) had I not known before I ſet out this morning, that the incomparable creature had diſappointed thee in thy curſed view of getting her to admit the ſpecious Partington for a bedfellow.

I have

I have done nothing but talk of this Lady ever ſince I ſaw her. There is ſomething *ſo awful*, and yet *ſo ſweet*, in her aſpect, that were I to have the Virtues and the Graces all drawn in one piece, they ſhould be taken, every one of them, from different airs and attitudes in her. She was born to adorn the age ſhe was given to, and would be an ornament to the firſt dignity. What a piercing, yet gentle eye; every glance, I thought, mingled with Love and Fear of you! What a ſweet ſmile darting through the cloud that overſpread her fair face; demonſtrating, that ſhe had more apprehenſions and grief at her heart, than ſhe cared to expreſs!

You may think what I am going to write too flighty; but, by my faith, I have conceived ſuch a profound reverence for her ſenſe and judgment, that, far from thinking the man excuſable who ſhould treat her baſely, I am ready to regret that ſuch an angel of a woman ſhould even marry. She is in my eye all mind: And were ſhe to meet with a man all mind likewiſe, why ſhould the charming qualities ſhe is miſtreſs of, be endangered? Why ſhould ſuch an angel be plunged ſo low as into the vulgar offices of domeſtic life? Were ſhe mine, I ſhould hardly wiſh to ſee her a Mother, unleſs there were a kind of moral certainty, that Minds like hers could be propagated. For why, in ſhort, ſhould not the work of Bodies be left to *mere* Bodies? I know, that you yourſelf have an opinion of her little leſs exalted. Belton, Mowbray, Tourville, are all of my mind; are full of her praiſes; and ſwear, it would be a million of pities to ruin a woman in whoſe fall none but devils can rejoice.

What muſt that merit and excellence be which can extort this from *us*, free livers, like yourſelf, and all of us your partial friends, who have joined with you in your juſt reſentments againſt the reſt of her family,

and

and offered our aſſiſtance to execute your vengeance on them? But we cannot think it reaſonable, that you ſhould puniſh an innocent creature, who loves you ſo well, and who is in your protection, and has ſuffered ſo much for you, for the faults of her relations.

And here, let me put a ſerious queſtion or two. Thinkeſt thou, truly admirable as this Lady is, that the *end* thou propoſeſt to thyſelf, if obtained, is anſwerable to the *means*, to the trouble, thou giveſt thyſelf, and to the perfidies, tricks, ſtratagems, and contrivances thou haſt already been guilty of, and ſtill meditateſt? In every real excellence ſhe ſurpaſſes all her Sex. But in the article thou ſeekeſt to ſubdue her for, a mere Senſualiſt, a Partington, a Horton, a Martin, would make a Senſualiſt a thouſand times happier than ſhe either will or can.

Sweet are the joys that come with willingneſs.

And wouldſt thou make *her* unhappy for her whole life, and *thyſelf* not happy for a ſingle moment?

Hitherto, it is not too late; and that perhaps is as much as can be ſaid, if thou meaneſt to preſerve her eſteem and good opinion, as well as perſon; for I think it is impoſſible ſhe can get out of thy hands now ſhe is in this curſed houſe. O that damn'd hypocritical *Sinclair*, as thou calleſt her! How was it poſſible ſhe ſhould behave ſo ſpeciouſly as ſhe did all the time the Lady ſtaid with us!— Be honeſt, and marry; and be thankful, that ſhe will condeſcend to have thee. If thou doſt not, thou wilt be the worſt of men; and wilt be condemned in this world and the next: As I am ſure thou oughteſt, and ſhouldeſt too, wert thou to be judged by one, who never before was ſo much touched in a woman's favour: And whom thou knoweſt to be

Thy partial Friend,

J. BELFORD.

Our

Our companions conſented, that I ſhould withdraw to write to the above effect. They can make nothing of the characters we write in; ſo I read this to them. They approve of it; and of their own motion each man would ſet his name to it. I would not delay ſending it, for fear of ſome deteſtable ſcheme taking place.

THOMAS BELTON.
RICHARD MOWBRAY.
JAMES TOURVILLE.

Juſt now are brought me both yours. I vary not my opinion, nor forbear my earneſt prayers to you in her behalf, notwithſtanding her diſlike of me.

LETTER XLVIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

Wedneſday, May 3.

WHEN I have already taken pains to acquaint thee in full with my views, deſigns, and reſolutions, with regard to this admirable woman, it is very extraordinary, that thou ſhouldſt vapour as thou doſt in her behalf, when I have made no trial, no attempt: And yet, giveſt it as thy opinion in a former Letter, that advantage *may be* taken of the ſituation ſhe is in; and that ſhe *may be* overcome.

Moſt of thy reflections, particularly that which reſpects the difference as to the joys to be given by the Virtuous and the Libertine of the Sex, are fitter to come in as after-reflections, than as *antecedencies*.

I own with thee, and with the poet, *That ſweet are the joys that come with willingneſs*— But is it to be expected, that a *woman of education*, and a *lover of forms*, will yield before ſhe is attacked? And have I ſo much as ſummoned This to ſurrender? I doubt not but I ſhall meet with difficulty. I muſt therefore

make my firſt effort by ſurprize. There may poſſibly be ſome *cruelty* neceſſary: But there may be *conſent in ſtruggle*; there may be *yielding in reſiſtance.* But the firſt conflict over, whether the following may not be weaker and weaker, till *willingneſs* enſue, is the point to be tried. I will illuſtrate what I have ſaid by the Simile of a Bird new-caught. We begin, when Boys, with Birds, and, when grown up, go on to Women; and both, perhaps, in turn, experience our ſportive cruelty.

Haſt thou not obſerved the charming gradations by which the enſnared Volatile has been brought to bear with its new condition? How, at firſt, refuſing all ſuſtenance, it beats and bruiſes itſelf againſt its wires, till it makes its gay plumage fly about, and overſpread its well-ſecured cage. Now it gets out its head; ſticking only at its beautiful ſhoulders: Then, with difficulty, drawing back its head, it gaſps for breath, and, erectedly perched, with meditating eyes, firſt ſurveys, and then attempts, its wired canopy. As it gets breath, with renewed rage, it beats and bruiſes again its pretty head and ſides, bites the wires, and pecks at the fingers of its delighted tamer. Till at laſt, finding its efforts ineffectual, quite tired and breathleſs, it lays itſelf down, and pants at the bottom of the cage, ſeeming to bemoan its cruel fate, and forfeited liberty. And after a few days its ſtruggles to eſcape ſtill diminiſhing as it finds it to no purpoſe to attempt it, its new habitation becomes familiar; and it hops about from perch to perch, reſumes its wonted chearfulneſs, and every day ſings a ſong to amuſe itſelf, and reward its keeper.

Now, let me tell thee, that I have known a Bird actually ſtarve itſelf, and die with grief, at its being caught and caged. But never did I meet with a Woman, who was ſo ſilly.— Yet have I heard the dear ſouls moſt vehemently threaten their own lives on

ſuch an occaſion. But it is ſaying nothing in a Woman's favour, if we do not allow her to have *more ſenſe than a Bird*. And yet we muſt all own, that it is more difficult to catch a *Bird* than a *Lady*.

To purſue the compariſon— If the diſappointment of the captivated Lady be very great, ſhe will threaten, indeed, as I ſaid: She will even refuſe her ſuſtenance for ſome time, eſpecially if you intreat her much, and ſhe thinks ſhe gives you concern by her refuſal. But then the Stomach of the dear ſullen one will ſoon return. 'Tis pretty to ſee how ſhe comes to by degrees: Preſſed by appetite, ſhe will firſt ſteal, perhaps, a weeping morſel by herſelf; then be brought to piddle and ſigh, and ſigh and piddle, before you; now-and-then, if her viands be unſavoury, ſwallowing with them a reliſhing tear or two: Then ſhe comes to eat and drink, to oblige you: Then reſolves to live for your ſake: Her exclamations will, in the next place, be turned into blandiſhments; her vehement upbraidings into gentle murmurings— How *dare* you, Traitor!—into How *could* you, deareſt? She will draw you to her, inſtead of puſhing you from her: No longer, with unſheathed claws, will ſhe reſiſt you; but, like a pretty, playful, wanton Kitten, with gentle paws and concealed talons, tap your cheek, and with intermingled ſmiles, and tears, and careſſes, implore your conſideration for her, and your *conſtancy*: All the favour ſhe then has to ask of you!— And this is the time, were it given to man to confine himſelf to one object, to be happier every day than other.

Now, Belford, were I to go no further than I have gone with my beloved Miſs Harlowe, how ſhall I know the difference between *her* and *another* bird? To let her fly now, what a pretty jeſt would that be!— How do I know, except I try, whether

• ſhe may not be brought to ſing me a fine ſong, and
• to be as well contented as I have brought other
• birds to be, and very ſhy ones too?

• But now let us reflect a little upon the confound-
• ed partiality of us human creatures. I can give two
• or three familiar, and, if they were *not familiar*,
• they would be *ſhocking*, inſtances of the cruelty
• both of men and women, with reſpect to other
• creatures, perhaps as worthy as (at leaſt more in-
• nocent than) themſelves. By my Soul, Jack, there
• is more of the Savage in human nature than we
• are commonly aware of. Nor is it, after all, ſo
• much amiſs, that we ſometimes avenge the more
• innocent animals upon our own ſpecies.

• To particulars.

• How uſual a thing is it for women as well as men,
• without the leaſt remorſe, to enſnare, to cage, and
• torment, and even with burning knitting-needles to
• put out the eyes of the poor feather'd ſongſter
• [Thou ſeeſt I have not yet done with birds]; which
• however, in proportion to its bulk, has more life
• than themſelves (for a bird is all ſoul) and of con-
• ſequence has as much feeling as the human crea-
• ture! When at the ſame time, if an honeſt fellow,
• by the gentleſt perſuaſion, and the ſofteſt arts, has
• the good luck to prevail upon a mew'd-up lady to
• countenance her own eſcape, and ſhe conſents to
• break cage, and be ſet a flying into the all-chearing
• air of liberty, Mercy on us! what an Outcry is ge-
• nerally raiſed againſt him!

• Juſt like what you and I once ſaw raiſed in a
• paltry village near Chelmsford, after a poor hungry
• fox, who, watching his opportunity, had ſeized by
• the neck, and ſhouldered, a ſleek-feathered gooſe:
• At what time we beheld the whole vicinage of boys
• and girls, old men, and old women, all the furrows
• and wrinkles of the latter filled up with malice for

· the time; the old men armed with prongs, pitch-
· forks, clubs, and catſticks; the old women with
· mops, brooms, fire-ſhovels, tongs, and pokers;
· and the younger fry with dirt, ſtones, and brick-
· bats, gathering as they ran like a ſnowball, in pur-
· ſuit of the wind-outſtripping prowler; all the mon-
· grel curs of the *circumjacencies* yelp, yelp, yelp, at
· their heels, completing the horrid chorus.

· Remembreſt thou not this ſcene? Surely thou
· muſt. My imagination, inflamed by a tender ſym-
· pathy for the danger of the adventurous marauder,
· repreſents it to my eye, as if it were but yeſterday.
· And doſt thou not recollect how generouſly glad
· we were, as if our own caſe, that honeſt Reynard,
· by the help of a lucky ſtile, over which both old
· and young tumbled upon one another, and a wind-
· ing courſe, eſcaped their brutal fury, and flying
· catſticks; and how, in fancy, we followed him to
· his undiſcovered retreat; and imagined we beheld
· the intrepid thief enjoying his dear-earned purchaſe
· with a delight proportioned to his paſt danger?

· I once made a charming little ſavage ſeverely
· repent the delight ſhe took in ſeeing her tabby fa-
· vourite make cruel ſport with a pretty ſleek bead-
· eyed mouſe, before ſhe devoured it. Egad, my
· Love, ſaid I to myſelf, as I ſat meditating the
· ſcene, I am determined to lie in wait for a fit op-
· portunity to try how *thou* wilt like to be toſt over
· *my* head, and be caught again: How *thou* wilt like
· to be patted from me, and pulled to me. Yet will
· I rather give life than take it away, as this barba-
· rous quadrupede has at laſt done by her prey. And
· after all was over between my girl and me, I re-
· minded her of the incident to which my reſolution
· was owing.

· Nor had I at another time any mercy upon the
· daughter of an old Epicure, who had taught the

girl, without the leaſt remorſe, to roaſt Lobſters alive; to cauſe a poor Pig to be whipt to death; to ſcrape Carp the contrary way of the ſcales, making them leap in the ſtew-pan, and dreſſing them in their own blood for ſawce. And this for luxury-ſake, and to provoke an appetite; which I had without ſtimulation, in my way, and that I can tell thee a very ravenous one.

Many more inſtances of the like nature could I give, were I to leave nothing to thyſelf, to ſhew that the beſt take the ſame liberties, and perhaps worſe, with ſome ſort of creatures, that we take with others; all *creatures* ſtill! and creatures too, as I have obſerved above, replete with ſtrong life, and ſenſible feeling!— If therefore people pretend to mercy, let mercy go thro' all their actions. I have read ſomewhere, *That a merciful man is merciful to his beaſt.*

So much at preſent for thoſe parts of thy Letter in which thou urgeſt to me motives of compaſſion for the Lady.

But I gueſs at thy principal motive in this thy earneſtneſs in behalf of this charming creature. I know that thou correſpondeſt with Lord M. who is impatient, and has long been deſirous, to ſee me ſhackled. And thou wanteſt to make a merit with the Uncle, with a view to one of his Nieces. But knoweſt thou not, that *my conſent* will be wanting to complete thy wiſhes?— And what a commendation will it be of thee to ſuch a girl as Charlotte, when I ſhall acquaint her with the affront thou putteſt upon the whole Sex, by aſking, *Whether I think my reward, when I have ſubdued the moſt charming woman in the world, will be equal to my trouble?*— Which, thinkeſt thou, a woman of ſpirit will ſooneſt forgive, the undervaluing varlet who *can put ſuch a queſtion*; or him, who *prefers the purſuit and conqueſt of a fine woman*

woman to all the joys of life? Have I not known even a *virtuous woman*, as ſhe would be thought, vow everlaſting antipathy to a man who gave out, that ſhe was *too old for him to attempt?* And did not Eſſex's perſonal reflection on Queen Elizabeth, that ſhe was *old and crooked*, contribute more to his ruin, than his treaſon?

But another word or two, as to thy objection relating to my Trouble and Reward.

Does not the keen foxhunter endanger his neck and his bones in purſuit of a vermin, which, when killed, is neither fit food for men nor dogs?

Do not the hunters of the nobler game value the veniſon leſs than the ſport?

Why then ſhould I be reflected upon, and the Sex affronted, for my patience and perſeverance in the moſt noble of all chaces; and for not being a poacher in Love, as thy queſtion may be *made to imply?*

Learn of thy maſter, for the future, to treat more reſpectfully a Sex that yields us our principal diverſions and delights.

Proceed anon.

LETTER XLIX.

Mr. LOVELACE. *In Continuation.*

WELL ſayeſt thou, that mine is the *moſt plotting heart in the world.* Thou doſt me honour; and I thank thee heartily. Thou art no bad judge. How like Boileau's parſon, I ſtrut behind my double chin! Am I not obliged to deſerve thy compliment? And wouldſt thou have me repent of a murder before I have committed it?

'The Virtues and Graces are this Lady's hand-'maids. She was certainly born to adorn the age 'ſhe was given to.'—Well ſaid, Jack—'And would 'be an ornament to the firſt dignity.' But what

praiſe is that, unleſs the firſt dignity were adorned with the firſt merit?— Dignity! gewgaw!— *Firſt dignity!* thou idiot!— Art thou, who knoweſt *me*, ſo taken with Ermine and Tinſel?—I, who have won the gold, am only fit to wear it. For the future therefore correct thy ſtile, and proclaim her the ornament of the happieſt man, and (reſpecting herſelf and Sex) the greateſt conqueror in the world.

Then, that ſhe *loves me*, as thou imagineſt, by no means appears clear to me. Her conditional offers to renounce me; the little confidence ſhe places in me; intitle me to aſk, What merit can ſhe have with a man, who won her in ſpite of herſelf; and who fairly, in ſet and obſtinate battle, took her priſoner?

As to what thou inferreſt from her *Eye* when with us, thou knoweſt nothing of her *Heart* from that, if thou imagineſt there was one glance of Love ſhot from it. Well did I note her Eye, and plainly did I ſee, that it was all but juſt civil diſguſt to me and to the company I had brought her into. Her early retiring that night, againſt all entreaty, might have convinced thee, that there was very little of the gentle in her heart for me. And her Eye never knew what it was to contradict her Heart.

She is, thou ſayeſt, *All mind.* So ſay I. But why ſhouldſt thou imagine, that ſuch a mind as hers; meeting with ſuch a one as mine; and, to dwell upon the word, *meeting* with an inclination in hers, ſhould not propagate minds like her own?

· Were I to take thy ſtupid advice, and marry;
· what a figure ſhould I make in Rakiſh annals!
· The Lady in my power: Yet not having *intended*
· to put herſelf in my power: Declaring againſt Love,
· and a Rebel to it: So much open-eyed caution:
· No confidence in my honour: Her family expect-
· ing the worſt *hath* paſſed; herſelf ſeeming to ex-
· pect,

pect, that the worſt *will* be attempted: [Priſcilla Partington for that!] What! wouldſt thou not have me act in character?

But why calleſt thou the Lady *innocent?* And why ſayſt thou *ſhe loves me?*

By *innocent*, with regard to me, and not taken as a general character, I muſt inſiſt upon it, ſhe is *not* innocent. Can *ſhe* be innocent, who, by wiſhing to ſhackle me in the prime and glory of my youth, with ſuch a capacity as I have for noble miſchief *(a)*, would make my perdition more certain, were I to break, as I doubt I ſhould, the moſt ſolemn vow I could make? I ſay, no man ought to take even a common oath, who thinks he cannot keep it. This is conſcience! This is honour!— And when I think I can keep the Marriage-vow, then will it be time to marry.

No doubt of it, as thou ſayeſt, the devils would rejoice in the fall of ſuch a woman. But this is my confidence, that I ſhall have it in my power to marry when I will. And if I do her this *juſtice*, ſhall I not have a claim to her *gratitude?* And will ſhe not think herſelf the Obliged, rather than the Obliger? Then, let me tell thee, Belford, it is impoſſible ſo far to hurt the *morals of this Lady*, as thou and thy brother-varlets have hurt others of the Sex, who now are caſting about the town firebrands and double death. Take ye that thiſtle to mumble upon.

* * * * *

A SHORT interruption. I now reſume.

That the morals of this Lady cannot fail, is a conſideration that will leſſen the guilt on both ſides. And if, when ſubdued, ſhe knows but how to middle the matter between Virtue and Love, then will ſhe be a Wife for me: For already I am convinced, that there is not a woman in the world that

(*a*) See Vol. II. p. 371.

is

· is Love-proof and Plot-proof, if ſhe be not the · perſon.

· And now imagine (the Charmer overcome) thou · ſeeſt me ſitting ſupinely croſs-kneed, reclining on · my ſoffa, the god of Love dancing in my eyes, and · rejoicing in every mantling feature; the ſweet · rogue, late ſuch a proud rogue, wholly in my power, · moving up ſlowly to me, at my beck, with heav- · ing ſighs, half-pronounced upbraidings from mur- · muring lips, her finger in her eye, and quicken- · ing her pace at my *Come hither, Deareſt!*

· One hand ſtuck in my ſide, the other extended · to encourage her baſhful approach—*Kiſs me, Love!* · —*Sweet*, as Jack Belford ſays, *are the joys that · come with willingneſs.*

· She tenders her purple mouth [Her coral lips · will be purple then, Jack!]: Sigh not ſo deeply, · my Beloved!— Happier hours await thy humble · love, than did thy proud reſiſtance.

· Once more bend to my ardent lips the ſwanny · gloſſineſs of a neck late ſo ſtately.—

· There's my precious!—

· Again!—

· Obliging Lovelineſs!—

· O my ever-blooming Glory!—I have try'd thee · enough.—To-morrow's Sun—

· Then I riſe, and fold to my almoſt-talking heart · the throbbing-boſom'd Charmer.

· And now ſhall thy humbled pride confeſs its · obligation to me!—

· To-morrow's Sun— And then I diſengage my- · ſelf from the baſhful Paſſive, and ſtalk about the · room— To-morrow's Sun ſhall gild the Altar at · which my vows ſhall be paid thee!

· Then, Jack, the rapture! then the darted ſun- · beams from her gladdened eye, drinking up at one · ſip, the precious diſtillation from the pearl-dropt · cheek!

cheek! Then hands ardently folded, eyes ſeeming to pronounce, God bleſs my Lovelace! to ſupply the joy-locked tongue: Her tranſports too ſtrong, and expreſſion too weak, to give utterance to her grateful meanings!— All— All the ſtudies— All the ſtudies of her future life vowed and devoted (when ſhe can ſpeak), to acknowlege and return the perpetuated obligation!

If I could bring my Charmer to this, would it not be the Eligible of Eligibles?—Is it not worth trying for?—As I ſaid, I can marry her when I will. She *can* be nobody's but mine, neither for ſhame, nor by choice, nor yet by addreſs: For who, that knows my character, believes that the worſt ſhe dreads, is *now* to be dreaded?

I have the higheſt opinion that man can have (thou knoweſt I have) of the merit and perfections of this admirable woman; of her virtue and honour too; altho' thou, in a former, art of opinion, that ſhe *may be overcome (a)*. Am I not therefore obliged to go further, in order to contradict thee, and, as I have often urged, to be *ſure*, that ſhe is what I really think her to be; and, if I am ever to marry her, hope to find her?

Then this Lady is a miſtreſs of our paſſions: No one ever had to ſo much perfection the Art of moving. This all her family know, and have equally feared and revered her for it. This I know too; and doubt not more and more to experience. How charmingly muſt this divine creature warble forth (if a proper occaſion be given) her melodious Elegiacs!—Infinite beauties are there in a weeping eye. I firſt taught the two nymphs below to diſtinguiſh the ſeveral airs of the *Lamentable* in a new ſubject, and how admirably ſome, more than others, become their diſtreſſes.

(a) See p. 104, 105.

But

But to return to thy objections— Thou wilt perhaps tell me, in the names of thy Brethren, as well as in thy own name, That among all the objects of your reſpective attempts, there was not one of the rank and merit of my charming Miſs Harlowe.

But let me aſk, Has it not been a conſtant maxim with us, that the greater the *merit* on the woman's ſide, the nobler the victory on the man's? And as to *rank*, ſenſe of honour, ſenſe of ſhame, pride of family, may make rifled rank get up, and ſhake itſelf to rights: And if any-thing come of it, ſuch a one may ſuffer only in her pride, by being obliged to take up with a ſecond-rate match inſtead of a firſt; and, as it may fall out, be the *happier*, as well as the more *uſeful*, for the miſadventure; ſince (taken off of her public gaddings, and *domeſticated* by her diſgrace) ſhe will have reaſon to think herſelf obliged to the man who has ſaved her from *further* reproach; while *her* fortune and alliance will lay an obligation upon *him*; and her paſt fall, if ſhe have prudence and conſciouſneſs, will be his preſent and future ſecurity.

But a *poor* girl [Such a one as my *Roſebud* for inſtance] having no recalls from education; being driven out of every family that pretends to reputation; perſecuted moſt perhaps by ſuch as have only kept their ſecret better; and having no refuge to fly to— The Common, the Stews, the Street, is the fate of ſuch a poor wretch; Penury, Want, and Diſeaſe, her ſure attendants; and an untimely End perhaps cloſes the miſerable ſcene.

And will ye not now all join to ſay, that it is more manly to attack a Lion than a Sheep?—Thou knoweſt, that I always illuſtrated my Eagleſhip, by aiming at the nobleſt quarries; and by diſdaining to make a ſtoup at wrens, phyl-tits *(a)*, and wag-tails.

The

(a) *Phyl-tits*, q. d. *Phyllis-tits*, in oppoſition to *Tom-tits*. It need not now be obſerved, that Mr. Lovelace, in the wanton gaiety

The worſt reſpecting myſelf, in the caſe before me, is, that my triumph, when completed, will be ſo glorious a one, that I ſhall never be able to keep up to it. All my future attempts muſt be poor to this. I ſhall be as unhappy, after a while, from my reflections upon this conqueſt, as Don John of Auſtria was, in his, on the renowned victory of Lepanto, when he found that none of his future atchievements could keep pace with his early glory.

I am ſenſible, that my pleas and my reaſonings may be eaſily anſwered, and perhaps juſtly cenſured; but by whom cenſured? Not by any of the Confraternity, whoſe conſtant courſe of life, even long before I became your General, to this hour, has juſtified what ye now, in a fit of ſqueamiſhneſs, and thro' envy, condemn. Having therefore vindicated myſelf and my intentions to You, that is all I am at preſent concerned for.

Be convinced then, that I (according to *our* principles) am right, *thou* wrong; or, at leaſt, be ſilent. But I *command thee to be convinced.* And in thy next, be ſure to tell me that thou art.

LETTER L.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq*;

Edgware, Thurſday May 4.

I Know that thou art ſo abandoned a man, that to give thee the beſt reaſons in the world againſt what thou haſt once reſolved upon, will be but acting the madman whom once we ſaw trying to buffet down a hurricane with his hat. I hope, however, that the Lady's merit will ſtill avail her with thee. But if thou perſiſteſt; if thou wilt avenge thyſelf

* gaiety of his heart, often takes liberties of coining words and * phraſes in his Letters to this his familiar friend. See his ludi- * crous reaſon for it in Vol. II. p. 387, 388.

on

on this ſweet Lamb, which thou haſt ſingled out from a flock thou hateſt, for the faults of the Dogs who kept it: If thou art not to be moved by Beauty, by Learning, by Prudence, by Innocence, all ſhineing out in one charming object; but ſhe muſt fall, fall by the Man whom ſhe has choſen for her protector; I would not for a thouſand worlds have thy crime to anſwer for.

Upon my faith, Lovelace, the ſubject ſticks with me, notwithſtanding I find I have not the honour of the Lady's good opinion. And the more, when I reflect upon her Father's brutal curſe, and the villainous hard-heartedneſs of all her family. But, nevertheleſs, I ſhould be deſirous to know *(if thou wilt proceed)* by what gradations, arts, and contriveances, thou effecteſt thy ingrateful purpoſe. And, O Lovelace, I conjure thee, if thou art a *man*, let not the ſpecious devils thou haſt brought her among, be ſuffered to triumph over her; nor make her the victim of *unmanly artifices*. If ſhe yield to *fair ſeduction*, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf; if thou canſt raiſe a weakneſs in her by Love, or by arts not inhuman; I ſhall the leſs pity her: And ſhall then conclude, that there is not a woman in the world who can reſiſt a bold and reſolute Lover.

A meſſenger is juſt now arrived from my Uncle. The mortification, it ſeems, is got to his knee; and the Surgeons declare, that he cannot live many days. He therefore ſends for me directly, with theſe ſhocking words, *That I will come and cloſe his eyes.* My ſervant or his muſt of neceſſity be in town every day on his caſe, or on other affairs; and one of them ſhall regularly attend you for any Letter or Commands. It will be charity to write to me as often as you can. For altho' I am likely to be a conſiderable gainer by the poor man's death, yet I cannot ſay, that I at all love theſe ſcenes of Death and the

the Doctor ſo near me. The *Doctor* and *Death* I ſhould have ſaid; for that's the natural order, and, generally ſpeaking, the one is but the harbinger to the other.

If therefore you decline to oblige me, I ſhall think you are diſpleaſed with my freedom. But let me tell you at the ſame time, that no man has a right to be diſpleaſed at freedoms taken with him for faults he is not aſhamed to be guilty of.

J. BELFORD.

LETTER LI.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

I Thank you and Mr. Hickman for his Letter, ſent me with ſuch kind expedition; and proceed to obey my dear menacing tyranneſs.

She then gives the particulars of what paſſed between herſelf and Mr. Lovelace on Tueſday morning, in relation to his four friends, and to Miſs Partington, pretty much to the ſame effect as in Mr. Lovelace's Letter, N° xlv. *And then proceeds.*

He is conſtantly accuſing me of over-ſcrupulouſneſs. He ſays, 'I am always out of humour with 'him. That I could not have behaved more reſerv-'edly to Mr. Solmes: And that it is contrary to all 'his hopes and notions, that he ſhould not, in ſo 'long a time, find himſelf able to inſpire the perſon 'whom he hoped ſo ſoon to have the honour to call 'his, with the leaſt diſtinguiſhing tenderneſs for him 'beforehand.'

Silly and partial encroacher! not to know *to what to attribute the reſerve I am forced to treat him with!* But his *Pride* has eaten up his *Prudence*. It is indeed a dirty low pride, that has ſwallowed up the *true* pride,

pride, which ſhould have ſet him above the vanity that has over-run him.

'Yet he pretends, that he has no pride but in 'obliging me: And is always talking of his reve-'rence and humility, and ſuch ſort of ſtuff: But of 'this I am ſure, that he has, as I obſerved the firſt 'time I ſaw him (*a*), too much regard to his own 'perſon, greatly to value that of his Wife, marry 'whom he will: And I muſt be blind, if I did not 'ſee, that he is exceedingly vain of his external ad-'vantages, and of that Addreſs, which, if it has *any* 'merit in it to an outward eye, is perhaps owing 'more to his confidence, than to any-thing elſe.'

Have you not beheld the man, when I was your happy gueſt, as he walked to his chariot, looking about him, as if to obſerve what eyes his ſpecious perſon and air had attracted?

But indeed we have ſeen homely coxcombs as proud as if they had perſons to be proud of; at the ſame time that it was apparent, that the pains they took about themſelves but the more expoſed their defects.

The man who is fond of being thought *more* or *better* than he *is*, as I have often obſerved, but provokes a ſcrutiny into his pretenſions; and that generally produces contempt. For pride, as I believe I have heretofore ſaid, is an infallible ſign of weakneſs; of *ſomething wrong in the head or heart.* He that exalts himſelf, inſults his neighbour; who is provoked to queſtion in him even that merit, which, were he modeſt, would perhaps be allowed to be his due.

You will ſay, that I am very grave: And ſo I am. Mr. Lovelace is extremely ſunk in my opinion ſince Monday night: Nor ſee I before me any-thing that can afford me a pleaſing hope. For what, with a mind ſo *unequal as his*, can be my *beſt* hope?

(*a*) See Vol. I. p. 14.

I think

I think I mentioned to you, in my former, that my cloaths were brought me. You fluttered me ſo, that I am not ſure I did. But I know I deſigned to mention that they were. They were brought me on Thurſday; but neither my few guineas with them, nor any of my books, except a *Drexelius on Eternity*, the good old *Practice of Piety*, and a *Francis Spira*. My Brother's wit, I ſuppoſe. He thinks he does well to point out death and deſpair to me. I wiſh for the one, and every now-and-then am on the brink of the other.

You will the leſs wonder at my being ſo very ſolemn, when, added to the above, and to my uncertain ſituation, I tell you, that they have ſent me with theſe books a Letter from my Couſin Morden. It has ſet my heart againſt Mr. Lovelace. Againſt Myſelf too. I ſend it incloſed. If you pleaſe, my dear, you may read it here.

Col. MORDEN, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Florence, April 13.

I AM extremely concerned to hear of a difference betwixt the reſt of a family ſo near and dear to me, and *You* ſtill dearer to me than any of the reſt.

My Couſin James has acquainted me with the offers you have had, and with your refuſals. I wonder not at either. Such charming promiſes at ſo early an age as when I left England; and thoſe promiſes, as I have often heard, ſo greatly exceeded, as well in your perſon as mind; how much muſt you be admired! How few muſt there be worthy of you!

Your Parents, the moſt indulgent in the world, to a Child the moſt deſerving, have given way it ſeems to your refuſals of ſeveral gentlemen. They have contented themſelves at laſt to name One with *earneſtneſs* to you, becauſe of the addreſs of another whom they cannot approve.

They had not reaſon it ſeems from your behaviour to think you greatly averſe: So they proceeded: Perhaps too haſtily for a delicacy like yours. But when all was fixed on their parts, and moſt extraordinary terms concluded in your favour; terms, which abundantly ſhew the gentleman's juſt value for you; you flew off with a warmth and vehemence little ſuited to that ſweetneſs which gave grace to all your actions.

I know very little of either of the gentlemen: But of Mr. Lovelace I know more than of Mr. Solmes. I wiſh I could ſay more to his advantage than I can. As to every qualification but *one*, your Brother owns there is no compariſon. But that *one* outweighs all the reſt together. It cannot be thought, that Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe will diſpenſe with MORALS in a huſband.

What, my deareſt Couſin, ſhall I firſt plead to you on this occaſion? Your duty, your intereſt, your temporal, and your eternal welfare, do, and may all, depend upon this ſingle point, *The morality of a huſband*. A wife cannot always have it in her power to *be* good, or to *do* good, if ſhe has a wicked huſband, as a good huſband may, if he has a bad wife. You preſerve all your religious regards, I underſtand. I wonder not that you do. I ſhould have wondered, had you not. But what can you promiſe yourſelf, as to perſeverance in them, with an immoral huſband?

If your Parents and you differ in ſentiment on this important occaſion, let me aſk you, my dear Couſin, who ought to give way? I own to you, that I ſhould have thought there could not any-where have been a more ſuitable match for you, than with Mr. Lovelace, had he been a moral man. I ſhould have very little to ſay againſt a man, of whoſe actions I am not to ſet up myſelf as a judge, did he not addreſs my Couſin. But, on this occaſion, let me tell you, my dear Clariſſa,

riſſa, that Mr. Lovelace cannot poſſibly deſerve you. He *may* reform, you'll ſay: But he may *not*. Habit is not ſoon ſhaken off. Libertines, who are Libertines in defiance of talents, of ſuperior lights, of conviction, hardly ever reform but by miracle, or by incapacity. Well do I know mine own Sex. Well am I able to judge of the probability of the reformation of a licentious young man, who has not been faſtened upon by ſickneſs, by affliction, by calamity: Who has a proſperous run of fortune before him: His ſpirits high: His will uncontroulable: The company he keeps, perhaps ſuch as himſelf, confirming him in all his courſes, aſſiſting him in all his enterprizes.

As to the other gentleman, ſuppoſe, my dear Couſin, you do not like him at *preſent*, it is far from being unlikely, that you will *hereafter*: Perhaps the more, for not liking him *now*. He can hardly ſink *lower* in your opinion: He may *riſe*. Very ſeldom is it, that *high* expectations are ſo much as *tolerably* anſwered. How indeed *can* they, when a fine and extenſive imagination carries its expectation infinitely beyond reality, in the higheſt of our ſublunary enjoyments? A woman adorned with ſuch an imagination ſees no defect in a favoured object (the leſs, if ſhe be not conſcious of any wilful fault in herſelf) till it is too late to rectify the miſtakes occaſioned by her generous credulity.

But ſuppoſe a perſon of your talents were to marry a man of inferior talents; who, in this caſe, can be ſo happy in *herſelf*, as Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe? What delight do you take in doing good! How happily do you devote the ſeveral portions of the day to your own improvement, and to the advantage of all that move within your ſphere!— And *then* ſuch is your taſte, ſuch are your acquirements in the politer ſtudies, and in the politer amuſements; ſuch your excellence in all the different parts of oeconomy fit

for a young Lady's inſpection and practice; that your friends would wiſh you to be taken off as little as poſſible by regards that may be called merely *perſonal.*

But as to what may be the conſequence reſpecting yourſelf, reſpecting a young Lady of your talents, from the preference you are ſuſpected to give to a Libertine, I would have you, my dear Couſin, conſider what That may be. A mind ſo pure, to mingle with a mind impure! And will not ſuch a man as This engroſs all your ſolicitudes? Will he not perpetually fill you with anxieties for him and for yourſelf?— The Divine and Civil powers defied, and their ſanctions broken thro' by him, on every not merely *accidental*, but *meditated* occaſion. To be agreeable to him, and to hope to preſerve an intereſt in his affections, you muſt probably be obliged to abandon all your own laudable purſuits. You muſt enter into his pleaſures and diſtaſtes. You muſt give up your own virtuous companions for his profligate ones— Perhaps be forſaken by yours, becauſe of the ſcandal he daily gives. Can you hope, Couſin, with ſuch a man as This, to be *long* ſo good as you *now* are? If not, conſider which of your preſent laudable delights you would chuſe to give up? Which of his culpable ones to follow him in? How could you brook to go backward, inſtead of forward, in thoſe duties which you now ſo exemplarily perform? And how do you know, if you once give way, where you ſhall be ſuffered, where you ſhall be *able*, to ſtop?

Your Brother acknowleges, that Mr. Solmes is not near ſo agreeable in perſon as Mr. Lovelace. But what is *perſon*, with ſuch a Lady as I have the honour to be now writing to? He owns likewiſe, that he has not the addreſs of Mr. Lovelace: But what a *mere* perſonal advantage is *addreſs*, without *morals*? A woman had better take a huſband whoſe manners ſhe

were

were to faſhion, than to find them ready-faſhioned to her hand, at the price of his morality; a price that is often paid for travelling accompliſhments. O my dear Couſin, were you but with us here at Florence, or at Rome, or at Paris (where alſo I reſided for many months) to ſee the gentlemen whoſe ſuppoſed *rough* Engliſh manners at ſetting out are to be poliſhed, and what their improvements are in their return thro' the ſame places, you would infinitely prefer the man in his *firſt* ſtage to the ſame man in his *laſt*. You *find* the difference on their return— Foreign faſhions, foreign vices, and foreign diſeaſes too, often complete the man; and to deſpiſe his own country and countrymen, himſelf ſtill more deſpicable than the *moſt* deſpicable of thoſe he deſpiſes; theſe too generally make up, with a mixture of an unbluſhing effrontery, the travelled gentleman!

Mr. Lovelace, I know, deſerves to have an exception made in his favour; for he is really a man of parts and learning: He was eſteemed ſo both here and at Rome; and a fine perſon, and a generous turn of mind, gave him great advantages. But you need not be told, that a Libertine man of ſenſe does infinitely more miſchief, than a Libertine of weak parts is able to do. And this I will tell you farther, that it was Mr. Lovelace's own fault that he was not ſtill more reſpected than he was, among the *Literati* here. There were, in ſhort, ſome liberties in which he indulged himſelf, that endangered his perſon and his liberty; and made the beſt and moſt worthy of thoſe who honoured him with their notice, give him up; and his ſtay both at Florence and at Rome ſhorter than he deſigned.

This is all I chuſe to ſay of Mr. Lovelace. I had much rather have had reaſon to give him a quite contrary character. But as to Rakes or Libertines in general, I, who know them well, muſt be allowed, be-

cauſe of the miſchiefs they have *always* in their *hearts*, and *too often* in their *power*, to do your Sex, to add ſtill a few more words upon this topic.

A Libertine, my dear Couſin, a *plotting*, an *intriguing* Libertine, muſt be generally *remorſeleſs*—*Unjuſt* he muſt always be. The noble rule, of doing to others what he would have done to himſelf, is the firſt rule he breaks; and every day he breaks it; the oftener, the greater his triumph. He has great contempt for your Sex. He believes no woman chaſte, becauſe he is a profligate. Every woman who *favours him, confirms him* in his wicked incredulity. He is always plotting to extend the miſchiefs he delights in. If a woman loves ſuch a man, how can ſhe bear the thought of dividing her intereſt in his affections, with half the town, and that perhaps the dregs of it? Then ſo ſenſual!—How will a young Lady of your delicacy bear with ſo ſenſual a man? A man who makes a jeſt of his vows; and who perhaps will break your ſpirit by the moſt unmanly inſults. To be a Libertine, at *ſetting out*, all compunction, all humanity, muſt be overcome. To *continue* to be a Libertine, is to continue to be every-thing vile and inhuman. Prayers, tears, and the moſt abject ſubmiſſion, are but fuel to his pride: Wagering perhaps with lewd companions, and, not improbably, with lewder women, upon inſtances which he boaſts of to them of your patient ſufferings, and broken ſpirit, and bringing them home to witneſs to both.

I write what I know *has* been.

I mention not fortunes ſquandered, eſtates mortgaged or ſold, and poſterity robbed.—Nor yet a multitude of other evils, too groſs, too ſhocking, to be mentioned to a perſon of your delicacy.

All theſe, my dear Couſin, to be ſhunned, all the evils I have named to be avoided; the power of doing all the good you have been accuſtomed to do, preſerved,

ſerved, nay, increaſed, by the ſeparate proviſion that will be made for you: Your charming diverſions, and exemplary employments, all maintained; and every good habit perpetuated: And all by *one* ſacrifice, the fading pleaſure of the Eye! Who would not (ſince every-thing is not to be met with in one man; who would not) to preſerve ſo many eſſentials, give up ſo light, ſo unpermanent a pleaſure?

Weigh all theſe things, which I might inſiſt upon to more advantage, did I think it needful to one of your prudence—Weigh them well, my beloved Couſin; and if it be not the will of your Parents that you ſhould continue ſingle, reſolve to oblige them; and let it not be ſaid, that the powers of fancy ſhall (as in many others of your Sex) be too hard for your duty and your prudence. The leſs agreeable the man, the more obliging the compliance. Remember, that he is a ſober man— A man who has reputation to loſe, and whoſe reputation therefore is a ſecurity for his good behaviour to you.

You have an opportunity offered you to give the higheſt inſtance that can be given, of filial duty. Embrace it. It is worthy *of* you. It is expected *from* you; however, for your inclination-ſake, we may be ſorry that you are called upon to give it. Let it be ſaid, that you have been able to lay an obligation upon your Parents (A proud word, my Couſin!) which you could not do, were it not laid *againſt* your inclination! —Upon Parents, who have laid a thouſand upon you: Who are ſet upon this point: Who will not give it up: Who have given up many points to you, even of this very nature: And in *their* turn, for the ſake of their own Authority, as well as Judgment, expect to be obliged.

I hope I ſhall ſoon, in perſon, congratulate you upon This your meritorious compliance. To ſettle and give up my Truſteeſhip, is one of the principal

motives of my leaving theſe parts. I ſhall be glad to ſettle it to every one's ſatisfaction; to Yours particularly.

If on my arrival I find a happy union, as formerly, reign in a family ſo dear to me, it will be an unſpeakable pleaſure to me; and I ſhall perhaps ſo diſpoſe my affairs, as to be near you for ever.

I have written a very long Letter, and will add no more, than that I am, with the greateſt reſpect, my deareſt Couſin,

Your moſt affectionate and faithful Servant,

WM. MORDEN.

I will ſuppoſe, my dear Miſs Howe, that you have read my Couſin's Letter. It is now in vain to wiſh it had come ſooner. But if it *had*, I might perhaps have been ſo raſh as to give Mr. Lovelace the *fatal meeting*, as I little thought of going away with him.

But I ſhould hardly have given him the *expectation* of ſo doing, *previous* to the meeting, which made him come prepared; and the revocation of which he ſo artfully made ineffectual.

Perſecuted as I was, and little expecting ſo much condeſcenſion, as my Aunt, to my great mortification, has told me (and you confirm) I ſhould have met with, it is, however, hard to ſay, what I ſhould or ſhould not have done as to *meeting him*, had it come in time: But this effect I verily believe it would have had—To have made me inſiſt with all my might, on going over, out of all their ways, to the kind writer of the inſtructive Letter, and made a Father (a Protector, as well as a Friend) of a Kinſman, who is one of my Truſtees. This, circumſtanced as I was, would have been a natural, at leaſt an unexceptionable protection.—But I *was to be* unhappy! And how it cuts me to the heart to think, that I can already ſubſcribe to my Couſin's character

of

of a Libertine, ſo well drawn in the Letter which I ſuppoſe you now to have read!

That a man of a character, which ever was my abhorrence, ſhould fall to my lot!—But depending on my own ſtrength; having no reaſon to apprehend danger from headſtrong and diſgraceful impulſes; I too little perhaps caſt up my eyes to the Supreme Director: In whom, miſtruſting myſelf, I ought to have placed my whole confidence—And the more, when I ſaw myſelf ſo perſeveringly addreſſed by a man of this character.

Inexperience and Preſumption, with the help of a Brother and Siſter who have low ends to anſwer in my diſgrace, have been my *Ruin!*—A hard word, my dear! But I repeat it upon deliberation: Since, let the beſt happen which *now* can happen, my Reputation is deſtroyed; a Rake is my portion: And what That portion is, my Couſin Morden's Letter has acquainted you.

Pray keep it by you, till called for. I ſaw it not myſelf (having not the heart to inſpect my trunks) till this morning. I would not for the world This man ſhould ſee it; becauſe it might occaſion miſchief between the moſt violent ſpirit, and the moſt ſettled brave one, in the world, as my Couſin's is ſaid to be.

This Letter was incloſed (opened) in a blank cover. Scorn and deteſt me as they will, I wonder that one line was not ſent with it—were it but to have more particularly pointed the deſign of it, in the ſame generous ſpirit, that ſent me the Spira.

The ſealing of the cover was with black wax. I hope there is no new occaſion in the family to give reaſon for black wax. But if there were, it would, to be ſure, have been mentioned, and laid at my door—perhaps too juſtly!

I had begun a Letter to my Couſin; but laid it by, becauſe of the uncertainty of my ſituation, and expecting

ing every day for ſeveral days paſt to be at a greater certainty. You bid me write to him ſome time ago, you know. Then it was I began it: For I have great pleaſure in obeying you in all I may. So I ought to have; for you are the only friend left me. And moreover, you generally honour me with your own obſervance of the advice I take the liberty to offer you: For I pretend to ſay, I give better advice than I have taken. And ſo I had need. For, I know not how it comes about, but I am, in my own opinion, a poor loſt creature: And yet cannot charge myſelf with one criminal or faulty inclination. Do you know, my dear, how This can be?

Yet I can tell you *how*, I believe—One devious ſtep at ſetting out!—That muſt be It:—Which purſued, has led me ſo far out of my path, that I am in a wilderneſs of doubt and error; and never, never, ſhall find my way out of it: For, altho' but one pace awry at firſt, it has led me hundreds and hundreds of miles out of my path: And the poor Eſtray has not one kind friend, nor has met with one directing paſſenger, to help her to recover it.

But I, preſumptuous creature! muſt rely ſo much upon my own knowlege of the right path!—little apprehending that an *ignis fatuus* with its falſe fires (and yet I had heard enough of ſuch) would ariſe to miſlead me! And now, in the midſt of fens and quagmires, it plays around me, and around me, throwing me back again, whenever I think myſelf in the right track. But there is one common point, in which all ſhall meet, err widely as they may. In That I ſhall be laid quietly down at laſt: And then will all my calamities be at an end.

But how I ſtray again; ſtray from my intention! I would only have ſaid, that I had begun a Letter to my Couſin Morden ſome time ago: But that, now, I can never end it. You will *believe* I cannot: For how

how ſhall I tell him, that all his compliments are miſbeſtowed? That all his advice is thrown away? All his warnings vain? And that even my higheſt expectation is to be the wife of that free liver, whom he ſo pathetically warns me to ſhun?

Let me, however, have your prayers joined with my own (my fate depending, as it ſeems, upon the *lips of ſuch a man*) 'That, whatever ſhall be my 'deſtiny, That dreadful part of my Father's male-'diction, That I may be puniſhed by the man in 'whom he ſuppoſes I put my confidence, may not 'take place! That This for *Mr. Lovelace's* own ſake, 'and for the ſake of *human nature*, may not be! Or, 'if it be neceſſary, in ſupport of the parental autho-'rity, that I ſhould be puniſhed by *him*, that it may 'not be by his *premeditated* or *wilful* baſeneſs; but 'that I may be able to acquit his *intention*, if not 'his *action*!' Otherwiſe, my fault will appear to be doubled in the eye of the event-judging world. And yet, methinks, I would be glad, that the unkindneſs of my Father and Uncles, whoſe hearts have already been too much wounded by my error, may be juſtified in every article, excepting in this heavy curſe: And that my Father will be pleaſed to withdraw That before it be generally known; at leaſt that moſt dreadful part of it which regards Futurity!

I muſt lay down my pen. I muſt brood over theſe reflections. Once more, before I incloſe my Couſin's Letter, I will peruſe it: And then I ſhall have it by heart.

LETTER LII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Sunday Night, May 7.

WHEN you reflect upon my unhappy ſituation, which is attended with ſo many indelicate and even ſhocking circumſtances, ſome of which my

my pride will not let me think of with patience; all aggravated by the contents of my Couſin's affecting Letter; you will not wonder, that the vapouriſhneſs which has laid hold of my heart, ſhould riſe to my pen. And yet it would be more kind, more friendly in me, to conceal from *you*, who take ſuch a generous intereſt in my concerns, that worſt part of my griefs, which communication and complaint cannot relieve.

But to whom can I unboſom myſelf but to you? When the man who ought to be my protector, as he has brought upon me all my diſtreſſes, adds to my apprehenſions; when I have not even a ſervant on whoſe fidelity I can rely, or to whom I can break my griefs as they ariſe; and when his bountiful temper and gay heart attach every one to him; and I am but a *cypher*, to give *him* ſignificance, and *myſelf* pain?—Theſe griefs, therefore, do what I can, will ſometimes burſt into tears; and theſe mingling with my ink, will blot my paper. And I know you will not grudge me the temporary relief.

But I ſhall go on in the ſtrain I left off with in my laſt; when I intended rather to apologize for my melancholy. But let what I have above written once for all, be my apology. My misfortunes have given you a call to diſcharge the nobleſt offices of the friendſhip we have vowed to each other, in advice and conſolation; and it would be an injury to it, and to you, to ſuppoſe it needed even that call.

She then tells Miſs Howe, that now her cloaths are come, Mr. Lovelace is continually teazing her to go abroad with him in a coach, attended by whom ſhe pleaſes of her own Sex, either for the air, or to the public diverſions.

She gives the particulars of a converſation that has paſſed between them on that ſubject, and his ſeveral

ral propoſals. But takes notice, that he ſays not the leaſt word of the Solemnity which he ſo much preſſed for before they came to town; and which, as ſhe obſerves, was neceſſary to give propriety to his propoſals.

Now, my dear, *ſays ſhe*, I cannot bear the life I live. I would be glad at my heart to be out of his reach. If I were, he ſhould ſoon *find the difference*. If I muſt be humbled, it had better be by thoſe to whom I owe duty, than by him. My Aunt writes in her Letter (*a*), that SHE dare not propoſe any thing in my favour. You tell me, that, upon enquiry, you find (*b*), that, had I not been unhappily ſeduced away, a change of meaſures was actually reſolved upon; and that my Mother particularly, was determined to exert herſelf for the reſtoration of the family peace; and, in order to ſucceed the better, had thoughts of trying to engage my Uncle Harlowe in her party.

Let me build on theſe foundations. I can but try, my dear. It is my duty to try all *probable* methods to reſtore the poor Outcaſt to favour. And who knows but that once indulgent Uncle who has very great weight in the family, may be induced to interpoſe in my behalf? I will give up all right and title to my Grandfather's deviſes and bequeſts, with all my heart and ſoul, to whom they pleaſe, in order to make my propoſal palatable to my Brother. And that my ſurrender may be effectual, I will engage never to marry.

What think you, my dear, of this expedient? Surely they cannot reſolve to renounce me for ever. If they look with impartial eyes upon what has happened, they will have ſomething to blame *themſelves* for, as well as *me*.

(*a*) See p. 112. (*b*) Ibid. p. 133.

I pre-

I preſume, that you will be of opinion, that this expedient is worth trying. But here is my difficulty; If I ſhould write, my hard-hearted Brother has ſo ſtrongly confederated them all againſt me, that my Letter would be handed about from one to another, till he had hardened every one to refuſe my requeſt; whereas, could my Uncle be engaged to eſpouſe my cauſe, as from *himſelf*, I ſhould have ſome hope; as I preſume to think he would ſoon have my Mother and my Aunt of his party.

What therefore I am thinking of, is this—'Sup-'poſe Mr. Hickman, whoſe good character has gained 'him every-body's reſpect, ſhould put himſelf in my 'Uncle Harlowe's way? And (as if from your 'knowlege of the ſtate of things between Mr. Love-'lace and me) aſſure him not only of the above 'particulars, but that I am under no obligations that 'ſhall hinder me from taking his directions?'

I ſubmit the whole to your diſcretion, whether to purſue it at all, or in what manner. But if it *be* purſued, and if my Uncle refuſes to intereſt himſelf in my favour upon Mr. Hickman's application as from you (for ſo, for obvious reaſons, it muſt be put) I can then have no hope; and my next ſtep, in the mind I am in, ſhall be to throw myſelf into the protection of the Ladies of his family.

It were an impiety to adopt the following lines, becauſe it would be throwing upon the Decrees of Providence a fault too much my own. But often do I revolve them, for the ſake of the general ſimilitude which they bear to my unhappy, yet undeſigned error.

To you, great gods! I make my laſt appeal:
Or clear my virtues, or my crimes reveal.
If wand'ring in the maze of life I run,
And backward tread the ſteps I ſought to ſhun,

Impute

Impute my error to your own decree:
My FEET *are guilty; but my* HEART *is free.*

The Lady dates again on Monday to let Miſs Howe know, that Mr. Lovelace, on obſerving her uneaſineſs, had introduced to her Mr. Mennell, Mrs. Fretchville's kinſman, who managed all her affairs. She calls him a young officer of ſenſe and politeneſs, who gave her an account of the houſe and furniture, to the ſame effect that Mr. Lovelace had done before (a); as alſo of the melancholy way Mrs. Fretchville is in.

She tells Miſs Howe, how extremely urgent Mr. Lovelace was with the gentleman, to get his Spouſe (as he now always calls her before company) a ſight of the houſe: And that Mr. Mennell undertook that very afternoon to ſhew her all of it except the apartment Mrs. Fretchville ſhould be in when ſhe went. But that ſhe choſe not to take another ſtep till ſhe knew how ſhe approved of her ſcheme to have her Uncle ſounded; and with what ſucceſs, if tried, it would be attended.

Mr. Lovelace, in his humourous way, gives his friend an account of the Lady's peeviſhneſs and dejection, on receiving a Letter with her cloaths. He regrets that he has loſt her confidence; which he attributes to his bringing her into the company of his four companions. Yet he thinks he muſt excuſe them, and cenſure her for over-niceneſs; for that he never ſaw men behave better, at leaſt not them.

Mentioning his introducing Mr. Mennell to her,

Now, Jack, *ſays he,* was it not very kind of Mr. Mennell [*Captain* Mennell I ſometimes called him; for among the military men there is no ſuch

(*a*) See p. 177.

offic:r,

officer, thou knoweſt, as a *Lieutenant*, or an *Enſign* —Was it not very kind in him] to come along with me ſo readily as he did, to ſatisfy my Beloved about the vapouriſh Lady and the Houſe?

But who is Captain Mennell? methinks thou aſkeſt: I never heard of ſuch a man as Captain Mennell.

Very likely. But knoweſt thou not young Newcomb, honeſt Doleman's Nephew?

O-ho! Is it he?

It is. And I have changed his name by virtue of my own ſingle authority. Knoweſt thou not, that I am a great Name-father? Preferments I beſtow, both military and civil. I give Eſtates, and take them away at my pleaſure. Quality too I create. And by a ſtill more valuable prerogative, I *degrade* by virtue of my own imperial will, without any other act of forfeiture than for my own convenience. What a poor thing is a monarch to me!

But Mennell, now he has ſeen this angel of a woman, has qualms; that's the devil!—I ſhall have enough to do to keep him right. But it is the leſs wonder, that *he* ſhould ſtagger, when a few hours converſation with the ſame Lady could make four much more hardened varlets find *hearts*.—Only, that I am confident, that I ſhall at laſt reward her virtue, if her virtue overcome me, or I ſhould find it impoſſible to perſevere.—For at times, I have confounded qualms myſelf. But ſay not a word of them to the Confraternity: Nor laugh at me for them thyſelf.

In another Letter, dated Monday night, he writes as follows:

This perverſe Lady keeps me at ſuch diſtance, that I am ſure ſomething is going on between her and Miſs Howe, notwithſtanding the prohibition from Mrs. Howe to both; and as I have thought it ſome degree of merit in myſelf to puniſh others for their tranſ-

tranſgreſſions, I am of opinion, that both theſe girls are puniſhable for their breach of parental injunctions. And as to their Letter-carrier, I have been enquiring into his way of living; and finding him to be a common poacher, a deer-ſtealer, and warren-robber, who, under pretence of higgling, deals with a ſet of cuſtomers, who conſtantly take all he brings, whether fiſh, fowl, or veniſon, I hold myſelf juſtified (ſince Wilſon's conveyance muſt at preſent be ſacred) to have him ſtript and robbed, and what Money he has about him given to the Poor; ſince, if I take not Money as well as Letters, I ſhall be ſuſpected.

To ſerve one's ſelf, and puniſh a villain at the ſame time, is ſerving public and private. The Law was not made for ſuch a man as me. And I *muſt* come at correſpondencies ſo diſobediently carried on.

But, on ſecond thoughts, if I could find out that the dear creature carried any of her Letters in her Pockets, I can get her to a Play or to a Concert, and ſhe may have the misfortune to loſe her Pockets.

But how ſhall I find this out; ſince her Dorcas knows no more of her dreſſing or undreſſing than her Lovelace? For ſhe is dreſſed for the day, before ſhe appears even to her ſervant. Vilely ſuſpicious! Upon my ſoul, Jack, a ſuſpicious temper is a puniſhable temper. If a woman ſuſpects a rogue in an honeſt man, is it not enough to make the honeſt man who knows it, a rogue?

But as to her Pockets, I think my mind hankers after them, as the leſs miſchievous attempt. But they cannot hold all the Letters that I ſhould wiſh to ſee. And yet a woman's Pockets are half as deep as ſhe is high. Tied round the ſweet *Levities*, I preſume, as Ballaſt-bags, leſt the wind, as they move with full ſail, from whale ribbed canvas, ſhould blow away the gypſies:

He then, in apprehenſion that ſomething is meditateing between the two Ladies, or that ſomething may be ſet on foot to get Miſs Harlowe out of his hands, relates ſeveral of his contrivances, and boaſts of his inſtructions given in writing to Dorcas and to his ſervant Will. Summers; and ſays, that he has provided againſt every poſſible accident, even to bring her back *if ſhe ſhould eſcape, or in caſe ſhe ſhould go abroad, and then* refuſe to return; *and hopes ſo to manage, as that, ſhould he make an attempt, whether he ſucceed in it, or not, he may have a pretence to detain her.*

He then proceeds as follows:

I have ordered Dorcas to cultivate by all means her Lady's favour; to lament her incapacity as to writing and reading; to ſhew Letters to her Lady, as from pretended country relations; to beg her advice how to anſwer them, and to get them anſwered; and to be always aiming at ſcrawling with a pen, leſt inky fingers ſhould give ſuſpicion. I have moreover given the wench an ivory-leafed pocket-book, with a ſilver pencil, that ſhe may make memoranda on occaſion.

And let me tell thee, that the Lady has already, (at Mrs. Sinclair's motion) removed her cloaths out of the trunks they came in, into an ample mahogany repoſitory, where they will lie at full length, and which has drawers in it for linen.—A repoſitory, that uſed to hold the richeſt ſuits which ſome of the nymphs put on, when they are to be dreſſed out, to captivate, or to ape Quality. For many a Counteſs, thou knoweſt, has our mother equipped; nay, two or three Ducheſſes, who live upon *Quality-terms* with their Lords. But this to ſuch as will come up to her price, and can make an appearance like Quality themſelves

on

on the occaſion: For the Reputation of perſons of Birth muſt not lie at the mercy of every *under-degreed* ſinner.

A maſter-key which will open every lock in this cheſt, is put into Dorcas's hands; and ſhe is to take care, when ſhe ſearches for papers, before ſhe removes any-thing, to obſerve how it lies, that ſhe may replace all to a hair. Sally and Polly can occaſionally help to tranſcribe. Slow and ſure with ſuch an Argus-eyed charmer muſt be all my movements.

It is impoſſible that one ſo young and ſo inexperienced as ſhe is, can have all her caution from herſelf; the behaviour of the women ſo unexceptionable; no revellings, no company ever admitted into this inner-houſe; all genteel, quiet, and eaſy, in it; the Nymphs well-bred, and well-read; her firſt diſguſts to the Old one got over—It muſt be Miſs Howe therefore [Who once was in danger of being taken-in by one of our claſs, by honeſt Sir George Colmar, as thou haſt heard] that makes my progreſs difficult.

Thou ſeeſt, Belford, by the above *precautionaries*, that I forget nothing. As the Song ſays, it is not to be imagined

On what ſlight ſtrings
Depend thoſe things,
On which men build their glory!

So far, ſo good. I ſhall never reſt till I have diſcovered in the firſt place, where the dear creature puts her Letters; and in the next till I have got her to a Play, to a Concert, or to take an Airing with me out of town for a day or two.

* * * * *

I GAVE thee juſt now ſome of *my* Contrivances. Dorcas, who is ever attentive to all her Lady's motions, has given me ſome inſtances of her *miſtreſs*'s precautions. She wafers her Letters, it ſeems, in wo places; pricks the wafers; and then ſeals upon them.

them. No doubt but the ſame care is taken with regard to thoſe brought to her; for ſhe always examines the Seals of the latter before ſhe opens them.

I muſt, I muſt come at them. This difficulty augments my curioſity. Strange, ſo much as ſhe writes, and at all hours, that not one ſleepy or forgetful moment has offered in our favour.

· A fair contention, thou ſeeſt: Nor plead thou in · her favour her *Youth*, her *Beauty*, her *Family*, her · *Fortune*. CREDULITY, ſhe has none; and with · regard to her TENDER YEARS, Am I not a *young* · *fellow* myſelf? As to BEAUTY; pr'ythee, Jack, do · thou, to ſpare my modeſty, make a compariſon · between my Clariſſa for a *Woman*, and thy Love- · lace for a *Man*. For her FAMILY, That was not · known to its country a Century ago: And I hate · them all but her. Have I not cauſe?—For her · FORTUNE; Fortune, thou knoweſt, was ever a · *ſtimulus* with me; and this for reaſons not igno- · ble. Do not girls of Fortune adorn themſelves on · purpoſe to engage our attention? Seek they not · to draw us into their ſnares? Depend they not, · generally, on their *Fortunes*, in the views they · have upon us, more than on their *Merits?* Shall · we deprive them of the benefit of their *principal* · dependence?—Can I, in particular, marry *every* · *girl* who wiſhes to obtain my notice? If therefore, · in ſupport of the libertine principles for which none · of the ſweet rogues hate us, a woman of fortune · is brought to yield homage to her Emperor, and · any conſequences attend the *Subjugation*, is not ſuch · a one ſhielded by her fortune, as well from inſult · and contempt, as from indigence?—All, then, that · admits of debate between my Beloved and me, is · only this—Which of the two has more *Wit*, more · *Circumſpection*—And that remains to be tried.·

A ſad Life however, this Life of Doubt and Suſpenſe,

penſe, for the poor Lady to live, as well as for me; that is to ſay, if ſhe be not *naturally* jealous—If ſhe be, her uneaſineſs is conſtitutional, and ſhe cannot help it; nor will it, in that caſe, hurt her. For a ſuſpicious temper will *make* occaſions for doubt, if none were to offer to its hand. My Fair one therefore, if naturally ſuſpicious, is obliged to me for ſaving her the trouble of *ſtudying* for theſe occaſions—But after all, the plain way in every affair of the human life is the beſt I believe, although it is not given me to chuſe it. I am not, however, ſingular in the purſuit of the more intricate paths; ſince there are thouſands and ten thouſands, who had rather fiſh in troubled waters than in ſmooth.

LETTER LIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

Tueſday, May 9.

I AM a very unhappy man. This Lady is ſaid to be one of the ſweeteſt-tempered creatures in the world: And ſo I thought her. But to *me*, ſhe is one of the moſt perverſe. I never was ſuppoſed to be an ill-natured mortal neither. How can it be? I imagined for a long while, that we were born to make each other happy: But, quite the contrary; we really ſeem to be ſent to plague each other.

I will write a Comedy, I think. I have a Title ready; and that's half the work. *The Quarrelſome Lovers*. 'Twill do. There's ſomething new and ſtriking in it. Yet, more or leſs, all Lovers quarrel. Old Terence has taken notice of that; and obſerves upon it, That Lovers *falling-out*, occaſions Lovers *falling-in*; and a better underſtanding of courſe. 'Tis natural that it ſhould be ſo. But with us, we fall-out ſo often, without falling-in once; and a ſecond quarrel ſo generally happens before a firſt is made up;

that it is hard to gueſs what event our Loves will be attended with. 'But perſeverance is my glory, and 'patience my handmaid, when I have in view an 'object worthy of my attempts. What is there in 'an eaſy conqueſt? Hudibras queſtions well,

'——*What mad Lover ever dy'd*
'*To gain a ſoft and eaſy Bride?*
'*Or, for a Lady tender-hearted,*
'*In purling ſtreams, or hemp, departed?*'

But I will lead to the occaſion of this preamble.

I had been out. On my return, meeting Dorcas on the ſtairs—Your Lady in her chamber, Dorcas? In the Dining-room, Sir: And if ever you hope for an opportunity to come at a Letter, it muſt be now. For at her feet I ſaw one lie, which, as may be ſeen by its open folds, ſhe has been reading, with a little parcel of others ſhe is now buſied with—All pulled out of her pocket, as I believe: So, Sir, you'll know where to find them another time.

I was ready to leap for joy, and inſtantly reſolved to bring forward an expedient which I had held in petto; and entering into the Dining-room, with an air of tranſport, I boldly claſped my arms about her, as ſhe ſat; ſhe huddling up her papers in her handkerchief all the time; the dropt paper unſeen. O my deareſt life, a lucky expedient have Mr. Mennell and I hit upon, juſt now. In order to haſten Mrs. Fretchville to quit the houſe, I have agreed, if you approve of it, to entertain her cook, her houſemaid, and two men-ſervants, (about whom ſhe was very ſolicitous) till you are provided to your mind. And that no accommodations may be wanted, I have conſented to take the houſhold linen at an appraiſement.

I am to pay down five hundred pounds, and the remainder as ſoon as the bills can be looked up, and the amount

amount of them adjuſted. Thus will you have a charming houſe intirely ready to receive you. Some of the Ladies of my family will ſoon be with you: They will not permit you long to ſuſpend my happy day. And that nothing may be wanting to gratify your utmoſt punctilio, I will till then conſent to ſtay here at Mrs. Sinclair's, while you reſide at your new houſe; and leave the reſt to your own generoſity. O my beloved creature, will not this be agreeable to you? I am ſure it will—It muſt—And claſping her cloſer to me, I gave her a more fervent kiſs than ever I had dared to give her before. I permitted not my ardor to overcome my diſcretion however; for I took care to ſet my foot upon the Letter, and ſcraped it farther from her, as it were behind her chair.

She was in a paſſion at the liberty I took. Bowing low, I begged her pardon; and ſtooping ſtill lower, in the ſame motion, took up the Letter, and whipt it into my boſom.

Pox on me, for a puppy, a fool, a blockhead, a clumſy varlet, a mere Jack Belford!—I thought myſelf a much cleverer fellow than I am!—Why could I not have been followed in by Dorcas; who might have taken it up, while I addreſſed her Lady?

For here, the Letter being unfolded, I could not put it into my boſom, without alarming her ears, as my ſudden motion did her eyes.—Up ſhe flew in a moment: Traitor! Judas! her eyes flaſhing lightning, and a perturbation in her eager countenance, ſo charming!—What have you taken up?—And then, what for both my ears I durſt not to have done to her, ſhe made no ſcruple to ſeize the ſtolen Letter, though in my boſom.

What was to be done on ſo palpable a detection?—I claſped her hand, which had hold of the raviſhed paper, between mine: O my beloved creature! ſaid I, can you think I have not *ſome* curioſity? Is it poſ-

ſible you can be thus for ever employed; and I, loving narrative Letter-writing above every other ſpecies of writing, and admiring your talent that way, ſhould not (thus upon the dawn of my happineſs, as I preſume to hope) burn with a deſire to be admitted into ſo ſweet a correſpondence?

Let go my hand!—ſtamping with her pretty foot: How dare you, Sir!—At this rate, I ſee—Too plainly I ſee—And more ſhe could not ſay: But, gaſping, was ready to faint with paſſion and affright; the devil a bit of her accuſtomed gentleneſs to be ſeen in her charming face, or to be heard in her muſical voice.

Having gone thus far, loth, very loth was I to loſe my prize—Once more I got hold of the rumpled-up Letter!—*Impudent man!* were her words: Stamping again. *For God's ſake*, then it was. I let go my prize, leſt ſhe ſhould faint away: But had the pleaſure firſt to find my hand within both hers, ſhe trying to open my reluctant fingers. How near was my heart at that moment to my hand, throbbing to my fingers ends, to be thus familiarly, although angrily, treated by the charmer of my ſoul!

When ſhe had got it in her poſſeſſion, ſhe flew to the door. I threw myſelf in her way, ſhut it, and, in the humbleſt manner, beſought her to forgive me. And yet do you think the Harlowe-hearted charmer (notwithſtanding the agreeable annunciation I came in with) would forgive me?—No truly; but puſhing me rudely from the door, as if I had been nothing [Yet do I love to try, ſo innocently to try, her ſtrength too!] ſhe gaining that force through paſſion, which I had loſt thro' fear, out ſhe ſhot to her own apartment [Thank my ſtars ſhe could fly no further!]; and as ſoon as ſhe entered it, in a paſſion ſtill, ſhe double-locked and double-bolted herſelf in. This my comfort, on reflection, that, upon a greater offence, it cannot be worſe.

I retreated to my own apartment, with my heart full: And, my man Will. not being near me, gave myſelf a plaguy knock on the forehead, with my double fiſt.

And now is my charmer ſhut up from me: Refuſing to ſee me; refuſing her meals. She reſolves *not* to ſee me; that's more:—Never again, if ſhe can help it; and *in the mind ſhe is in*—I hope ſhe has ſaid.

The dear creatures, whenever they quarrel with their humble ſervants, ſhould always remember this ſaving clauſe, that they may not be forſworn.

But thinkeſt thou that I will not make it the ſubject of one of my firſt plots, to inform myſelf of the reaſon why all this commotion was neceſſary on ſo ſlight an occaſion as this would have been, were not the Letters that paſs between theſe Ladies of a treaſonable nature?

Wedneſday Morning.

No admiſſion to breakfaſt, any more than to ſupper. I wiſh this Lady is not a Simpleton, after all.

I have ſent up in Capt. Mennell's name.

A Meſſage from Capt. Mennell, Madam.

It won't do. She is of Baby age. She cannot be—a Solomon, I was going to ſay, in every thing. Solomon, Jack, was the wiſeſt Man. But didſt ever hear who was the wiſeſt Woman? I want a compariſon for this lady. Cunning women and witches we read of without number. But I fancy *Wiſdom* never entered into the character of a woman. It is not a requiſite of the Sex. Women, indeed, make better Sovereigns than men: But why is that?—Becauſe the Women-ſovereigns are governed by Men; the Men-ſovereigns by Women.—Charming, by my Soul! For hence we gueſs at the rudder by which both are ſteered.

But to put Wiſdom out of the queſtion, and to take

take *Cunning* in; that is to ſay, To conſider Woman *as* a Woman; what ſhall we do, if this Lady has ſomething extraordinary in her head? Repeated charges has ſhe given to Wilſon, by a particular meſſenger, to ſend any Letter directed for her the moment it comes.

I muſt keep a good Look-out. She is not now afraid of her Brother's plot. I ſhan't be at all ſurpriſed, if Singleton calls upon Miſs Howe, as the only perſon who *knows*, or is *likely to know*, where Miſs Harlowe is; pretending to have affairs of importance, and of particular ſervice to her, if he can but be admitted to her ſpeech—Of compromiſe, who knows, from her Brother?

Then will Miſs Howe warn her to keep cloſe. Then will my protection be again neceſſary. This will do, I believe. Any-thing from Miſs Howe muſt.

Joſeph Leman is a vile fellow with her, and my implement. Joſeph, *honeſt* Joſeph, as I call him, may hang himſelf. I have played him off enough, and have very little further uſe for him. No need to wear one plot to the ſtumps, when I can find new ones every hour.

Nor blame me for the uſe I make of my talents. Who, that hath ſuch, will let 'em be idle?

Well then, I will find a Singleton; that's all I have to do.

Inſtantly find one!—Will!—

Sir—

This moment call me hither thy couſin Paul Wheatly, juſt come from Sea, whom thou wert recommending to my ſervice, if I were to marry, and keep a pleaſure-boat.

Preſto—Will's gone—Paul will be here preſently. Preſently will he be gone to Mrs. Howe's. If Paul be Singleton's Mate, coming from his Captain, it will do as well as if it were Singleton himſelf.

Sally, a little devil, often reproaches me with the ſlowneſs of my proceedings. But in a play, does not the principal entertainment lie in the *firſt four acts?* Is not all in a manner over when you come to the *fifth?* And what a vultur of a man muſt he be, who ſowſes upon his prey, and in the ſame moment truſſes and devours?

But to own the truth, I have overplotted myſelf. To make my work ſecure, as I thought, I have frighted the dear creature with the ſight of my four Hottentots, and I ſhall be a long time, I doubt, before I can recover my loſt ground. And then this curſed family at Harlowe-Place have made her out of humour with *me*, with *herſelf*, and with *all the world*, but Miſs Howe, who, no doubt, is continually adding difficulties to my other difficulties.

I am very unwilling to have recourſe to meaſures which theſe demons below are continually urging me to take; becauſe I am ſure, that, at laſt, I ſhall be brought to make her legally mine.

One complete trial over, and I think I will do her noble juſtice.

*** ***

WELL, Paul's gone—Gone already—Has all his leſſons. A notable fellow!—Lord W's Neceſſary-man was Paul before he went to Sea. A more ſenſible rogue Paul than Joſeph! Not ſuch a pretender to piety neither, as the other. At what a price have I bought that Joſeph! I believe I muſt puniſh the raſcal at laſt: But muſt let him marry firſt: Then (tho' that may be puniſhment enough) I ſhall puniſh two at once in the man and his wife. And how richly does Betty deſerve puniſhment for her behaviour to my goddeſs?

But now I hear the ruſty hinges of my Beloved's door give me creaking invitation. My heart creaks and throbs with reſpondent trepidations: Whimſical enough

enough tho'! For what relation has a Lover's heart to a ruſty pair of hinges? But they are the hinges that open and ſhut the door of my Beloved's bed-chamber. Relation enough in that.

I hear not the door ſhut again. I ſhall receive her commands I hope anon. What ſignifies her keeping me thus at diſtance? She muſt be mine, let me do or offer what I will. Courage whenever I aſſume, all is over: For ſhould ſhe think of eſcaping from hence, whither can ſhe fly to avoid me? Her Parents will not receive her. Her Uncles will not entertain her. Her beloved Norton is in their direction, and cannot. Miſs Howe dare not. She has not one friend in town but me—Is entirely a ſtranger to the town. And what then is the matter with me, that I ſhould be thus unaccountably over-awed and tyrannized over by a dear creature who wants only to know how impoſſible it is that ſhe ſhould eſcape me, in order to be as humble to me, as ſhe is to her perſecuting relations!

Should I even make the grand attempt, and fail, and ſhould ſhe hate me for it, her hatred can be but temporary. She has already incurred the cenſure of the world. She muſt therefore chuſe to be mine, for the ſake of ſoldering up her Reputation in the eye of that impudent world. For, who that knows me, and knows that ſhe has been in my power, tho' but for twenty-four hours, will think her ſpotleſs as to fact, let her inclination be what it will? And then *human nature* is ſuch a well-known rogue, that every man and woman judges by what each knows of him or herſelf, that *inclination* is no more to be truſted, where an opportunity is given, than I am; eſpecially where a woman young and blooming loves a man well enough to go off with him; for ſuch will be the world's conſtruction in the preſent caſe.

She calls her maid Dorcas. No doubt, that I may hear

hear her harmonious voice, and to give me an opportunity to pour out my ſoul at her feet; to renew all my vows; and to receive her pardon for the paſt offence: And then, with what pleaſure ſhall I begin upon a new ſcore; and afterwards wipe out that; and begin another, and another; till the *laſt* offence paſſes; and there can be *no other*. And once, after that, to be forgiven, will be to be forgiven for ever.

* * * * *

THE door is again ſhut. Dorcas tells me, that her Lady denies to admit me to dine with her; a favour I had ordered the wench to beſeech her to grant me, the next time ſhe ſaw her—Not uncivilly, however, denies—Coming to by degrees! Nothing but the laſt offence, the honeſt wench tells me, in the language of her principals below, will do with her. The laſt offence is meditating. Yet this vile recreant heart of mine plays me booty.

But here I conclude; tho' the tyranneſs leaves me nothing to do, but to read, write, and fret.

Subſcription is formal between us. Beſides, I am ſo totally hers, that I cannot ſay how much I am thine or any other perſon's.

LETTER LIV.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Tueſday, May 9.

IF, my dear, you approve of the application to my Uncle Harlowe, I wiſh it may be made as ſoon as poſſible. We are quite out again. I have ſhut myſelf up from him. The offence indeed not *very* great—And yet it is too. He had like to have got a Letter. One of yours. But never will I write again, or reperuſe my papers, in an apartment where he thinks himſelf intitled to come. He did not read a line of it. Indeed he did not. So don't be uneaſy. And depend upon future caution. Thus

Thus it was. The Sun being upon my cloſet, and Mr. Lovelace abroad—

She then gives Miſs Howe an account of his coming in by ſurprize upon her: of his fluttering ſpeech: of his bold addreſs: of her ſtruggle with him for the Letter, &c.

And now, my dear, *proceeds ſhe*, I am more and more convinced, that I am too much in his power to make it prudent to ſtay with him. And if my friends *will* but give me hope, I will reſolve to abandon him for ever.

· O my dear! he is a fierce, a fooliſh, an inſolent · creature!—And in truth, I hardly expect, that we · *can* accommodate. How much unhappier am I · already, with him, than my Mother ever was with · my Father after marriage! Since (and that with- · out any reaſon, any pretence in the world for it) · he is for breaking my ſpirit *before* I am his; and · while I am, or ought to be [O my folly, that I · am not!] in my own power.·

Till I can know whether my friends will give me hope or not, I muſt do what I never ſtudied to do before in any caſe; that is, try to keep this difference open: And yet it will make me look *little in my own eyes*; becauſe I ſhall mean by it more than I can own. But this is one of the conſequences of a ſtep I ſhall ever deplore! · The natural fruits of all · engagements, where the minds are unpaired—*diſ-* · *paired*, in my caſe may I ſay.

· Let this evermore be my caution to individuals · of my Sex. Guard your eye: 'Twill ever be in a · combination againſt your judgment. If there are · two parts to be taken, it will for ever, traitor as it · is, take the wrong one.

· If you aſk me, my dear, How this caution befits · me? let me tell you a ſecret which I have but very · lately

· lately found out upon ſelf-examination, altho' you
· ſeem to have made the diſcovery long ago; That
· had not my fooliſh eye been too much attached, I
· had not taken the pains to attempt, ſo officiouſly
· as I did, the prevention of miſchief between him
· and ſome of my family, which firſt induced the
· correſpondence between us, and was the occaſion
· of bringing the apprehended miſchief with double
· weight upon myſelf. My vanity and conceit, as
· far as I know, might have part in the inconſiderate
· meaſure: For does it not look as if I thought my-
· ſelf more capable of obviating difficulties, than any-
· body elſe of my family?

· But you muſt not, my dear, ſuppoſe my heart
· to be ſtill a confederate with my eye. That deluded
· eye now clearly ſees its fault, and the miſled heart
· deſpiſes it for it. Hence the application I am
· making to my Uncle: Hence it is, that I can ſay,
· (I think truly) that I would atone for my fault at
· any rate, even by the ſacrifice of a limb or two, if
· that would do.

· Adieu, my deareſt friend!—May your heart
· never know the hundredth part of the pain mine at
· preſent feels! prays

Your

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER LV.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Wedneſday, May 10.

· I *Will* write! No *man* ſhall write for me *(a)*. No
· *woman* ſhall hinder me from writing. Surely
· I am of age to diſtinguiſh between reaſon and caprice.
· I am not writing to a man, am I?—If I were car-

· (*a*) Clariſſa propoſes *Mr. Hickman* to write for Miſs Howe.
· See p. 213, 214.

· rying

· rying on a correſpondence with a fellow, of whom · my Mother diſapproved, and whom it might be · improper for me to encourage, my own honour · and my duty would engage my obedience. But as · the caſe is ſo widely different, not a word more on · this ſubject, I beſeech you!

· I much approve of your reſolution to leave this · wretch, if you can make up with your Uncle.

· I hate the man—Moſt heartily do I hate him, · for his teazing ways. The very reading of your · account of them teazes me almoſt as much as they · can you. May you have encouragement to fly the · fooliſh wretch!

· I have other reaſons to wiſh you may: For I · have juſt made an acquaintance with one who knows · a vaſt deal of his private hiſtory. The man is really · a villain, my dear! an execrable one! if all be true · that I have heard; and yet I am promiſed *other* · particulars. · I do aſſure you, my dear friend, that had he had a dozen lives, he might have forfeited them all, and been dead *twenty crimes* ago.

If ever you condeſcend to talk familiarly with him again, aſk him after Miſs Betterton, and what became of her: And if he ſhuffle and prevaricate as to her, queſtion him about Miſs Lockyer.—O my dear, the man's a villain!

I will have your Uncle ſounded, as you deſire, and that out of hand. But yet I am afraid of the ſucceſs; and this for ſeveral reaſons. 'Tis hard to ſay what the ſacrifice of your Eſtate would do with ſome people: And yet I muſt not, when it comes to the teſt, permit you to make it.

As your Hannah continues ill, I would adviſe you to try to attach Dorcas to your intereſt. Have you not been impoliticly ſhy of her?

I wiſh you could come at ſome of his Letters. Surely a man of his negligent character cannot be al-

ways

ways guarded. If *he be*, and if you cannot engage *your* ſervant, I ſhould ſuſpect them both. Let him be called upon at a ſhort warning when he is writing, or when he has papers lying about, and ſo ſurpriſe him into negligence.

Such enquiries, I know, are of the ſame nature with thoſe we make at an Inn in travelling, when we look into every corner and cloſet for fear of a villain; yet ſhould be frighted out of our wits, were we to find one. But 'tis better to detect ſuch a one when awake and up, than to be attacked by him when in bed and aſleep.

I am glad you have your cloaths. But no money! No books, but a *Spira*, a *Drexelius*, and a *Practice of Piety!* Thoſe who ſent the latter, ought to have kept it for themſelves.—But I muſt hurry myſelf from this ſubject.

You have exceedingly alarmed me by what you hint of his attempt to get one of my Letters. I am aſſured by my new informant, that he is the head of a gang of wretches (thoſe he brought you among, no doubt, were ſome of them) who join together to betray innocent creatures, and to ſupport one another afterwards by violence; and were he to come at the knowlege of the freedoms I take with him, I ſhould be afraid to ſtir out without a guard.

I am ſorry to tell you, that I have reaſon to think, that your Brother has not laid aſide his fooliſh plot. A ſun-burnt, ſailor-looking fellow was with me juſt now, pretending great ſervice to you from Captain Singleton, could he be admitted to your ſpeech. I pleaded ignorance, as to the place of your abode. The fellow was too well inſtructed for me to get any-thing out of him.

I wept for two hours inceſſantly, on reading yours, which incloſed that from your Couſin Morden (*a*).

(*a*) See Letter LI.

My deareſt creature, do not deſert yourſelf. Let your Anna Howe obey the call of that friendſhip which has united us as one ſoul, and endeavour to give you conſolation.

I wonder not at the melancholy reflections you ſo often caſt upon yourſelf in your Letters, for the ſtep you have been forced upon, on one hand, and tricked into on the other. A ſtrange fatality! *As if it were deſigned to ſhew the vanity of all human prudence.* I wiſh, my dear, as you hint, that both you and I have not *too much prided ourſelves in a perhaps too conſcious ſuperiority over others.* But I will ſtop—How apt are weak minds to look out for judgments in any extraordinary event! 'Tis ſo far right, that it is better, and ſafer, and juſter, to arraign ourſelves, or our deareſt friends, than Providence; which muſt always have wiſe ends to anſwer in its diſpenſations.

But do not talk, as in one of your former, of being a Warning *only* (*a*)—You will be as excellent an Example, as ever you hoped to be, as well as a Warning: And that will make your Story, to all that ſhall come to know it, of double efficacy: For were it that ſuch a merit as yours could not enſure to herſelf noble and generous uſage from a Libertine heart, who will expect any tolerable behaviour from men of his character?

If You think yourſelf inexcuſable for taking a ſtep that put you into the way of deluſion, *without any intention to go off with him*, what muſt thoſe giddy creatures think of themſelves, who, without half your provocations and inducements, and without any regard to decorum, leap walls, drop from windows, and ſteal away from their parents houſe, to the ſeducer's bed, in the ſame day?

Again, if You are ſo ready to accuſe yourſelf for diſpenſing with the prohibitions of the moſt unreaſon-

(*a*) See Vol. II. p. 397.

able

able parents, which yet were but half-prohibitions at firſt, what ought thoſe to do, who wilfully ſhut their ears to the advice of the moſt reaſonable; and that, perhaps, where *apparent ruin*, or *undoubted inconvenience*, is the conſequence of the predetermined raſhneſs?

And, laſtly, to all who will know your Story, you will be an excellent *Example* of watchfulneſs, and of that caution and reſerve by which a prudent perſon who has been ſuppoſed to be a little miſled, endeavours to mend her error; and, never once loſing ſight of her duty, does all in her power to recover the path ſhe has been rather driven out of, than choſen to ſwerve from.

Come, come, my deareſt friend, conſider but theſe things; and ſteadily, without deſponding, purſue your earneſt purpoſes to amend what you think has been amiſs; and it may not be a misfortune in the end, that you have erred; eſpecially as ſo little of your will was in your error.

And indeed I muſt ſay, that I uſe the words *miſled*, and *error*, and ſuch-like, only in compliment to your own too ready ſelf-accuſations, and to the opinion of one to whom I owe duty: For I think in my conſcience, that every part of your conduct is defenſible; and that thoſe only are blameable who have no other way to clear themſelves but by condemning you.

I expect, however, that ſuch melancholy reflections as drop from your pen but too often, will mingle with all your future pleaſures, were you to marry Lovelace, and were he to make the beſt of huſbands.

You was immenſely happy, above the happineſs of a mortal creature, before you knew him: Everybody almoſt worſhipped you: Envy itſelf, which has of late reared up its venomous head againſt you, was awed by your ſuperior worthineſs, into ſilence and admiration. You was the ſoul of every company where you viſited. Your elders have I ſeen declining to

offer their opinions upon a ſubject till you had delivered yours; often to ſave themſelves the mortification of retracting *theirs*, when they heard *yours*. Yet, in all this, your ſweetneſs of manners, your humility and affability, cauſed the ſubſcription every one made to your ſentiments, and to your ſuperiority, to be equally unfeigned and unheſitating; for they ſaw that their applauſe, and the preference they gave you to themſelves, ſubjected not themſelves to inſults, nor exalted you into any viſible triumph over them; for you had always ſomething to ſay on every point you carried that raiſed the yielding heart, and left every one pleaſed and ſatisfied with themſelves, tho' they carried not off the palm.

Your Works were ſhewn or referred to where-ever fine works were talked of. Nobody had any but an inferior and ſecond-hand praiſe for diligence, for oeconomy, for reading, for writing, for memory, for facility in learning every-thing laudable, and even for the more envied graces of perſon and dreſs, and an all-ſurpaſſing elegance in both, where you were known, and thoſe ſubjects talk'd of.

The Poor bleſſed you every ſtep you trod: The Rich thought you their honour, and took a pride that they were not obliged to deſcend from their own claſs for an example that did credit to it.

Tho' all men wiſhed for you, and ſought you, young as you were, yet, had not thoſe who were brought to addreſs you, been encouraged out of ſordid and ſpiteful views, not one of them would have dared to lift up his eyes to you.

Thus happy in all about you, thus making happy all within your circle, could you think that nothing would happen to you, to convince you, *that you were not to be exempted from the common lot?*—To convince you, *that you were not abſolutely perfect*; and that *you muſt not expect to paſs thro' life without trial, temptation, and misfortune?*

Indeed it muſt be owned that no trial, no temptation, worthy of your virtue, and of your prudence, could well have attacked you ſooner, becauſe of your tender years, nor more effectually than thoſe heavy ones, under which you ſtruggle; ſince it muſt be allowed, that your equanimity and foreſight made you ſuperior to common accidents; for are not moſt of the troubles that fall to the lot of common mortals brought upon themſelves either by their *too large deſires*, or *too little deſerts?*—Caſes, both, from which you ſtood exempt.—It was therefore to be ſome *man*, or ſome *worſe ſpirit in the ſhape of one*, that, formed on purpoſe, was to be ſent to invade you; while as many other ſuch ſpirits as there are perſons in your family, were permitted to take poſſeſſion, ſeverally, in one dark hour, of the heart of every one of it, there to ſit perching, perhaps, and directing every motion to the motions of the ſeducer without, in order to irritate, to provoke, to puſh you forward *to meet him.*

Upon the whole, there ſeems, as I have often ſaid, to have been a kind of fate in your error, if it *were* an error; and this perhaps admitted *for the ſake of a better Example to be collected from your* SUFFERINGS, *than could have been given, had you never erred:* For, my dear, ADVERSITY *is your* SHINING-TIME. I ſee evidently, that adverſity muſt call forth graces and beauties which could not have been brought to light in a run of that proſperous fortune, which attended you from your cradle till now; admirably as you *became*, and, as we all thought, greatly as you *deſerved*, that proſperity.

All the matter is, the trial muſt be grievous to you. It is to *me:* It is to all who love you, and looked upon you as one ſet aloft to be admired and imitated, and not as a mark, as you have lately found, for Envy to ſhoot its ſhafts at.

Let what I have written above have its due weight with you, my dear; and then, as warm imaginations are not without a mixture of Enthuſiaſm, your Anna Howe, who, on re-peruſal of it, imagines it to be in a ſtyle ſuperior to her uſual ſtyle, will be ready to flatter herſelf that ſhe has been in a manner inſpired with the hints that have comforted and raiſed the dejected heart of her ſuffering friend; who, from ſuch hard trials, in a bloom ſo tender, may find at times her ſpirits ſunk too low to enable her to pervade the ſurrounding darkneſs, which conceals from her the hopeful dawning of the better day which awaits her.

I will add no more at preſent, than that I am

Your ever faithful and affectionate

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER LVI.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Friday, May 12.

I Muſt be ſilent, my exalted friend, under praiſes that oppreſs my heart with a conſciouſneſs of not deſerving them; at the ſame time that the generous deſign of thoſe praiſes raiſes and comforts it: For it is a charming thing to ſtand high in the opinion of thoſe we love; and to find that there are ſouls that can carry their friendſhips beyond accidents, beyond body, and ties of blood. Whatever, my deareſt creature, is *my* ſhining-time, the adverſity of a friend is *yours*. And it would be almoſt a fault in me to regret thoſe afflictions, which give you an opportunity ſo glorioufly to exert thoſe qualities, which not only ennoble our Sex, but dignify human nature.

But let me proceed to ſubjects leſs agreeable.

I am ſorry you have reaſon to think Singleton's projects are not at an end. But who knows what the ſailor had to propoſe?—Yet had any good been intended

tended me, this method would hardly have been fallen upon.

Depend upon it, my dear, your Letters ſhall be ſafe.

I have made a handle of Mr. Lovelace's bold attempt and freedom, as I told you I would, to keep him ever ſince at diſtance, that I may have an opportunity to ſee the ſucceſs of the application to my Uncle, and to be at liberty to embrace any favourable overtures that may ariſe from it. Yet he has been very importunate, and twice brought Mr. Mennell from Mrs. Fretchville to talk about the houſe.—*If I ſhould be obliged to make up with him again, I ſhall think I am always doing myſelf a ſpite.*

As to what you mention of his newly-detected crimes; and your advice to attach Dorcas to my intereſt; and to come at ſome of his Letters; theſe things will require more or leſs of my attention, as I may hope favour or not from my Uncle Harlowe.

I am ſorry that my poor Hannah continues ill. Pray, my dear, inform yourſelf, and let me know, whether ſhe wants any thing that befits her caſe.

I will not cloſe this Letter till to-morrow is over; for I am reſolved to go to church; and this as well for the ſake of my duty, as to ſee, if I am at liberty to go out when I pleaſe without being attended or accompanied.

Sunday, May 14.

I HAVE not been able to avoid a ſhort debate with Mr. Lovelace. I had ordered a coach to the door. When I had notice that it was come, I went out of my chamber to go to it; but met him dreſſed on the ſtairs-head with a book in his hand, but without his Hat and Sword. He aſked with an air very ſolemn, yet reſpectful, if I were going abroad. I told him I was. He deſired leave to attend me, if I were going to church. I refuſed him. And then he complained

heavily of my treatment of him; and declared that he would not live ſuch another week as the paſt, for the world.

I owned to him very frankly, that I had made an application to my friends; and that I was reſolved to keep myſelf to myſelf till I knew the iſſue of it.

He coloured, and ſeemed ſurpriſed. But checking himſelf in ſomething he was going to ſay, he pleaded my danger from Singleton, and again deſired to attend me.

And then he told me, that Mrs. Fretchville had deſired to continue a fortnight longer in the houſe. She found, ſaid he, that I was unable to determine about entering upon it; and now who knows *when* ſuch a vapouriſh creature will come to a reſolution? This, Madam, has been an unhappy week; for had I not ſtood upon ſuch bad terms with you, *you might have been now miſtreſs of that houſe*; and probably had my Couſin Montague, if not Lady Betty, actually with you.

And ſo, Sir, taking all you ſay for granted, your Couſin Montague cannot come to Mrs. Sinclair's? What, pray, is her objection to Mrs. Sinclair's? Is this houſe fit for me to live in a month or two, and not fit for any of your relations for a few days?—And Mrs. Fretchville has *taken more time too!*—Then, puſhing by him, I hurried down ſtairs.

He called to Dorcas to bring him his Sword and Hat; and following me down into the paſſage, placed himſelf between me and the door; and again deſired leave to attend me.

Mrs. Sinclair came out at that inſtant, and aſked me, if I did not chuſe a diſh of chocolate?

I wiſh, Mrs. Sinclair, ſaid I, you would take this man in with you to your chocolate. I don't know whether I am at liberty to ſtir out without his leave or not.

Then

Then turning to him, I aſked, If he kept me there his priſoner?

Dorcas juſt then bringing him his Sword and Hat, he opened the ſtreet-door, and taking my reluctant hand, led me, in a very obſequious manner, to the coach. People paſſing by, ſtopt, ſtared, and whiſpered—But he is ſo graceful in his perſon and dreſs, that he generally takes every eye.

I was uneaſy to be ſo gazed at; and he ſtepped in after me, and the coachman drove to St. Paul's.

He was very full of aſſiduities all the way; while I was as reſerved as poſſible: And when I returned, dined, as I had done the greateſt part of the week, by myſelf.

He told me, upon my reſolving to do ſo, that altho' he would continue his paſſive obſervance till I knew the iſſue of my application; yet I muſt expect, that *then* I ſhould not reſt one moment till I had fixed his happy day: For that his very ſoul was fretted with my ſlights, reſentments, and delays.

A wretch! when I can ſay, to my infinite regret, on a *double* account, that all he complains of is owing to himſelf!

O that I may have good tidings from my Uncle!

Adieu, my deareſt friend!—This ſhall lie ready for an exchange (as I hope for one to-morrow from you) that will decide, as I may ſay, the deſtiny of

Your

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER LVII.

Miſs HOWE, *To Mrs.* JUDITH NORTON.

Good Mrs. Norton, *Thurſday, May* 11.

CANNOT you, without naming *me* as an adviſer, who am hated by the family, contrive a way to let Mrs. Harlowe know, that in an accidental

conver-

converſation with me, you had been aſſured, that my beloved friend pines after a Reconciliation with her relations? That ſhe has hitherto, in hopes of it, refuſed to enter into any obligation that ſhall be in the leaſt an hindrance to it: That ſhe would fain avoid giving Mr. Lovelace a right to make her family uneaſy in relation to her Grandfather's Eſtate: That all ſhe wiſhes for ſtill, is to be indulged in her choice of a Single Life, and, on that condition, would make her Father's pleaſure hers with regard to that Eſtate: That Mr. Lovelace is continually preſſing her to marry him; and all his friends likewiſe: But that I am ſure, ſhe has ſo little liking to the man, becauſe of his faulty morals, and of the antipathy of her relations to him, that if ſhe had any hope given her of a Reconciliation, ſhe would forego all thoughts of him, and put herſelf into her Father's protection. But that their reſolution muſt be ſpeedy; for otherwiſe ſhe would find herſelf obliged to give way to his preſſing entreaties; and it might then be out of her power to prevent diſagreeable litigations.

I do aſſure you, Mrs. Norton, upon my honour, that our deareſt friend knows nothing of this procedure of mine: And therefore it is proper to acquaint you, in confidence, with my grounds for it.—Theſe are they:

She had deſired me to let Mr. Hickman drop hints to the above effect to her Uncle Harlowe; but indirectly as from *himſelf*, leſt, if the application ſhould not be attended with ſucceſs, and Mr. Lovelace (who already takes it ill, that he has ſo little of her favour) come to know it, ſhe may be deprived of *every* protection, and be perhaps ſubjected to great inconveniences from ſo haughty a ſpirit.

Having this authority from her, and being very ſolicitous about the ſucceſs of the application, I thought, that if the weight of ſo good a Wife, Mo-

ther,

ther, and Siſter, as Mrs. Harlowe is known to be, were thrown into the ſame ſcale, with that of Mr. John Harlowe (ſuppoſing he *could* be engaged) it could hardly fail of making a due impreſſion.

Mr. Hickman will ſee Mr. John Harlowe to-morrow: By that time you may ſee Mrs. Harlowe. If Mr. Hickman finds the old gentleman favourable, he will tell him, that you will have ſeen Mrs. Harlowe upon the ſame account; and will adviſe him to join in conſultation with her how beſt to proceed to melt the moſt obdurate hearts in the world.

This is the fair ſtate of the matter, and my true motive for writing to you. I leave all therefore to your diſcretion; and moſt heartily wiſh ſucceſs to it; being of opinion that Mr. Lovelace cannot poſſibly deſerve our admirable friend: Nor indeed know I the man who does.

Pray acquaint me by a line of the reſult of your interpoſition. If it prove not ſuch as may be reaſonably hoped for, our dear friend ſhall know nothing of this ſtep from me; and pray let her not from you. For, in that caſe, it would only give deeper grief to a heart already too much afflicted. I am, dear and worthy Mrs. Norton,

Your true Friend,

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER LVIII.

Mrs. NORTON, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Dear Madam, *Saturday, May 13.*

MY heart is almoſt broken to be obliged to let you know, that ſuch is the ſituation of things in the family of my ever-dear Miſs Harlowe, that there can be at preſent no ſucceſs expected from any application in her favour. Her poor Mother is to be pitied. I have a moſt affecting Letter from her; but

muſt

muſt not communicate it to you; and ſhe forbids me to let it be known that ſhe writes upon the ſubject; although ſhe is compelled, as it were, to do it, for the eaſe of her own heart. I mention it therefore in confidence.

I hope in God that my beloved young Lady has preſerved her honour inviolate. I hope there is not a man breathing, who could attempt a ſacrilege ſo deteſtable. I have no apprehenſion of a failure in a virtue ſo eſtabliſhed. God for ever keep ſo pure a heart out of the reach of ſurprizes and violence! Eaſe, dear Madam, I beſeech you, my over-anxious heart, by one line, by the bearer, altho' but by *one* line, to acquaint me (as ſurely you can) that her honour is unſullied.—If it be not, adieu to all the comforts this life can give: Since none will it be able to afford

To the poor JUDITH NORTON.

LETTER LIX.

Miſs HOWE, *To Mrs.* JUDITH NORTON.

Dear good Woman, Saturday Evening, May 13.

YOUR Beloved's honour is inviolate!—*Muſt* be inviolate! And *will* be ſo, in ſpite of men and devils. Could I have had hope of a Reconciliation, all my view was, that ſhe ſhould not have had this man.—All that can be ſaid now, is, She muſt run the riſk of a bad huſband: She, of whom no man living is worthy!

You pity her Mother—So do not *I!* I pity no Mother, that puts it out of her power to ſhew maternal Love, and Humanity, in order to patch up for herſelf a precarious and ſorry quiet, which every blaſt of wind ſhall diſturb.

I hate tyrants in every form and ſhape: But paternal and maternal tyrants are the worſt of all: For they can have no bowels.

I repeat,

I repeat, that I pity *none* of them. Our beloved friend *only* deſerves pity. She had never been in the hands of this man, but for them. She is quite blameleſs. You don't know all her Story. Were I to tell you that ſhe had no intention to go off with this man, it would avail her nothing. It would only ſerve to condemn, with thoſe who drove her to extremities, *him*, who now muſt be her refuge. I am

Your ſincere Friend and Servant,

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER LX.

Mrs. HARLOWE, *To Mrs.* NORTON.

[*Not communicated till the Letters came to be collected.*]

Saturday, May 13.

I Return an anſwer in writing, as I promiſed, to your communication. But take no notice either to my Bella's Betty (who I underſtand ſometimes viſits you) or to the poor wretch herſelf, nor to any-body, that I do write. I charge you don't. My heart is full: Writing may give ſome vent to my griefs, and perhaps I may write what lies moſt upon my heart, without confining myſelf ſtrictly to the preſent ſubject.

You know how dear this ingrateful creature ever was to us all. You know how ſincerely we joined with every one of thoſe who ever had ſeen her, or converſed with her, to praiſe and admire her; and exceeded in our praiſe even the bounds of that modeſty, which, becauſe ſhe was our own, ſhould have reſtrained us; being of opinion, that to have been ſilent in the praiſe of ſo apparent a merit, muſt rather have argued blindneſs or affectation in us, than that we ſhould incur the cenſure of vain partiality to our own.

When therefore any-body congratulated us on ſuch a Daughter, we received their congratulations without any diminution. If it was ſaid, You are happy in this

this child; we owned, that no parents ever were happier in a child. If more particularly, they praiſed her dutiful behaviour to us, we ſaid, She knew not how to offend. If it was ſaid, Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe has a wit and penetration beyond her years; we, inſtead of diſallowing it, would add—And a judgment no leſs extraordinary than her wit. If her prudence was praiſed, and a *forethought*, which every one ſaw ſupplied what only *years* and *experience* gave to others; Nobody need to ſcruple taking leſſons from Clariſſa Harlowe, was our proud anſwer.

Forgive me, O forgive me, my dear Norton—But I know you will; for yours, when good, was this child, and your glory as well as mine.

But have you not heard ſtrangers, as ſhe paſſed to and from church, ſtop to praiſe the angel of a creature, as they called her; when it was enough for thoſe who knew who ſhe was, to cry, *Why, it is Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe!*—As if every-body were obliged to know, or to have heard of Clariſſa Harlowe, and of her excellencies. While, *accuſtomed to praiſe*, it was too *familiar to her*, to cauſe her to alter either her look or her pace.

For my own part, I could not ſtifle a pleaſure, that had perhaps a faulty vanity for its foundation, whenever I was ſpoken of, or addreſſed to, as the mother of ſo ſweet a child: Mr. Harlowe and I, all the time, loving each other the better for the ſhare each had in ſuch a Daughter.

Still, ſtill, indulge the fond, the overflowing heart of a Mother! I could dwell for ever upon the remembrance of what ſhe *was*, would but that remembrance baniſh from my mind what ſhe *is!*

In *her* boſom, young as ſhe was, could I repoſe all my griefs—Sure of receiving from *her* prudence advice as well as comfort; and both inſinuated in ſo humble, in ſo dutiful a manner, that it was impoſ-

ſible

ſible to take thoſe exceptions which the diſtance of years and character between a Mother and a Daughter, would have made one apprehenſive of from any other Daughter. She was our glory when abroad, our delight when at home. Every-body was even covetous of her company; and we grudged her to our Brothers Harlowe, and to our Siſter and Brother Hervey —No other contention among us, then, but who ſhould be next favoured by her. No chiding ever knew ſhe from us, but the chiding of Lovers, when ſhe was for ſhutting herſelf up too long together from us, in purſuit of thoſe charming amuſements and uſeful employments, for which, however, the whole family was the better.

Our other children had reaſon (good children as they always were) to think themſelves neglected. But they likewiſe were ſo ſenſible of their Siſter's ſuperiority, and of the honour ſhe reflected upon the whole family, that they confeſſed themſelves eclipſed, without envying the eclipſer. Indeed there was not any-body ſo equal with her, in their own opinions, as to envy what all aſpired but to emulate. The dear creature, you know, my Norton, gave an eminence to us all!

Then her acquirements. Her ſkill in muſic, her fine needleworks, her elegance in dreſs; for which ſhe was ſo much admired, that the neighbouring Ladies uſed to ſay, that they need not fetch faſhions from London; ſince whatever Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe wore, was the *beſt* faſhion, becauſe her choice of *natural* beauties ſet thoſe of *Art* far behind them. Her genteel eaſe, and fine turn of perſon; her deep reading; and theſe, joined to her open manners, and her chearful modeſty—O my good Norton, what a ſweet child was *once* my Clary Harlowe!

This, and more, *you* knew her to be: For many of her excellencies were owing to yourſelf; and with the

the milk you gave her, you gave her what no other nurſe in the world could give her.

And do you think, my worthy woman, do you think, that the wilful lapſe of ſuch a child is to be forgiven? Can ſhe herſelf think, that ſhe deſerves not the ſevereſt puniſhment for the abuſe of ſuch talents as were entruſted to her?

Her fault was a fault of premeditation, of cunning, of contrivance. She has deceived every-body's expectations. Her whole Sex, as well as the family ſhe ſprung from, is diſgraced by it.

Would any-body ever have believed, that ſuch a young creature as this, who had by her advice ſaved even her over-lively friend from marrying a fop, and a libertine, would herſelf have gone off with one of the vileſt and moſt notorious of libertines? A man whoſe character ſhe knew; and knew it to be worſe than the character of him from whom ſhe ſaved her friend; a man whom ſhe was warned againſt: One who had had her Brother's life in his hands; and who conſtantly ſet our whole family at defiance.

Think for me, my good Norton; think what my unhappineſs muſt be, both as a Wife and a Mother. What reſtleſs days, what ſleepleſs nights; yet my own rankling anguiſh endeavoured to be ſmoothed over, to ſoften the anguiſh of fiercer ſpirits, and to keep them from blazing out to further miſchief! O this naughty, naughty girl! who *knew* ſo well what ſhe did; and who could look ſo far into conſequences, that we thought ſhe would have died, rather than have done as ſhe has done!

Her known character for prudence leaves her abſolutely without excuſe. How then can I offer to plead for her, if, thro' motherly indulgence, I would forgive her myſelf?—And have we not, moreover, ſuffered all the diſgrace that *can* befal us? Has not ſhe?

If *now*, ſhe has ſo little liking to his morals, had ſhe not reaſon *before* to have *as* little? Or has ſhe ſuffered by them in her own perſon?—O my good woman, I doubt—I doubt—Will not the character of the man make one doubt an angel, if once in his power? The world will think the worſt. I am told it *does*. So likewiſe her Father fears; her Brother hears; and what can *I* do?

Our *antipathy* to him ſhe knew before, as well as his character. Theſe therefore cannot be *new motives* without a *new reaſon*.—O my dear Mrs. Norton, how ſhall *I*, how can *you*, ſupport ourſelves under the apprehenſions to which theſe thoughts lead!

He continually preſſing her, you ſay, *to marry him. His friends likewiſe.* She has reaſon, no doubt ſhe has reaſon, for this application to us: And her crime is gloſſed over, to bring her to us with new diſgrace! —Whither, whither, does one guilty ſtep lead the miſguided heart!—And now, truly, to ſave a ſtubborn ſpirit, we are only to be *ſounded*, that the application may be occaſionally retracted or denied!

Upon the whole: Were I inclined to plead for her, it is *now* the moſt improper of all times. *Now* that my Brother Harlowe has diſcouraged (as he laſt night came hither on purpoſe to tell us) Mr. Hickman's inſinuated application; and been applauded for it. *Now*, that my Brother Antony is intending to carry his great fortune, thro' her fault, into another family:—She expecting, no doubt, herſelf, to be put into her Grandfather's Eſtate, in conſequence of a Reconciliation, and as a reward for her fault: And inſiſting ſtill upon the ſame terms which ſhe offered before, and which were rejected—Not thro' my fault, I am ſure, rejected!

From all theſe things, you will return ſuch an anſwer as the caſe requires. It might coſt me the peace of my whole life, at this time, to move for her. God

forgive her! If I do, nobody elſe will. And let it, for your own ſake, as well as mine, be a ſecret that you and I have entered upon this ſubject. And I deſire you not to touch upon it again but by particular permiſſion: For, O my dear good woman, it ſets my heart a bleeding in as many ſtreams as there are veins in it!

Yet think me not impenetrable by a proper contrition and remorſe—But what a torment is it to have a will without a power!

Adieu! adieu! God give us both comfort; and to the *once* dear—the *ever*-dear creature (for can a mother forget her child?) repentance, deep repentance! And as little ſuffering as may befit His bleſſed will, and her grievous fault, prays

Your real Friend,

CHARLOTTE HARLOWE.

LETTER LXI.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Sunday, May 14.

HOW it is now, my dear, between you and Mr. Lovelace, I cannot tell. But wicked as the man is, I am afraid he muſt be your Lord and Maſter.

I called him by ſeveral very hard names in my laſt. I had but juſt heard of ſome of his vileneſſes, when I ſat down to write; ſo my indignation was raiſed. But on enquiry, and recollection, I find that the facts laid to his charge were all of them committed ſome time ago—not ſince he has had *ſtrong* hopes of your favour.

This is ſaying ſomething for him. His generous behaviour to the Innkeeper's daughter, is a more recent inſtance to his credit; to ſay nothing of the univerſal good character he has as a kind Landlord. And

then I approve much of the motion he made to put you in poſſeſſion of Mrs. Fretchville's houſe, while he continues at the other widow's, till you agree that one houſe ſhall hold you. I wiſh this were done. Be ſure you embrace this offer (if you do not ſoon meet at the Altar) and get one of his Couſins with you.

Were you once married, I ſhould think you can not be *very* unhappy, tho' you may not be ſo happy with him as you deſerve to be. The ſtake he has in his country, and his reverſions; the care he takes of his affairs; his freedom from obligation; nay, his pride, with your merit, muſt be a tolerable ſecurity for you, I ſhould think. Tho' particulars of his wickedneſs, as they come to my knowlege, hurt and incenſe me; yet, after all, when I give myſelf time to reflect, all that I have heard of him to his diſadvantage was comprehended in the general character given of him long ago, by Lord M's and his own diſmiſſed bailiff (*a*), and which was confirmed to me by Mrs. Forteſcue, as I heretofore told you (*b*), and to *you* by Mrs. Greme (*c*).

You can have nothing therefore, I think, to be deeply concerned about, but his future good, and the bad example he may hereafter ſet to his own family. Theſe indeed are very juſt concerns: But were you to *leave* him now, either *with* or *without* his conſent, his fortune and alliances ſo conſiderable, his perſon and addreſs ſo engaging (every one excuſing you now on thoſe accounts, and becauſe of your Relations follies) it would have a very ill appearance for your reputation. I cannot therefore, on the moſt deliberate conſideration, adviſe you to think of that, while you have no reaſon to doubt his honour. May eternal vengeance purſue the villain if he give room for an apprehenſion of this nature!

(*a*) Vol. I. p. 21, 22. (*b*) Ibid. Letter xii. (*c*) Vol. II. p. 283, 284.

Yet his teazing ways are intolerable: His acquieſcence with your ſlight delays, and his reſignedneſs to the diſtance you now keep him at (for a fault ſo much ſlighter as he muſt think, than the puniſhment) are unaccountable: He doubts your Love of *him*, that is very probable; but you have reaſon to be ſurpriſed at *his* want of ardor; a Bleſſing ſo great within his *reach*, as I may ſay.

By the time you have read to this place, you will have no doubt of what has been the iſſue of the conference between the *Two Gentlemen*. I am equally ſhocked, and enraged againſt them All. Againſt them *All*, I ſay; for I have tried your good Norton's weight with your Mother (though at firſt I did not intend to tell you ſo) to the ſame purpoſe as the gentleman ſounded your Uncle. Never were there ſuch determined brutes in the world! Why ſhould I mince the matter? Yet would I fain methinks make an exception for your Mother.

Your Uncle will have it, that you are ruined. 'He 'can believe every-thing bad of a creature, he ſays, 'who could run away with a man; with ſuch a one 'eſpecially as Lovelace. They *expected* applications 'from you, when ſome heavy diſtreſs had fallen upon 'you. But they are all reſolved not to ſtir an inch in 'your favour; no, not to ſave your life!

My deareſt ſoul! reſolve to aſſert your right. Claim your own, and go and live upon it, as you ought. Then, if you marry not, how will the wretches creep to you, for your reverſionary diſpoſitions!

You were accuſed (as in your Aunt's Letter) 'of 'premeditation and contrivance in your eſcape.' Inſtead of pitying *you*, the mediating perſon was called upon 'to pity *them*; who once, your Uncle ſaid, 'doted upon you: Who took no joy but in your 'preſence: Who devoured your words as you ſpoke 'them: Who trod over again your footſteps, as

'you

'you walked before them.'—And I know not what of this ſort.

Upon the whole, it is now evident to me, and ſo it muſt be to you, when you read this Letter, that you muſt be his. And the ſooner you are ſo, the better. Shall we ſuppoſe that marriage is not in your power?—I cannot have patience to ſuppoſe that.

I am concerned, methinks, to know how you will do to condeſcend (now you ſee you muſt be his) after you have kept him at ſuch diſtance; and for the revenge his pride may put him upon taking for it. But let me tell you, that if my going up, and ſharing fortunes with you, will prevent ſuch a noble creature from ſtooping too low; much more, were it likely to prevent your ruin; I would not heſitate a moment about it. What is the whole world to me, weighed againſt ſuch a friend as you are? Think you, that any of the enjoyments of this life could be enjoyments to me, were you involved in calamities, from which I could either alleviate or relieve you, by giveing up thoſe enjoyments? And what in ſaying this, and acting up to it, do I offer you, but the fruits of a friendſhip your worth has created?

Excuſe my warmth of *expreſſion*. The warmth of my *heart* wants none. I am enraged at your Relations; for, bad as what I have mentioned is, I have not told you all; nor now, perhaps, ever will. I am angry at my own Mother's narrowneſs of mind, and at her indiſcriminate adherence to old notions. And I am exaſperated againſt your fooliſh, your *low-vanity'd* Lovelace. But let us ſtoop to take the wretch as he is, and make the beſt of him, ſince you are deſtined to ſtoop, to keep grovelers and worldlings in countenance. He has not been guilty of direct indecency to you. Nor *dare* he.—Not ſo much of a devil as that comes to neither. Had he ſuch villainous intentions, ſo much in his power as you are,

they wou'd have ſhewn themſelves before now to ſuch a penetrating and vigilant eye, and to ſuch a pure heart as yours. Let us ſave the wretch then, if we can, tho' we ſoil our fingers in lifting him up from his dirt.

There is yet, to a perſon of your fortune and independence, a good deal to do, if you enter upon thoſe terms which *ought* to be entered upon. I don't find, that he has once talked of Settlements; nor yet of the Licence. A fooliſh wretch!—But as your evil deſtiny has thrown you out of all other protection and mediation, you muſt be Father, Mother, Uncle to yourſelf; and enter upon the requiſite points for yourſelf. It is hard upon you; but indeed you muſt. Your ſituation requires it. *What room for delicacy now?*—Or would you have *me* write to him? Yet that would be the ſame thing, as if you were to write yourſelf. Yet write you ſhould, I think, if you cannot ſpeak. But ſpeaking is certainly beſt: For words leave no traces; they paſs as breath; and mingle with air; and may be explained with latitude. But the pen is a witneſs on record.

I know the gentleneſs of your ſpirit; I know the laudable pride of your heart; and the juſt notion you have of the dignity of our Sex, in theſe delicate points. But once more, all this is nothing now: Your honour is concerned that the dignity I ſpeak of, ſhould not be ſtood upon.

'Mr. Lovelace,' would I ſay; yet hate the fooliſh fellow, for his low, his ſtupid pride, in wiſhing to triumph over the dignity of his own wife;—'I am 'by your means deprived of every friend I have in 'the world. In what light am I to look upon *you?* 'I have well conſidered of every-thing. You have 'made ſome people, much againſt my liking, think 'me a *wife:* Others know I am *not* married; nor 'do I deſire any-body ſhould believe I *am.* Do you

'think

'think your being here in the ſame houſe with me 'can be to my reputation? You talked to me of Mrs. 'Fretchville's houſe.' This will bring him to renew his laſt diſcourſe on that ſubject, if he does not revive it of himſelf. 'If Mrs. Fretchville knows not her 'own mind, what is her houſe to me? You talked 'of bringing up your Couſin Montague to bear me 'company: If my Brother's ſchemes be your pre-'tence for not going yourſelf to *fetch her*, you can '*write* to her. I inſiſt upon bringing theſe two points 'to an iſſue: Off or on, ought to be indifferent to '*me*, if ſo to *them*.'

Such a declaration muſt bring all forward. There are twenty ways, my dear, that you would find out for another in your circumſtances. He will diſdain, from his native inſolence, to have it thought he has *any-body* to conſult. Well then, will he not be obliged to declare himſelf? And if he *does*, no delays on your ſide, I beſeech you. Give him the day. Let it be a ſhort one. It would be derogating from your own merit, and *honour* too, let me tell you, even altho' he ſhould *not* be ſo explicit as he ought to be, to ſeem but to doubt his meaning; and to wait for that explanation for which I ſhould for ever deſpiſe him, if he makes it neceſſary. Twice already have you, my dear, if not oftener, *modeſty'd* away ſuch opportunities as you ought not to have ſlipt. As to Settlements, if they come not in naturally, e'en leave them to his own juſtice, and to the juſtice of his family. And there's an end of the matter.

This is *my* advice: Mend it as circumſtances offer, and follow *your own*. But indeed, my dear, this, or ſomething like it, would I do. 'And let him tell 'me afterwards, if he dared or would, that he hum-'bled down to his ſhoe-buckles the perſon it would 'have been his glory to exalt.

'Support yourſelf mean time with reflections

worthy of yourſelf. Tho' tricked into this man's power, you are not meanly ſubjugated to it. All his reverence you command, or rather, as I may ſay, inſpire; ſince it was never known, that he had any reverence for aught that was good, till you was with him: And he profeſſes now-and-then to be ſo awed and charmed by your example, as that the force of it ſhall reclaim him.

I believe you will have a difficult taſk to keep him to it: But the more will be your honour, if you effect his Reformation: And it is my belief, that if you *can* reclaim this great, this ſpecious deceiver, who has, morally ſpeaking, ſuch a number of years before him, you will ſave from ruin a multitude of innocents; for thoſe ſeem to me to have been the prey for which he has ſpread his wicked ſnares. And who knows but, for this very purpoſe principally, a perſon may have been permitted to ſwerve, whoſe heart or will never was in her error, and who has ſo much remorſe upon her for having, as ſhe thinks, erred at all? Adieu, my deareſt friend.

ANNA HOWE.

Incloſed in the above.

I Muſt trouble you with my concerns, tho' your own are ſo heavy upon you. A piece of news I have to tell you. Your Uncle Antony is diſpoſed to marry. With *whom*, think you? With my Mother. True indeed. Your family know it. All is laid with redoubled malice at your door. And there the *old Soul* himſelf lays it.

Take no notice of this intelligence, not ſo much as in your Letters to me, for fear of accidents.

I think it can't do. But were I to provoke my Mother, that might afford a pretence. Elſe, I ſhould have been with you before now, I fanſy.

The

The firſt likelihood that appears to me of encouragement, I diſmiſs Hickman, that's certain. If my Mother diſoblige *me* in ſo important an article, I ſhan't think of obliging *her* in ſuch another. It is impoſſible, ſurely, that the deſire of *popping me off* to that honeſt man can be with ſuch a view.

I repeat, that it cannot come to any-thing. But theſe *widows*—Then ſuch a love in us all, both old and young, of being courted and admired!—And ſo irreſiſtible to their *Elderſhips* to be flattered that all power is not over with them; but that they may ſtill claſs and prank it with their daughters.—It vexed me heartily to have her tell me of this propoſal with ſelf-complaiſant ſimperings; and yet ſhe affected to ſpeak of it, as if ſhe had no intention to encourage it.

Theſe antiquated bachelors (old before they believe themſelves to be ſo) imagine, that when they have once perſuaded *themſelves* to think of the State, they have nothing more to do than to make their minds known to the woman.

Your Uncle's overgrown fortune is indeed a bait; a tempting one. A ſaucy Daughter to be got rid of! The memory of the Father of that Daughter not precious enough to weigh much!—But let him advance if he dare—Let her encourage—But I hope ſhe won't.

Excuſe me, my dear. I am nettled. They have *fearfully rumpled my gorget.* You'll think me faulty. So I won't put my name to this ſeparate paper. Other hands may reſemble mine. You did not ſee me write it.

LETTER LXII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Monday Afternoon, May 15.

NOW indeed it is evident, my beſt, my only friend, that I have but one choice to make. And now do I find, that I have carried my reſentment againſt this man too far; ſince now I am to appear as if under an obligation to his patience with me for a conduct, which perhaps he will think (if not humourſome and childiſh) plainly demonſtrative of my little eſteem of him; of but a *ſecondary* eſteem at leaſt, where before, his pride rather than his merit, had made him expect a *firſt*. O my dear! to be caſt upon a man, that is not a *generous* man; that is indeed a *cruel* man! A man that is capable of creating a diſtreſs to a young creature, who by her evil deſtiny is thrown into his power; and then of *enjoying* it, as I may ſay! [I verily think I may ſay ſo, of this ſavage!]—What a fate is mine!

You give me, my dear, good advice, as to the peremptory manner in which I ought to treat him: But do you conſider to *whom* it is that you give it.—· And then ſhould I take it, and ſhould he be capa· ble of delay, I unprotected, deſolate, no-body to · fly to, in what a wretched light muſt I ſtand in his · eyes; and, what is ſtill as bad, in my own! · O my dear, ſee you not, *as I do*, that the *occaſion* for this my indelicate, my ſhocking ſituation, ſhould never have been given by *me*, of all creatures; ſince I am unequal, utterly unequal, to the circumſtances to which my inconſideration has reduced me! What, *I*, to challenge a man for a huſband!—*I*, to exert myſelf to quicken the delayer in his reſolutions! And, having as you think, loſt an opportunity, to begin to try to recal it, as *from myſelf*, and *for myſelf!* To *threaten* him, as I may ſay, into the Marriage State!

State!—O my dear! if this be right to be done, how difficult is it, where Modeſty and Self (or where Pride if you pleaſe) is concerned, to do that right? Or, to expreſs myſelf in your words, to be Father, Mother, Uncle, to myſelf!—Eſpecially where one thinks a triumph over one is intended.

You ſay, you have tried Mrs. Norton's weight with my Mother.—Bad as the returns are which my application by Mr. Hickman has met with, you tell me, 'that you have not acquainted me with all the 'bad; nor now, perhaps, ever will.' But why ſo, my dear? What *is* the bad, what *can* be the bad, which now you will never tell me of?—What worſe, than renounce me! and for ever! 'My Uncle, you 'ſay, believes me ruined: He declares, that he can 'believe every-thing bad of a creature who could 'run away with a man: And they have all made a 'reſolution, not to ſtir an inch in my favour; no, 'not to ſave my life.'—Have you worſe than this, my dear, behind?—Surely my Father has not renewed his dreadful malediction!—Surely, if ſo, my Mother has not joined in it! Have my Uncles given it their ſanction, and made it a family act! '*And themſelves thereby more really faulty, than even* THEY '*ſuppoſe me to be, tho' I the cauſe of that greater fault in them!*'—What, my dear, is the worſt, that you will leave for ever unrevealed?

O Lovelace! why comeſt thou not juſt now, while theſe black proſpects are before me? For now, couldſt thou look into my heart, wouldſt thou ſee a diſtreſs worthy of thy barbarous triumph!

I WAS forced to quit my pen.—And you ſay you have tried Mrs. Norton's weight with my Mother?

What *is* done cannot be remedied: But I wiſh you had not taken a ſtep of this importance to me without firſt conſulting me. Forgive me, my dear; but

but I muſt tell you that that high-ſoul'd and noble friendſhip, which you have ever avowed with ſo obliging and ſo uncommon a warmth, altho' it has been always the ſubject of my grateful admiration, has been often the ground of my apprehenſion, becauſe of its unbridled fervor.

Well, but now to look forward, you are of opinion that I muſt be his: And that I cannot leave him with reputation to myſelf, whether with or without his conſent. I muſt, if ſo, make the beſt of the bad matter.

He went out in the morning; intending not to return to dinner, unleſs (as he ſent me word) I would admit him to dine with me.

I excuſed myſelf. The man, whoſe anger is now to be of ſuch high importance to me, was, it ſeems, diſpleaſed.

As he (as well as I) expected, that I ſhould receive a Letter from you this day by Collins, I ſuppoſe he will not be long before he returns; and then, poſſibly, he is to be mighty ſtately, mighty *manniſh*, mighty *coy*, if you pleaſe! And then muſt I be very humble, very ſubmiſſive, and try to inſinuate myſelf into his good graces: With downcaſt eye, if not by ſpeech, beg his forgiveneſs for the diſtance I have ſo perverſely kept him at!—Yes, I warrant!—But I ſhall ſee how this behaviour will ſit upon me!—You have always rallied me upon my meekneſs, I think: Well then, I will try, if I can be ſtill meeker, ſhall I!—O my dear!—

But let me ſit with my hands before me, all patience, all reſignation; for I think I hear him coming up. Or ſhall I roundly accoſt him, in the words, in the form, which you, my dear, have preſcribed?

He is come in. He has ſent to me, all impatience, as Dorcas ſays, by his aſpect.—But I cannot, cannot ſee him!

Monday

Monday Night.

THE contents of your Letter, and my own heavy reflections, rendered me incapable of ſeeing this expecting man. The firſt word he aſked Dorcas, was, If I had received a Letter ſince he had been out? She told me this; and her anſwer, that I had; and was faſting, and had been in tears ever ſince.

He ſent to deſire an Interview with me.

I anſwered by her, That I was not very well. In the morning, if better, I would ſee him as ſoon as he pleaſed.

Very humble! was it not, my dear? Yet he was *too royal* to take it for humility; for Dorcas told me, he rubbed one ſide of his face impatiently; and ſaid a raſh word, and was out of humour; ſtalking about the room.

Half an hour after, he ſent again; deſiring very earneſtly, that I would admit him to ſupper with me. He would enter upon no ſubjects of converſation, but what I ſhould lead to.

So I ſhould have been at *liberty*, you ſee, to *court him!*

I again deſired to be excuſed.

Indeed, my dear, my eyes were ſwelled: I was very low-ſpirited; and could not think of entering all at once, after the diſtance I had kept him at for ſeveral days, into the freedom of converſation which the utter rejection I have met with from my relations, as well as your advice, has made neceſſary.

He ſent up to tell me, that as he heard I was faſting, if I would promiſe to eat ſome chicken which Mrs. Sinclair had ordered for ſupper, he would acquieſce.—*Very kind in his anger!—Is he not?*

I promiſed that I would. Can I be more *preparatively* condeſcending?—How happy, I'll warrant, if I may meet him in a *kind* and *forgiving* humour!

I hate myſelf!—But I won't be inſulted—Indeed I won't, for all this.

LET-

LETTER LXIII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Tueſday, May 16.

I Think once more, we ſeem to be in a kind of train;-but through a ſtorm. I will give you the particulars.

I heard him in the Dining-room at five in the morning. I had reſted very ill, and was up too. But opened not my door till ſix: When Dorcas brought me his requeſt for my company.

He approached me, and taking my hand, as I entered the Dining-room, I went not to bed, Madam, till two, ſaid he; yet ſlept not a wink. For God's ſake, torment me not, as you have done for a week paſt.

He pauſed.

I was ſilent.

At firſt, proceeded he, I thought your reſentment of a curioſity, in which I had been diſappointed, could not be deep; and that it would go off of itſelf: But when I found, it was to be kept up till you knew the ſucceſs of ſome new overtures which you had made, and which, complied with, might have deprived me of you for ever; how, Madam, could I ſupport myſelf under the thoughts of having, with ſuch an union of intereſts, made ſo little impreſſion upon your mind in my favour?

He pauſed again. I was ſtill ſilent. He went on.

I acknowlege that I have a *proud heart*, Madam. I cannot but hope for ſome inſtances of previous and preferable favour from the Lady I am ambitious to call mine; and that her choice of me ſhould not appear, not *flagrantly* appear, directed by the perverſeneſs of her ſelfiſh perſecutors, who are my irreconcileable enemies.

More to the ſame purpoſe he ſaid. You know,

my

my dear, the room he had given me to recriminate upon him in twenty inſtances. I did not ſpare him.

Every one of theſe inſtances, ſaid I (after I had enumerated them) convinces me of your *pride* indeed, Sir, but not of your *merit*. I confeſs, that I have as much *pride* as you can have, altho' I hope it is of another kind than that you ſo *readily avow*. But if, Sir, you have the leaſt mixture in yours, of that pride which may be expected, and thought laudable, in a Man of your birth, alliances, and fortune, you ſhould rather wiſh, I will preſume to ſay, to promote what you call my pride, than either to ſuppreſs it, or to regret that I have it. It is *this* my acknowleged pride, proceeded I, that induces me to tell you, Sir, that I think it beneath me to diſown what have been my motives for declining, for ſome days paſt, any converſation with you, or viſit from Mr. Mennell, that might lead to points out of my power to determine upon, until I heard from my Uncle Harlowe; whom, I confeſs, I have cauſed to be ſounded, whether I might be favoured with his intereſt, to obtain for me a Reconciliation with my friends, upon terms which I had cauſed to be propoſed.

I know not, ſaid he, and ſuppoſe muſt not preſume to aſk, what theſe terms were. But I can but too well gueſs at them; and that I was to have been the preliminary Sacrifice. But you muſt allow me, Madam, to ſay, That as much as I admire the nobleneſs of your ſentiments in general, and in particular that *laudable* pride which you have ſpoken of; I wiſh that I could compliment you with ſuch an *uniformity* in it, as had ſet you as much above all ſubmiſſion to minds implacable and unreaſonable (I hope I may, without offence, ſay, that your Brother's and Siſter's are ſuch) as it has above all favour and condeſcenſion to me.

Duty and *Nature*, Sir, call upon me to make the Sub-

Submiſſions you ſpeak of: There is a Father, there is a Mother, there are Uncles in the one caſe, to juſtify and demand thoſe Submiſſions—What, pray, Sir, can be pleaded for the *Condeſcenſion*, as you call it?—Will you ſay, your Merits, either with regard to *them*, or to *myſelf*, may?

This, Madam, to be ſaid, after the perſecutions of thoſe relations! After what you have ſuffered! After what you have made me hope! Let me, my deareſt creature, aſk you (we have been talking of *pride*) What ſort of pride muſt *his* be, which can diſpenſe with inclination and preference in the Lady whom he adores?—What muſt be that Love—

Love, Sir! who talks of *Love?*—Was not *Merit* the thing we were talking of?—Have *I* ever profeſſed, have *I* ever required of *you* profeſſions of a paſſion of that nature?—But there is no end of theſe debatings; each *ſo* faultleſs, each *ſo* full of ſelf—

I do not think myſelf *faultleſs*, Madam:—But—

But what, Sir!—Would you evermore argue with me, as if you were a child?—Seeking palliations, and making promiſes?—Promiſes of what, Sir? Of being in future the man it is a ſhame a gentleman is not?—Of being the man—

Good God! interrupted he, with eyes lifted up, if *thou* wert to be thus ſevere—

Well, well, Sir, (impatiently) I need only to obſerve, that all this vaſt difference in ſentiments ſhews how unpaired our minds are—So let us—

Let us, *what*, Madam!—My ſoul is riſing into tumults! And he looked ſo wildly, that I was a good deal terrified—Let us *what*, Madam—

I was, however, reſolved not to deſert myſelf—Why, Sir, let us reſolve to quit every regard for each other—Nay, flame not out—I am a poor weak-minded creature in ſome things: But where what I *ſhould be*, or not deſerve to live, if I *am not*, is in the

the queſtion, I have great and invincible ſpirit, or my own conceit betrays me—Let us reſolve to quit every regard for each other that is more than civil. *This* you may depend upon; I will never marry any other man. I have ſeen enough of your Sex; at leaſt of *You*.—A Single Life ſhall ever be *my* choice —While I will leave you at liberty to purſue *your own*.

Indifference, *worſe* than indifference! ſaid he, in a paſſion—

Interrupting him—Indifference let it be—You have not (in *my* opinion at leaſt) deſerved that it ſhould be other: If you have in *your own*, you have cauſe (at leaſt your *pride* has) to hate me for miſjudging you.

Deareſt, deareſt creature! ſnatching my hand with fierceneſs, let me beſeech you to be *uniformly* noble! *Civil regards*, Madam!—*Civil regards!*—Can you ſo expect to narrow and confine ſuch a paſſion as mine!

Such a paſſion as yours, Mr. Lovelace, *deſerves* to be narrowed and confined. It is either the paſſion *you* do not think it, or *I* do not. I queſtion whether your mind is capable of being *ſo* narrowed and *ſo* widened, as is neceſſary to make it be what I wiſh it to be. Lift up your hands and your eyes, Sir, in ſilent wonder, if you pleaſe: But what does that wonder expreſs, what does it convince me of, but that we are not born for one another?

By my Soul, ſaid he, and graſped my hand with an eagerneſs that hurt it, we *were* born for one another: You *muſt* be mine—You *ſhall* be mine (and put his other arm round me) altho' my damnation were to be the purchaſe!

I was ſtill more terrified—Let me leave you, Mr. Lovelace, ſaid I; or do you be gone from me. Is the paſſion you boaſt of, to be thus ſhockingly demonſtrated?

You muſt not go, Madam!—You muſt not leave me in anger—

I will return—I will return—When you can be leſs violent—leſs ſhocking.

And he let me go.

The man quite frighted me; inſomuch that when I got into my chamber, I found a ſudden flow of tears a great relief to me.

In half an hour, he ſent a little billet, expreſſing his concern for the vehemence of his behaviour, and praying to ſee me.

I went. Becauſe I could not help myſelf, I went.

He was full of his excuſes:—O my dear, what would you, even *you*, do with ſuch a man as this; and in my ſituation?

It was very poſſible for him now, he ſaid, to account for the workings of a beginning phrenſy. For his part, he was near diſtraction. All laſt week to ſuffer as he had ſuffered; and now to talk of *Civil Regards* only, when he had hoped from the nobleneſs of my mind—

Hope what you will, interrupted I; I muſt inſiſt upon it, that our minds are by no means ſuited to each other. You have brought me into difficulties. I am deſerted by every friend but Miſs Howe. My true ſentiments I will not conceal—It is againſt my will, that I muſt ſubmit to owe protection from a Brother's projects, which Miſs Howe thinks are not given over, to You, who have brought me into theſe ſtreights—*Not* with my own concurrence brought me into them; remember that—

I do remember that, Madam!—So often reminded, how can I forget it?—

Yet I *will* owe to you this protection, if it be neceſſary, in the earneſt hope, that you will *ſhun* rather than *ſeek* miſchief, if any further enquiry after me be made. But what hinders you from leaving me?

me?—Cannot I ſend to you? The Widow Fretchville, it is plain, knows not her own mind: The people here indeed are more civil to me every day than other: But I had rather have lodgings more agreeable to my circumſtances. I beſt know what will ſuit them; and am reſolved not to be obliged to any-body. If you leave me, I will privately retire to ſome one of the neighbouring villages, and there wait my Couſin Morden's arrival with patience.

I preſume, Madam, replied he, from what you have ſaid, that your application to Harlowe-Place has proved unſucceſsful: I therefore hope, that you will now give me leave to mention the terms in the nature of Settlements, which I have long intended to propoſe to you; and which having till now delayed to do, thro' accidents not proceeding from myſelf, I had thoughts of urging to you *the moment you entered upon your new houſe*; and upon your finding yourſelf as independent in *appearance* as you are in *fact*. Permit me, Madam, to propoſe theſe matters to you—Not with an expectation of your *immediate anſwer*; but for your *conſideration*.

Were not heſitation, a ſelf-felt glow, a downcaſt eye, encouragement more than enough? · And yet · you will obſerve (as I now do on recollection) that · he was in no great hurry to ſolicit for a *Day*; ſince · he had no thoughts of propoſing Settlements, till · I had got into my new houſe; and now, in his · great complaiſance to me, he deſired leave to pro· poſe his Terms, not with an expectation of my *im*· *mediate anſwer*; but for my *conſideration* only—· Yet, my dear, your advice was too much in my head at this time. I heſitated.

He urged on upon my ſilence: He would call God to witneſs to the juſtice, nay to the *generoſity* of his intentions to me, if I would be ſo good as to hear what he had to propoſe to me, as to Settlements.

Could not the man have fallen into the ſubject without this *parade?* Many a point, you know, *is* refuſed, and *ought to be* refuſed, if leave be aſked to introduce it; and when *once* refuſed, the refuſal muſt in honour be adhered to—Whereas, had it been *ſlid* in upon one, as I may ſay, it might have merited further conſideration. If ſuch a man as Mr. Lovelace knows not this, who ſhould?

But he ſeemed to think it enough, that he had aſked my *leave* to propoſe his Settlements. He took no advantage of my ſilence, as I preſume men *as modeſt* as Mr. Lovelace would have done, in a like caſe: Yet, gazing in my face very confidently, and ſeeming to expect my anſwer, I thought myſelf obliged to give the ſubject a more diffuſe turn, in order to ſave myſelf the mortification of appearing too ready in my compliance, after ſuch a diſtance as had been between us; and yet (in purſuance of your advice) I was willing to avoid the neceſſity of giving him ſuch a repulſe, as might again throw us out of the courſe.

A cruel alternative to be reduced to!

You talk of *Generoſity*, Mr. Lovelace, ſaid I; and you talk of *Juſtice*; perhaps without having conſidered the force of the words, in the ſenſe you uſe them on this occaſion.—Let me tell you what *Generoſity* is, in my ſenſe of the word—TRUE GENEROSITY is not confined to pecuniary inſtances: It is *more* than politeneſs: It is *more* than good faith: It is *more* than honour: It is *more* than *juſtice:* Since all theſe are but duties, and what a worthy mind cannot diſpenſe with. But TRUE GENEROSITY is Greatneſs of Soul. It incites us to do more by a fellow-creature, than can be ſtrictly required of us. It obliges us to haſten to the relief of an object that wants relief; anticipating even ſuch a one's hope or expectation. Generoſity, Sir, will not ſurely permit

mit a worthy mind to doubt of its honourable and beneficent intentions: Much leſs will it allow itſelf to ſhock, to offend any one; and, leaſt of all, a perſon thrown by adverſity, miſhap, or accident, into its protection.

What an opportunity had he to clear his intentions, had he been ſo diſpoſed, from the *latter part* of this home obſervation?—But he ran away with the *firſt*, and kept to that.

Admirably defined! he ſaid.—But who at this rate, Madam, can be ſaid to be *generous* to *you?*—Your *Generoſity* I implore; while *Juſtice*, as it muſt be my ſole merit, ſhall be my aim. Never was there a woman of ſuch nice and delicate ſentiments!

It is a reflection upon yourſelf, Sir, and upon the company you have kept, if you think theſe notions either nice or delicate. Thouſands of my Sex are more nice than I; for they would have avoided the devious path I have been ſurpriſed into: The conſequences of which ſurprize have laid me under the ſad neceſſity of telling a man, *who has not delicacy enough to enter into thoſe parts of the female character which are its glory and diſtinction*, what True Generoſity is.

His divine monitreſs, he called me. He would endeavour to form his manners (as he had often promiſed) by my example. But he hoped I would now permit him to mention briefly the *Juſtice* he propoſed to do me, in the terms of the Settlements; a ſubject ſo proper, *before now*, to have been entered upon; and which would have been entered upon long ago, had not my *frequent diſpleaſure* [*I am ever in fault, my dear!*] taken from him the *opportunity* he had often wiſhed for: But now having ventured to lay hold of *this*, nothing ſhould divert him from improving it.

I have no ſpirits, juſt now, Sir, to attend to ſuch weighty points. What you have a mind to propoſe, write to me: And I ſhall know what anſwer to return. Only one thing let me remind you of, that if you touch upon any ſubject, in which my Father has a concern, I ſhall judge by your treatment of the Father, what value you have for the Daughter.

He *looked* as if he would chuſe rather to ſpeak than write: But had he *ſaid* ſo, I had a ſevere return to have made upon him; as poſſibly he might ſee by *my* looks.

In this way are we now: A ſort of Calm, as I ſaid, ſucceeding a Storm. What may happen next, whether a Storm or a Calm, with ſuch a ſpirit as I have to deal with, who can tell?

But be that as it will, I think, my dear, I am not *meanly* off: And that is a great point with me; and which I know you will be glad to hear: If it were only, that I can ſee this man without loſing any of that dignity [What other word can I uſe, ſpeaking of *myſelf*, that betokens *decency*, and not *arrogance?*] which is ſo neceſſary to enable me to look *up*, or rather with the *mind*'s eye, I may ſay, to look *down* upon a man of this man's caſt.

Altho' circumſtances have ſo offered, that I could not take your advice as to the *manner* of dealing with him; yet you gave me ſo much courage by it, as has enabled me to conduct things to this iſſue; as well as determined me againſt leaving him: Which *before*, I was thinking to do, at all adventures. Whether, when it came to the point, I *ſhould* have done ſo, or not, I cannot ſay, becauſe it would have depended upon his behaviour at the time.

But let his behaviour be what it will, I am afraid, (with

(with you) that, ſhould any-thing offer at laſt to oblige me to leave him, I ſhall not mend my ſituation in the world's eye; but the contrary. And yet I will not be treated by him with indignity while I have any power to help myſelf.

You, my dear, have accuſed me of having *modeſty'd-away*, as you phraſe it, ſeveral opportunities of being —Being what, my dear?—Why, the wife of a Libertine: And what a Libertine and his Wife are, my Couſin Morden's Letter tells us.—Let me here, once for all, endeavour to account for the motives of my behaviour to this man, and for the principles I have proceeded upon, as they appear to me upon a cloſe ſelf-examination.

Be pleaſed then to allow me to think, that my motives on this occaſion, ariſe not *altogether* from maidenly niceneſs; nor yet from the apprehenſion of what my preſent tormentor, and future huſband, may think of a precipitate compliance, on ſuch a diſagreeable behaviour as his: But they ariſe principally from what offers to my own heart; reſpecting, as I may ſay, its own rectitude, its own judgment of the *Fit* and the *Unfit*; as I would, without ſtudy, anſwer *for* myſelf *to* myſelf, in the *firſt* place; to *him*, and to the *world*, in the *ſecond* only. Principles that *are* in my mind; that I *found* there; implanted, no doubt, by the firſt gracious Planter: Which therefore *impell* me, as I may ſay, to act up to them, that thereby I may, to the beſt of my judgment, be enabled to comport myſelf worthily in both States (the Single and the Married) let others act as they will by *me*.

I hope, my dear, I do not deceive myſelf, and, inſtead of ſetting about rectifying what is amiſs in my heart, endeavour to find excuſes for habits and peculiarities, which I am unwilling to caſt off or overcome. The heart is very deceitful: Do you, my

dear friend, lay mine open [*But ſurely it is always open before you!*] and ſpare me not, if you think it culpable.

This obſervation, once for all, as I ſaid, I thought proper to make, to convince you, that, to the beſt of my judgment, my errors, in matters as well of leſſer moment, as of greater, ſhall rather be the fault of m Underſtanding, than of my Will.

I am, my deareſt friend,

Your ever-obliged

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER LXIV.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Tueſday Night, May 16.

MR. Lovelace has ſent me, by Dorcas, his propoſals, as follow:

'To ſpare a delicacy ſo extreme, and to obey you, 'I write: And the rather, that you may communi-'cate this paper to Miſs Howe, who may conſult 'any of her friends you ſhall think proper to have 'intruſted on this occaſion. I ſay, *intruſted*; be-'cauſe, as you know, I have given it out to ſeveral 'perſons, that we are actually married.

'In the firſt place, Madam, I offer to ſettle upon 'you, by way of jointure, your whole Eſtate: And 'moreover to veſt in truſtees ſuch a part of mine in 'Lancaſhire, as ſhall produce a clear four hundred 'pounds a year, to be paid to your ſole and ſeparate 'uſe, quarterly.

'My own Eſtate is a clear not nominal 2000*l.* '*per annum.* Lord M. propoſes to give me poſſeſ-'ſion either of That which he has in Lancaſhire '[To which, by the way, I think I have a better 'title than he has himſelf] or That we call *The* '*Lawn* in Hertfordſhire, upon my nuptials with 'a Lady whom he ſo greatly admires; and to

'make

'make That I ſhall chuſe a clear 1000 *l. per an-*
'*num.*

'My too great contempt of cenſure has ſubject-
'ed me to much ſlander. It may not therefore be
'improper to aſſure you, on the word of a gentle-
'man, that no part of my Eſtate was ever mort-
'gaged: And that altho' I lived very expenſively
'abroad, and made large draughts, yet that Mid-
'ſummer-Day next will diſcharge all that I owe in
'the world. My notions are not all bad ones. I
'have been thought in pecuniary caſes, *generous*.
'It would have deſerved *another* name, had I not
'firſt been *juſt*.

'If, as your own Eſtate is at preſent in your Fa-
'ther's hands, you rather chuſe that I ſhould make
'a jointure out of mine, tantamount to yours, be it
'what it will, it ſhall be done. I will engage Lord
'M. to write to *you*, what he propoſes to do on the
'happy occaſion: Not as your deſire or expectation,
'but to demonſtrate, that no advantage is intended
'to be taken of the ſituation you are in with your
'own family.

'To ſhew the beloved Daughter the conſidera-
'tion I have for her, I will conſent, that ſhe ſhall
'preſcribe the terms of agreement in relation to the
'large ſums, which muſt be in her Father's hands,
'ariſing from her Grandfather's Eſtate. I have no
'doubt, but ſhe will be put upon making large de-
'mands upon you. All thoſe it ſhall be in your
'power to comply with, for the ſake of your own
'peace. And the remainder ſhall be paid into your
'hands, and be entirely at your diſpoſal, as a fund
'to ſupport thoſe charitable donations, which I have
'heard you ſo famed for *out* of your family; and for
'which you have been ſo greatly reflected upon *in* it.

'As to cloaths, jewels, and the like, againſt the
'time you ſhall chuſe to make your appearance, it

'will

'will be my pride, that you ſhall not be beholden 'for ſuch of theſe as ſhall be anſwerable to the rank 'of both, to thoſe who have had the ſtupid folly 'to renounce a Daughter they deſerved not. You 'muſt excuſe me, Madam: You would miſtruſt 'my ſincerity in the reſt, could I ſpeak of theſe 'people with leſs aſperity, tho' ſo nearly related to 'you.

'Theſe, Madam, are my propoſals. They are 'ſuch as I always deſigned to make, whenever you 'would permit me to enter into the delightful ſub-'ject. But you have been ſo determined to try every 'method for reconciling yourſelf to your relations, 'even by giving me abſolutely up for ever, that 'you have ſeemed to think it but juſtice to keep me 'at a diſtance, till the event of that your *predomi-'nant* hope could be ſeen. It is *now* ſeen!—And 'altho' I *have been*, and perhaps ſtill *am*, ready to 'regret the want of that preference I wiſhed for from 'you as Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe; yet I am ſure, as the 'huſband of Mrs. Lovelace, I ſhall be more ready 'to adore than to blame you for the pangs you have 'given to a heart, the generoſity, or rather *juſtice* 'of which, my implacable enemies have taught you 'to doubt: And this ſtill the readier, as I am per-'ſuaded, that thoſe pangs never would have been 'given by a mind ſo noble, had not the doubt been 'entertained (perhaps with too great an appearance 'of reaſon); and as I hope I ſhall have it to reflect, 'that the moment the doubt ſhall be overcome, the 'indifference will ceaſe.

'I will only add, that if I have omitted any-thing, 'that would have given you further ſatisfaction; or 'if the above terms be ſhort of what you would wiſh; 'you will be pleaſed to ſupply them as you think fit. 'And when I know your pleaſure, I will inſtantly 'order articles to be drawn up conformably; that

'nothing

'nothing in my power may be wanting to make 'you happy.

'You will now, deareſt Madam, judge, how far 'all the reſt depends upon yourſelf.'

You ſee, my dear, what he offers. You ſee it is all my fault, that he has not made theſe offers before. I am a ſtrange creature!—To be to blame in *every-thing*, and to *every-body*; yet neither intend the ill at the time, nor know it to *be* the ill till too late, or ſo nearly too late, that I muſt give up all the delicacy he talks of, to compound for my fault!

I ſhall now judge how far all the reſt depends upon myſelf! So coldly concludes he ſuch warm, and, in the main, unobjectible propoſals! Would you not, as you read, have ſuppoſed, that the paper would conclude with the moſt earneſt demand of a Day?—I own, I had that expectation ſo ſtrong, reſulting *naturally*, as I may ſay, from the premiſes, that without *ſtudying* for diſſatisfaction, I could not help being diſſatisfied when I came to the concluſion.

But you ſay there is no help. I muſt perhaps make *further* ſacrifices. All delicacy it ſeems is to be at an end with me!—But if ſo, this man knows not what every *wiſe* man knows, that prudence, and virtue, and delicacy of mind in a *wife*, do the huſband more *real* honour in the eye of the world, than the ſame qualities (were *ſhe* deſtitute of them) in *himſelf:* As the *want* of them in her does him more *diſ-honour:* For are not the wife's errors the huſband's reproach? How *juſtly* his reproach, is another thing.

I will conſider this paper; and write to it, if I am able: For it ſeems now, *all the reſt depends upon myſelf.*

LET-

LETTER LXV.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Wedneſday Morning, May 17.

MR. Lovelace would fain have engaged me laſt night. But as I was not prepared to enter upon the ſubject of his propoſals (intending to conſider them maturely) and was not highly pleaſed with his concluſion, I deſired to be excuſed ſeeing him till morning; and the rather, as there is hardly any getting from him in tolerable time over-night.

Accordingly, about Seven o'clock we met in the dining-room.

I find, he was full of expectation that I ſhould meet him with a very favourable, who knows but with a *thankful* aſpect? And I immediately found by his ſullen countenance, that he was under no ſmall diſappointment that I did not.

My deareſt Love, are you well? Why look you ſo ſolemn upon me? Will your indifference never be over? If I have propoſed terms in any reſpect *ſhort* of your expectation—

I told him, that he had very conſiderately mentioned my ſhewing his propoſals to Miſs Howe; and as I ſhould have a ſpeedy opportunity to ſend them to her by Collins, I deſired to ſuſpend any talk upon that ſubject till I had her opinion upon them.

Good God!—If there were but the leaſt loop-hole! the leaſt room for delay!—But he was writing a Letter to Lord M. to give him an account of his Situation with me, and could not finiſh it ſo ſatisfactorily, either to my Lord or to himſelf, as if I would condeſcend to ſay, whether the terms he had propoſed were acceptable or not.

Thus far, I told him, I could ſay, That my principal point was peace and reconciliation with my relations.

tions. As to other matters, the genteelneſs of his own ſpirit would put him upon doing more for me than I ſhould ask, or expect. Wherefore, if all he had to write about was to know what Lord M. would do on my account, he might ſpare himſelf the trouble; for that my utmoſt wiſhes, as to myſelf, were much more eaſily gratified than he perhaps imagined.

He asked me then, If I would ſo far permit him to touch upon the happy Day, as to requeſt the preſence of Lord M. on the occaſion, and to be my Father?

Father had a ſweet and venerable ſound with it, I ſaid. I ſhould be glad to have a Father who would own me!

Was not this plain ſpeaking, think you, my dear? Yet it rather, I muſt own, appears ſo to me on reflection, than was *deſigned* freely at the time. For I then, with a ſigh from the bottom of my heart, thought of my *own Father*; bitterly regretting, that I am an outcaſt from him and from my Mother.

Mr. Lovelace I thought ſeemed a little affected; at the *manner* of my ſpeaking, and perhaps at the ſad reflection.

I am but a very young creature, Mr. Lovelace, ſaid I (and wiped my eyes as I turned away my face) altho' you have *kindly*, and in *love to me*, introduced ſo much ſorrow to me already: So you muſt not wonder, that the word *Father* ſtrikes ſo ſenſibly upon the heart of a child ever dutiful till ſhe knew you, and whoſe tender years ſtill require the paternal wing.

He turned towards the window [Rejoice with me, my dear, ſince I ſeem to be devoted to him, that the man is not abſolutely impenetrable!]: His emotion was viſible; yet he endeavoured to ſuppreſs it. Approaching me again; again he was obliged to turn from me; Angelic ſomething, he ſaid: But then, obtaining a heart more *ſuitable* to his wiſh, he once more

more approached me.—For his own part, he ſaid, as Lord M. was ſo ſubject to the gout, he was afraid, that the compliment he had juſt propoſed to make him, might, if made, occaſion a *longer ſuſpenſion* than he could bear to think of: And if it did, it would vex him to the heart that he had made it

I could not ſay a ſingle word to this, you know, my dear. But you will gueſs at my thoughts of what he ſaid— So much paſſionate Love, *lip-deep!* So prudent, and ſo dutifully patient *at heart* to a relation he had till now ſo undutifully deſpiſed!— Why, why, am I thrown upon ſuch a man, thought I!

He heſitated, as if contending with himſelf; and after taking a turn or two about the room, He was at a great loſs what to determine upon, he ſaid, becauſe he had not the honour of knowing when he was to be made the happieſt of men— Would to God it might that very inſtant be reſolved upon!

He ſtopped a moment or two, ſtaring in his uſual confident way, in my downcaſt face [Did I not, O my beloved friend, think you, want a Father or a Mother juſt then?]: But if he could not, ſo *ſoon* as he wiſhed, procure my conſent to a day; in *that* caſe, he thought the compliment might *as well be* made to Lord M. as *not*:— [*See, my dear!*] Since the Settlements might be drawn and engroſſed in the intervenient time, which would pacify his impatience, *as no time would be loſt.*

You will ſuppoſe how *I* was affected by this ſpeech, by repeating the ſubſtance of what *he* ſaid upon it; as follows.

—But, by his Soul, he knew not, ſo much was I upon the reſerve, and ſo much latent meaning did my eye import, whether, when he moſt hoped to pleaſe me, he was not fartheſt from doing ſo. Would I vouchſafe to ſay, Whether I approved of his compliment to Lord M. or not?

To

· To leave it to *me*, to chuſe whether the ſpeedy · Day he ought to have urged for with earneſtneſs, · ſhould be accelerated or ſuſpended! · —Miſs Howe, thought I, at that moment, ſays, I muſt *not* run away from This man!

To be ſure, Mr. Lovelace, if this matter be *ever to be*, it muſt be agreeable to me to have the full approbation of *one* ſide, ſince I cannot have that of the *other*.

If this matter be ever to be! Good God! what words are thoſe at this time of day! And full *approbation* of one ſide! Why that word *approbation?* When the greateſt pride of all my family is, That of haveing the honour of ſo dear a creature for their relation? Would to Heaven, my deareſt life, added he, that, without complimenting *Any*-body, to-morrow might be the happieſt day of my life!—What ſay you, my angel? With a trembling impatience, that *ſeemed* not affected—What ſay you for *to-morrow?*

It was likely, my dear, I could ſay much to it, or name another day, had I been diſpoſed to the latter, with ſuch an *hinted delay from him.*

I was ſilent.

· *Next day*, Madam, if not to-morrow?—

· Had he given me *time* to anſwer, it could not · have been in the affirmative, you muſt think—But · *in the ſame breath*, he went on— Or the *day after* · *that?*—And taking both my hands in his, he ſtared · me into a half-confuſion— Would *you* have had · patience with him, my dear? ·

No, no, ſaid I, as calmly as poſſible, you cannot think, that I ſhould imagine there can be reaſon for ſuch a hurry. It will be moſt agreeable, to be ſure, for my Lord to be preſent.

I am all obedience and reſignation, returned the wretch, with a ſelf-pluming air, as if he had acquieſced to a propoſal *made by me*, and had complimented me with a great piece of *ſelf-denial.*

· Is

'Is it not plain, my dear, that he deſigns to vex, 'and teaze me? Proud, yet mean, and fooliſh man, 'if ſo!—But you ſay all Punctilio is at an End with 'me. Why, why, will he take pains to make a heart 'wrap itſelf up in Reſerve, that wiſhes only, and 'that for his ſake as well as my own, to obſerve due 'decorum?'

Modeſty, I think, required of me, that it ſhould paſs as he had put it: Did it not?—I think it did. Would to Heaven—But what ſignifies wiſhing?

But when he would have *rewarded himſelf*, as he had heretofore called it, for this ſelf-ſuppoſed conceſſion, with a kiſs, I repulſed him with a juſt and very ſincere diſdain.

He ſeemed both vexed and ſurpriſed, as one who had made the moſt agreeable propoſals and conceſſions, and thought them ingratefully returned. He plainly ſaid, that he thought our Situation would entitle him to ſuch an innocent freedom: And he was both amazed and grieved to be thus ſcornfully repulſed.

No reply could be made by me on ſuch a ſubject. I abruptly broke from him. I recollect, as I paſſed by one of the pier-glaſſes, that I ſaw in it his clenched hand offered in wrath to his forehead: The words, *Indifference, by his Soul, next to hatred*, I heard him ſpeak: And ſomething of *Ice* he mentioned: I heard not what.

Whether he intends to write to my Lord, or to Miſs Montague, I cannot tell. But *as all delicacy ought to be over with me now*, perhaps I am to blame to expect it from a man who may not know *what it is*. If he does *not*, and yet thinks himſelf very polite, and intends not to be otherwiſe, I am rather to be pitied, than he to be cenſured.

And after all, ſince I *muſt* take him as I find him, I *muſt*: That is to ſay, as a man ſo vain, and ſo accuſtomed to be admired, that, not being conſcious of internal

ternal defect, he has taken no pains to poliſh more than his outſide: And as his propoſals are higher than my expectations; and as, in his own opinion, he has a great deal to bear from *me*; I *will* (no new offence preventing) ſit down to anſwer them:—And, if poſſible, in terms as unobjectible to him, as his are to me.

But after all, ſee you not, my dear, more and more, the miſmatch that there is in our minds?

However, I am willing to compound for my fault, by giving up (if that may be all my puniſhment) the expectation of what is deemed happineſs in this life, with ſuch a husband as I fear he will make. In ſhort, I will content myſelf to be a *ſuffering perſon* through the State to the end of my life.— A long one it cannot be!—

This may qualify him (as it may prove) from ſtings of conſcience from misbehaviour to a *firſt* wife, to be a more tolerable one to a *ſecond*, tho' not perhaps a better deſerving one: While my Story, to all who ſhall know it, will afford theſe inſtructions: *That the eye is a traitor, and ought ever to be miſtruſted: That form is deceitful:* In other words; *That a fine perſon is ſeldom paired by a fine mind:* And *that ſound principles, and a good heart, are the only baſes on which the hopes of a* happy future, *either with reſpect to this world, or the other, can be built.*

And ſo much at preſent for Mr. Lovelace's propoſals: Of which I deſire your opinion *(a)*.

Four

(a) We cannot forbear obſerving in this place, that the Lady has been particularly cenſured, even by ſome of her own Sex, as *over-nice* in her part of the above converſations. But ſurely this muſt be owing to want of attention to the *circumſtances* ſhe was in, and to her *character*, as well as to the *character of the man ſhe had to deal with:* For altho' ſhe could not be ſuppoſed to know ſo much of his deſigns as the Reader does by means of his Letters to Belford; yet ſhe was but too well

Four Letters are written by Mr. Lovelace from the date of his laſt, giving the ſtate of affairs between him and the Lady, pretty much the ſame as in hers in the ſame period, allowing for the humour in his, and for his reſentments expreſſed with vehemence on her reſolution to leave him, if her friends could be brought to be reconciled to her. —A few extracts from them will be only given.

What, *ſays he*, might have become of me, and of my projects, had not her Father, and the reſt of the Implacables, ſtood my friends?

After violent threatnings of Revenge, he ſays,

'Tis plain ſhe would have given me up for ever: Nor ſhould I have been able to prevent her abandon-

· well convinced of his faulty morals, and of the neceſſity there · was, from the whole of his behaviour to her, to keep ſuch an · encroacher, as ſhe frequently calls him, at a diſtance. In · p. 14, 15. of this Vol. the Reader will ſee, that upon ſome fa · vourable appearances ſhe blames herſelf for her readineſs to · ſuſpect him. *But his character, his principles*, ſays ſhe, *are · ſo faulty; he is ſo light, ſo vain, ſo various!— Then, my dear, · I have no Guardian now, no Father, no Mother! Nothing but · God and my own vigilance to depend upon!* In page 309. of · the Second Volume, *Muſt I not with ſuch a man*, ſays ſhe, *be · wanting to myſelf, were I not jealous and vigilant?*

· By this time the Reader will ſee, that ſhe had ſtill *greater* rea- · ſon for her jealouſy and vigilance. And Lovelace will tell the · Sex, as he does Letter xix. of the next Vol. *That the woman · who reſents not initiatory freedoms, muſt be loſt. Love is an en- · croacher*, ſays he: *Love never goes backward. Nothing but the · higheſt act of Love can ſatisfy an* indulged Love.

· But the Reader perhaps is too apt to form a judgment of · Clariſſa's conduct in critical caſes by *Lovelace's complaints of her · coldneſs*; not conſidering his views upon her; and that ſhe is · propoſed as an *Example*; and therefore in her trials and di- · ſtreſſes muſt not be allowed to diſpenſe with thoſe Rules which · perhaps ſome others of her Sex, in her delicate ſituation, · would not have thought themſelves ſo ſtrictly bound to ob- · ſerve; altho', if ſhe had *not* obſerved them, a *Lovelace* would · have carried all his points. ·

ing

ing of me, unleſs I had *torn up the tree by the roots to come at the fruit*; which I hope *ſtill to bring down by a gentle ſhake or two*, if I can but have patience to ſtay the ripening ſeaſon.

Thus triumphing in his unpolite cruelty, he ſays,

After her haughty treatment of me, I am reſolved ſhe ſhall ſpeak out. There are a thouſand beauties to be diſcovered in the face, in the accent, in the *buſh-beating* heſitations of a woman who is earneſt about a ſubject which ſhe wants to introduce, yet knows not how. Silly fellows, calling themſelves generous ones, would value themſelves for ſparing a Lady's confuſion: But they are ſilly fellows indeed; and rob themſelves of prodigious pleaſure by their forwardneſs; and at the ſame time deprive her of diſplaying a world of charms, which only can be manifeſted on theſe occaſions.

· I'll tell thee beforehand, how it will be with my · Charmer in this caſe— She will be about it, and · about it, ſeveral times: But I will not underſtand · her: At laſt, after half a dozen hem—ings, ſhe · will be obliged to ſpeak out— *I think, Mr. Love-* · *lace— I think, Sir— I think you were ſaying ſome* · *days ago*— Still I will be all ſilence—her eyes fixed · upon my ſhoe-buckles, as I ſit over-againſt her— · Ladies, when put to it thus, always admire a man's · ſhoe-buckles, or perhaps ſome particular beauties · in the carpet. *I think you ſaid, that Mrs. Fretch-* · *ville*—Then a cryſtal tear trickles down each crim- · ſon cheek, vexed to have her virgin pride ſo little · aſſiſted. But, come, my meaning dear, cry I to · myſelf, remember what I have ſuffered *for* thee, · and what I have ſuffered *by* thee! Thy tearful pauſ- · ings ſhall not be helped out by me. Speak out, · Love!—O the ſweet confuſion! Can I rob myſelf · of ſo many conflicting beauties by the precipitate · charmer-pitying folly, by which a *politer* man [Thou

· *knoweſt*, Lovely, that I am no *polite* man!] betrayed · by his own tenderneſs, and *unuſed* to female tears, · would have been overcome? I will feign an · irreſolution of mind on the occaſion, that ſhe may · not *quite* abhor me— that her reflections on the · ſcene in my abſence may bring to her remembrance · ſome beauties in *my* part of it: An irreſolution that · will be owing to awe, to reverence, to profound · veneration; and that will have more eloquence in · it, than words *can* have. Speak out then, Love, · and ſpare not. ·

Hard-heartedneſs, as it is called, is an *eſſential* of the *Libertine's character*. Familiarized to the diſtreſſes he occaſions, he is ſeldom betrayed by tenderneſs into a complaiſant weakneſs unworthy of himſelf.

Mentioning the Settlements, he ſays,

I am in earneſt as to the terms. If I marry her [And I have no doubt but that I ſhall, after my Pride, my Ambition, my *Revenge*, if thou wilt, is gratified] I will do her noble juſtice. The more I do for ſuch a prudent, ſuch an excellent oeconomiſt, the more ſhall I do for myſelf.— But, by my Soul, Belford, her haughtineſs ſhall be brought down to own both Love and Obligation to me. Nor will this ſketch of Settlements bring us forwarder than I would have it. Modeſty of Sex will ſtand my friend at any time. At the very Altar, our hands joined, I would engage to make this proud Beauty leave the parſon and me, and all my friends who ſhould be preſent, tho' twenty in number, to look like fools upon one another, while ſhe took wing, and flew out of the church-door, or window (if that were open, and the door ſhut) and this only by a ſingle word.

He mentions his raſh expreſſion, that ſhe ſhould be his, altho' damnation were to be the purchaſe.

At that inſtant, *ſays he*, I was upon the point of making

making a violent attempt; but was checked in the very moment, and but juſt in time to ſave myſelf by the awe I was ſtruck with on again caſting my eye upon her terrified but lovely face, and ſeeing, as I thought, her ſpotleſs heart in every line of it.

O Virtue, Virtue! *proceeds he*, what is there in thee, that can thus againſt his will affect the heart of a Lovelace!—Whence theſe involuntary tremors, and fear of giving mortal offence?—What art Thou, that acting in the breaſt of a feeble woman, canſt ſtrike ſo much awe into a ſpirit ſo intrepid! Which never before, no, not in my firſt attempt, young as I then was, and frighted at my own boldneſs (till I found myſelf *forgiven)* had ſuch an effect upon me!

He paints, in lively colours, that part of the ſcene between him and the Lady, where ſhe ſays, 'The 'word *Father* has a ſweet and venerable ſound 'with it.'

I was exceedingly affected, *ſays he*, upon the occaſion. But was aſhamed to be ſurpriſed into ſuch a fit of unmanly weakneſs— *So aſhamed*, that I was reſolved to ſubdue it at the inſtant, and to guard againſt the like for the future. Yet, at that moment, I more than half regretted, that I could not permit her to enjoy a triumph which ſhe ſo well deſerved to glory in— Her youth, her beauty, her artleſs innocence, and her manner, equally beyond compariſon or deſcription. But her *Indifference*, Belford!—That ſhe could reſolve to ſacrifice me to the malice of my enemies; and carry on the deſign in ſo clandeſtine a manner—Yet love her, as I do, to frenzy!—Revere her, as I do, to adoration!— Theſe were the recollections with which I fortified my recreant heart againſt her!—Yet, after all, if ſhe perſevere, ſhe muſt conquer!— Coward, as ſhe has made me, that never was a coward before!

He concludes his fourth Letter in a vehement rage, upon her repulſing him, when he offered to ſalute her; having ſuppoſed, as he owns, that ſhe would have been all condeſcenſion on his propoſals to her.

This, *ſays he*, I will for ever remember againſt her, in order to ſteel my heart, that I may *cut thro' a rock of ice* to hers; and repay her for the diſdain, the ſcorn, which glowed in her countenance, and was apparent in her air, at her abrupt departure from me, after ſuch obliging behaviour on my ſide, and after I had ſo earneſtly preſſed her for an early Day. The women below ſay, She hates me; ſhe deſpiſes me!—And 'tis true: She does; ſhe muſt.—And why cannot I take their advice?— I will not long, my Fair one, be deſpiſed by *thee*, and laughed at by *them!*

Let me acquaint thee, Jack, *adds he*, *by way of poſtſcript*, That this effort of hers to leave me, if ſhe could have been received; her ſending for a coach on Sunday; no doubt, reſolving not to return, if ſhe had gone out without me (for did ſhe not declare, that ſhe had thoughts to retire to ſome of the villages about town, where ſhe could be ſafe and private?) have, all together, ſo much alarmed me, that I have been adding to the written inſtructions for my fellow and the people below how to act in caſe ſhe ſhould elope in my abſence: Particularly letting Will. know what he ſhall report to ſtrangers in caſe ſhe ſhall throw herſelf upon any ſuch with a reſolution to abandon me.

Theſe inſtructions I ſhall further add to as circumſtances offer.

LET-

LETTER LXVI.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Thurſday, May 18.

I Have neither time nor patience, my dear friend, to anſwer every material article in your laſt Letters juſt now received. Mr. Lovelace's propoſals are all I like of him. And yet (as you do) I think, that he concludes them not with that warmth and earneſtneſs which we might naturally have expected from him. Never in my life did I hear or read of ſo patient a man, with ſuch a bleſſing in his reach. But wretches of his caſt, between you and me, my dear, have not, I fancy, the ardors that honeſt men have. Who knows, as your Bell once ſpitefully ſaid, but he may have half a dozen creatures to quit his hands of before he engages for life?— Yet I believe you muſt not expect him to be honeſt on this ſide of his grand climacteric.

He, to ſuggeſt delay from a compliment to be made to Lord M. and to give time for Settlements! *He*, a part of whoſe character it is, not to know what complaiſance to his relations is— I have no patience with him! You did indeed want an interpoſing friend on the affecting occaſion which you mention in yours of yeſterday morning. But, upon my word, were I to have been that moment in your ſituation, and been ſo treated, I would have torn his eyes out, and left it to his own heart, when I had done, to furniſh the reaſon for it.

Would to Heaven to-morrow, without complimenting any-body, might be his happy day!—Villain! After he had himſelf ſuggeſted the compliment!— And I think he accuſes You of delaying!— Fellow, that he is!— How my heart is wrung—

But, as matters now ſtand betwixt you, I am very

unſeaſonable in expreſſing my reſentments againſt him —Yet I don't know whether I am or not, neither; ſince it is the moſt cruel of fates, for a woman to be forced to have a man whom her heart deſpiſes. You muſt, at *leaſt*, deſpiſe him; at times, however. His clenched fiſt offered to his forehead on your leaving him in juſt diſpleaſure—I wiſh it had been a pole-ax, and in the hand of his worſt enemy.

I will endeavour to think of ſome method, of ſome ſcheme, to get you from him, and to fix you ſafely ſomewhere till your Couſin Morden arrives— A ſcheme to lie by you, and to be purſued as occaſion may be given. You are ſure, that you can go abroad when you pleaſe? and that our correſpondence is ſafe? I cannot, however (for the reaſons heretofore mentioned reſpecting your own reputation) wiſh you to leave him while he gives you not cauſe to ſuſpect his honour. But your heart I know would be the eaſier, if you were ſure of ſome aſylum in caſe of neceſſity.

Yet once more, I ſay, I can have no notion that he can or dare to mean you diſhonour. But then the man is a fool, my dear—that's all.

However, ſince you are thrown upon a fool, marry the fool, at the firſt opportunity; and tho' I doubt that this man will be the moſt ungovernable of fools, as all witty and vain fools are, take him as a puniſhment, ſince you cannot as a reward. In ſhort, as one given to convince you that there is nothing but imperfection in this life.

· And what is the reſult of all I have written, but
· this? Either marry, my dear, or get from them all,
· and from him too.

· You intend the latter, you'll ſay, as ſoon as you
· have opportunity. That, as above hinted, I hope
· quickly to furniſh you with: And then comes on
· a tryal between *you* and *yourſelf*.

· Theſe

'Theſe are the very fellows, that we women do 'not *naturally* hate. We don't always know what 'is, and what is not, in our power to do. When 'ſome principal point we have had long in view be-'comes ſo critical, that we muſt of neceſſity chuſe 'or refuſe, then perhaps we look about us; are af-'frighted at the wild and uncertain proſpect before 'us; and after a few ſtruggles and heart-achs, re-'ject the untried New; draw in our horns, and 'reſolve to *ſnail*-on, as we did before, in a track 'we are acquainted with.'

I ſhall be impatient till I have your next. I am, my deareſt friend,

Your ever-affectionate and faithful
ANNA HOWE.

LETTER LXVII.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq;*

Wedneſday, May 17.

I Cannot conceal from you any thing that relates to yourſelf ſo much as the incloſed does. You will ſee what the noble writer apprehends from you, and wiſhes of you, with regard to Miſs Harlowe, and how much at heart all your relations have it that you do honourably by her. They compliment me with an influence over you, which I wiſh with all my ſoul you would let me have in this article.

Let me once more intreat thee, Lovelace, to reflect, before it be too late (before the mortal offence be given) upon the graces and merits of this Lady. Let thy frequent remorſes at laſt end in one effectual remorſe. Let not pride and wantonneſs of heart ruin thy fairer proſpects. By my faith, Lovelace, there is nothing but vanity, conceit, and nonſenſe, in our wild ſchemes. As we grow older, we ſhall be wiſer, and looking back upon our fooliſh notions of the

preſent

preſent hour (our youth diſſipated) ſhall certainly deſpiſe ourſelves when we think of the honourable engagements we might have made: Thou, more eſpecially, if thou letteſt ſuch a matchleſs creature ſlide thro' thy fingers. A creature pure from her cradle. In all her actions and ſentiments uniformly noble. Strict in the performance of all her even *unrewarded* duties to the moſt *unreaſonable of Fathers*, what a *Wife* will ſhe make the man who ſhall have the honour to call her his!

'What apprehenſions wouldſt thou have had reaſon 'for, had ſhe been prevailed upon by giddy or frail 'motives, which one man, by importunity, might 'prevail for, as well as another?

'We all know what an inventive genius thou art 'maſter of: We are all ſenſible, that thou haſt *a 'head to contrive, and a heart to execute.* Have I 'not called thine *the plotting'ſt heart in the univerſe?* 'I called it ſo upon knowlege. What wouldſt thou '*more?* Why ſhould it be the moſt *villainous*, as 'well as the moſt *able?*— Marry the Lady; and, '*when* married, let her know what a number of con'trivances thou hadſt in readineſs to play off. Beg 'of her not to hate thee for the communication; 'and aſſure her, that thou gaveſt them up from re'morſe, and in juſtice to her extraordinary merit; 'and let her have the opportunity of congratulating 'herſelf for ſubduing a heart ſo capable of what thou 'calleſt *glorious miſchief.* This will give *her* room 'for triumph; and even *thee* no leſs: She for *hers* 'over *thee*; thou, for *thine* over *thyſelf.*'

Reflect likewiſe upon her ſufferings for thee. Actually at the time thou art forming ſchemes to ruin her (at leaſt in *her* ſenſe of the word) is ſhe not labouring under a Father's Curſe laid upon her by thy means, and for thy ſake? And wouldſt thou give operation and completion to that curſe, which otherwiſe cannot have effect? And

And what, Lovelace, all the time is thy pride?— Thou that vainly imagineſt, that the whole family of the Harlowes, and that of the Howes too, are but thy machines, unknown to themſelves, to bring about thy purpoſes, and thy revenge; what art thou more, or better, than the inſtrument even of her implacable Brother, and envious Siſter, to perpetuate the diſgrace of the moſt excellent of Siſters, which they are moved to by vilely low and ſordid motives?— Canſt thou bear, Lovelace, to be thought the machine of thy inveterate enemy James Harlowe?—Nay, art thou not the cully of that ſtill viler Joſeph Leman, who ſerves himſelf as much by thy money, as he does thee by the double part he acts by thy direction?— And further ſtill, art thou not the devil's agent, who only can, and who certainly will, ſuitably reward thee, if thou proceedeſt, and if thou effecteſt thy wicked purpoſe?

Could any man but thee put together upon paper the following queſtions with ſo much unconcern as thou ſeemeſt to have written them?— Give them a reperuſal, O heart of adamant! 'Whither can ſhe fly 'to avoid me? Her Parents will not receive her: 'Her Uncles will not entertain her: Her beloved 'Norton is in their direction, and cannot. Miſs 'Howe dare not. She has not one friend in town 'but ME: Is entirely a ſtranger to the town *(a)*.'— What muſt that heart be that can triumph in a diſtreſs ſo deep, into which ſhe has been plunged by thy elaborate arts and contrivances? And what a ſweet, yet ſad reflection was that, which had like to have had its due effect upon thee, ariſing from thy naming Lord M. for her nuptial Father! Her tender years inclining her to *wiſh* a Father, and to *hope* a Friend.— O my dear Lovelace, canſt thou reſolve to be, inſtead of the Father thou haſt robbed her of, a devil?

(*a*) See p. 268.

Thou

Thou knoweſt, that I have no intereſt, that I can have no view, in wiſhing thee to do juſtice to this admirable creature. For thy own ſake, once more I conjure thee, for thy family's ſake, and for the ſake of our *common humanity*, let me beſeech thee to be juſt to Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe.

No matter whether theſe expoſtulations are in character from me, or not. I *have* been and *am* bad enough. If thou takeſt my advice, which is (as the incloſed will ſhew thee) the advice of all thy family, thou wilt perhaps have it to reproach me (and but perhaps neither) that thou art not a worſe man than myſelf. But if thou doſt *not*, and if thou ruineſt ſuch a virtue, all the complicated wickedneſs of ten devils, let looſe among the innocent with full power over them, will not do ſo much vile and baſe miſchief as thou wilt be guilty of.

It is ſaid, that the prince on his throne is not ſafe, if a mind ſo deſperate can be found, as values not its *own* life. So may it be ſaid, that the moſt immaculate virtue is not ſafe, if a man can be met with, who has no regard to his own honour, and makes a jeſt of the moſt ſolemn vows and proteſtations.

Thou mayeſt by trick, chicane, and falſe colours, thou who art worſe than a pickeroon in Love, overcome a poor Lady ſo entangled as thou haſt entangled her; ſo unprotected as thou haſt made her: But conſider, how much more generous and juſt to her, and noble to thyſelf, it is, to overcome *thyſelf*.

Once more, it is no matter, whether my paſt or future actions countenance my preachment, as perhaps thou'lt call what I have written: But this I promiſe thee, that whenever I meet with a woman of but one half of Miſs Harlowe's perfections, who will favour me with her acceptance, I will take the advice I give, and marry. Nor will I attempt to try her honour at the hazard of my own. In other words, I will

will not degrade an excellent creature in *her own eyes*, by trials, when I have no cauſe for ſuſpicion. And let me add, with reſpect to thy *Eagleſhip*'s manifeſtation, of which thou boaſteſt, in thy attempts upon the innocent and uncorrupted, rather than upon thoſe whom thou humourouſly compareſt to wrens, wagtails, and philtits, as thou calleſt them (*a*), that I hope I have it not once to reproach myſelf, that I ruined the morals of any one creature, who otherwiſe would have been uncorrupted. Guilt enough in contributing to the *continued* guilt of other poor wretches, if I am one of thoſe who take care ſhe ſhall never *riſe again*, when ſhe has *once fallen*.

Whatever the capital devil, under whoſe banner thou haſt liſted, will let thee do, with regard to this incomparable woman, I hope thou wilt act with honour in relation to the incloſed, between Lord M. and me; ſince his Lordſhip, as thou wilt ſee, deſires, that thou mayeſt not know he wrote on the ſubject; for reaſons, I think, very far from being creditable to thyſelf: And that thou wilt take as meant, the honeſt zeal for thy ſervice, of

Thy real Friend,

J. BELFORD.

LETTER LXVIII.

Lord M. *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

[*Incloſed in the preceding.*]

SIR, *M. Hall, Monday, May* 15.

IF any man in the world has power over my Nephew, it is you. I therefore write this, to beg you to interfere in the affair depending between him and the moſt accompliſhed of women, as every one ſays; and *what every one ſays, muſt be true.*

(*a*) See p. 236.

I don't

I don't know that he has any bad deſigns upon her; but I know his temper too well, not to be apprehenſive upon ſuch long delays: And the Ladies here have been for ſome time in fear for her; Lady Sarah in particular, who (as you muſt know) is a wiſe woman, ſays, that theſe delays, in the preſent caſe, muſt be from him, rather than from the Lady.

He had always indeed a ſtrong antipathy to Marriage, and may think of playing his dog's tricks by her, as he has by ſo many others. If there's any danger of this, 'tis beſt to prevent it in time: For, *when a thing is done, advice comes too late.*

He has always had the folly and impertinence to make a jeſt of me for uſing proverbs: But as they are the wiſdom of whole nations and ages collected into a ſmall compaſs, I am not to be ſhamed out of ſentences, that often contain more wiſdom in them, than the tedious harangues of moſt of our parſons and moraliſts. Let him laugh at them, if he pleaſes: You and I know better things, Mr. Belford.—*Tho' you have kept company with a wolf, you have not learnt to howl of him.*

But nevertheleſs, you muſt not let him know that I have written to you on this ſubject. I am aſhamed to ſay it; but he has ever treated me as if I were a man of very common underſtanding; and would, perhaps, think never the better of the beſt advice in the world, for coming from me. *Thoſe*, Mr. Belford, *who moſt love, are leaſt ſet by.—But who would expect Velvet to be made out of a Sow's ear?*

I am ſure he has no reaſon however to ſlight me as he does. He may and will be the better for me, if he outlives me; tho' he once told me to my face, That I might do as I would with my Eſtate; for that he, for his part, *loved his liberty as much as he deſpiſed money.* And at another time, twitting me with my phraſes, *That the man was above controul,*

· *troul, who wanted not either to borrow or flatter.*· He thought, I ſuppoſe, that *I could not cover him with my wings, without pecking at him with my bill*; tho' I never uſed to be pecking at him, without very great occaſion: And, God knows, he might have my very heart, if he would but endeavour to oblige me, by ſtudying his own good; for that is all I deſire of him. Indeed, it was his poor Mother that firſt ſpoiled him; and I have been but too indulgent to him ſince. A fine grateful diſpoſition, you'll ſay, to *return evil for good!* But that was always his way. · It is a good ſaying, and which was verified · by him with a witneſs—*Children when little, make* · *their parents fools*; *when great, mad.* Had his pa· rents lived to ſee what I have ſeen of him, they · would have been mad indeed.·

This match, however, as the Lady has ſuch an extraordinary ſhare of wiſdom and goodneſs, might ſet all to rights; and if you can forward it, I would enable him to make whatever Settlements he could wiſh; and ſhould not be unwilling to put him in poſſeſſion of another pretty Eſtate beſides. I am no covetous man, he knows. And indeed, what is a covetous man to be likened to ſo fitly, as *to a dog in a wheel which roaſts meat for others?* And what do I live for (as I have often ſaid) but to ſee him and my two Nieces well married and ſettled? May Heaven *ſettle him down to a better mind*, and turn his heart to more of goodneſs and conſideration!

If the delays are on his ſide, I tremble for the Lady; and, if on hers (as he tells my Niece Charlotte) I could wiſh ſhe were appriſed that *Delays are dangerous.* Excellent as ſhe is, ſhe ought not to depend on her merits with ſuch a changeable fellow, and ſuch a profeſſed marriage-hater, as he has been. ·*De*· *ſert and Reward, I can aſſure her, ſeldom keep* · *company together.*·

But let him remember, that *Vengeance, though it comes with leaden feet, ſtrikes with iron hands.* If he behaves ill in this caſe, he may find it ſo. What a pity it is, that a man of his talents and learning ſhould be ſo vile a Rake! Alas! alas! *Une poignée de bonne vie vaut mieux que plein muy de clergé*; a handful of good life is better than a whole buſhel of learning.

You may throw in, too, as a friend, that, ſhould he provoke me, it may not be too late for me to marry. My old Friend Wycherly did ſo, when he was older than I am, on purpoſe to plague *his* Nephew: And, in ſpite of this gout, I might have a child or two ſtill. I have not been without ſome thoughts that way, when he has angered me more than ordinary: But theſe thoughts have gone off again hitherto, upon my conſidering, that *the children of very young and very old men* (tho' I am not ſo very old neither) *laſt not long*; and that *old men, when they marry young women*, are ſaid to *make much of death*: Yet who knows but that matrimony might be good againſt the gouty humours I am troubled with?

· No man is every thing—You, Mr. Belford, are · a learned man. I am a Peer. And do you (as · you beſt know how) inculcate upon him the force · of theſe wiſe ſayings which follow, as well as thoſe · which went before; but yet ſo diſcreetly, as that · he may not know, that you *borrow your darts from · my quiver.* Theſe be they—*Happy is the man who · knows his follies in his youth. He that lives well, · lives long.* Again, *He that lives ill one year, will · ſorrow for it ſeven.* And again, as the Spaniards · have it—*Who lives well, ſees afar off!* Far off in- · deed; for he ſees into Eternity, as a man may ſay. · Then that other fine ſaying, *He who periſhes in · needleſs dangers, is the Devil's Martyr.* Another · Proverb

'Proverb I picked up at Madrid, when I accompanied Lord Lexington in his Embaſſy to Spain, 'which might teach our Nephew more Mercy and 'Compaſſion than is in his Nature I doubt to ſhew; 'which is this, *That he who pities another, remembers 'himſelf.* And this that is going to follow, I am 'ſure he has proved the truth of a hundred times, '*That he who does what he will, ſeldom does what he 'ought.* Nor is that unworthy of his notice, *Young 'mens frolicks, old men feel.* My deviliſh gout, 'God help me—But I will not ſay what I was going 'to ſay.

'I remember, that you yourſelf, complimenting 'me for my taſte in pithy and wiſe ſentences, ſaid a 'thing that gave me a high opinion of you; and 'it was this. *Men of talents*, ſaid you, *are ſooner 'to be convinced by ſhort ſentences than by long preach-'ments, becauſe the ſhort ſentences drive themſelves 'into the heart, and ſtay there, while long diſcourſes, 'tho' ever ſo good, tire the attention; and one good 'thing drives out another, and ſo on, till all is for-'gotten.'*

May your good counſels, Mr. Belford, founded upon theſe hints which I have given, pierce his heart, and incite him to do what will be ſo happy for himſelf, and ſo neceſſary for the honour of that admirable Lady whom I long to ſee his wife; and, if I may, I will not think of one for myſelf.

Should he abuſe the confidence ſhe has placed in him, I myſelf ſhall pray, that vengeance may fall upon his head—*Raro*—I quite forget all my Latin; but I think it is, *Raro antecedentem ſceleſtum deſeruit pede pœna claudo:* Where vice goes before, vengeance (ſooner or later) will follow. But why do I tranſlate theſe things for you?

I ſhall make no apologies for this trouble. I know how well you love him and me; and there is no-

thing in which you could ſerve us both more importantly, than in forwarding this match to the utmoſt of your power. When it is done, how ſhall I rejoice to ſee you at M. Hall! Mean time, I ſhall long to hear that you are likely to be ſucceſsful with him; and am,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt faithful Friend and Servant,

M.

Mr. Lovelace having not returned an anſwer to Mr. Belford's expoſtulatory Letter, ſo ſoon as Mr. Belford expected, he wrote to him, expreſſing his apprehenſion, that he had diſobliged him by his honeſt freedom. Among other things, he ſays—

I paſs my time here at Watford, attending my dying Uncle, very heavily. I cannot therefore, by any means, diſpenſe with thy correſpondence. And why ſhouldſt thou puniſh me, for having more Conſcience and more Remorſe than thyſelf? Thou, who never thoughteſt either Conſcience or Remorſe an honour to thee. And I have, beſides, a melancholy Story to tell thee, in relation to Belton and his Thomaſine; and which may afford a Leſſon to all the Keeping Claſs.

I have a Letter from each of our three companions in the time. They have all the wickedneſs that thou haſt, but not the wit. Some new rogueries do two of them boaſt of, which, I think, if completed, deſerve the gallows.

I am far from hating intrigue upon principle. But to have aukward fellows plot, and commit their plots to paper, deſtitute of the ſeaſonings, of the *acumen*, which is thy talent, how extremely ſhocking muſt their Letters be!—But do thou, Lovelace, whether thou art, or art not, determined upon thy mea-

meaſures with regard to the fine Lady in thy power, enliven my heavy heart by thy communications; and thou wilt oblige

Thy melancholy Friend,

J. BELFORD.

LETTER LXIX.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Friday Night, May 19.

WHEN I have opened my views to thee ſo amply as I have done in my former Letters; and have told thee, that my principal deſign is but to bring Virtue to a Trial, that, *if* Virtue, it need not be afraid of; and that the Reward of it will be Marriage (that is to ſay, if, after I have carried my point, I cannot prevail upon her to live with me the Life of Honour *(a)*; for that thou knoweſt is the wiſh of my heart); I am amazed at the repetition of thy wambling nonſenſe.

I am of opinion with thee, that ſome time hence, when I am *grown wiſer*, I ſhall conclude, that *there is nothing but vanity, conceit, and nonſenſe, in my preſent wild ſchemes.* But what is this ſaying, but that I muſt be *firſt* wiſer?

I do *not* intend *to let this matchleſs creature ſlide through my fingers.*

Art thou able to ſay half the things in her praiſe, that I have ſaid, and am continually ſaying or writing?

Her gloomy Father curs'd the ſweet creature, becauſe ſhe put it out of his wicked power to compel her to have the man ſhe hated. Thou knoweſt how little merit ſhe has with me on this ſcore.—And ſhall I not *try* the Virtue I intend, upon full proof, to *reward*, becauſe her father is a tyrant?—Why art thou thus eternally reflecting upon ſo excellent a woman,

(a) See Vol. II. p. 352.

as if thou wert aſſured ſhe would *fail in the trial?* —Nay, thou declareſt, every time thou writeſt on the ſubject, that ſhe *will*, that ſhe *muſt* yield, *entangled as ſhe is:* And yet makeſt her Virtue the pretence of thy ſolicitude for her.

An inſtrument of the vile James Harlowe, doſt thou call me?—O Jack! how I could curſe thee!— *I* an *inſtrument* of that Brother! of that Siſter!—But mark the end—And thou ſhalt ſee what will become of that Brother, and of that Siſter!

Play not againſt me my own acknowleged ſenſibilities, I deſire thee. Senſibilities, which at the ſame time that they contradict thy charge of an *adamantine heart* in thy friend, thou hadſt known nothing of, had I not communicated them to thee.

If I ruin ſuch a Virtue, ſayeſt thou!—Eternal monotoniſt!—Again; *The moſt immaculate Virtue may be ruined by men who have no regard to their honour, and who make a jeſt of the moſt ſolemn oaths*, &c. What muſt be the Virtue that will be ruined *without oaths?* Is not the world full of theſe deceptions? And are not *Lovers Oaths* a jeſt of hundreds of years ſtanding? And are not cautions againſt the perfidy of our Sex, a neceſſary part of the Female Education?

I do intend to endeavour to overcome *myſelf*; but I muſt firſt try, if I cannot overcome *this Lady*. Have I not ſaid, that the Honour of her Sex is concerned that I ſhould *try?*

Whenever thou meeteſt with a woman of but half her perfections, thou wilt marry—Do, Jack.

Can a girl be *degraded by trials*, who is not *overcome?*

I am glad that thou takeſt crime to thyſelf, for not endeavouring to convert the poor wretches whom *others* have ruined. I will not recriminate upon thee, Belford, as I might, when thou flattereſt thyſelf,

ſelf, that thou never ruinedſt the morals of any young creature, who otherwiſe would not have been corrupted—The palliating conſolation of an Hottentot heart, determined rather to gluttonize on the garbage of other foul feeders, than to reform.—But tell me, Jack, wouldſt thou have ſpared ſuch a girl as my Roſebud, had I not, by my example, engaged thy generoſity? Nor was my Roſebud the only girl I ſpared:—When my power was acknowleged, who more merciful than thy friend?

It is Reſiſtance *that inflames deſire,*
Sharpens the darts of Love, and blows its fire.
Love is diſarm'd that meets with too much eaſe;
He languiſhes, and does not care to pleaſe.

The women know this as well as the men. They love to be addreſſed with Spirit;

And therefore 'tis their golden fruit they guard
With ſo much care, to make poſſeſſion hard.

Whence, for a by-reflection, the ardent, the complaiſant Gallant is ſo often preferred to the cold, the unadoring Huſband. And yet the Sex do not conſider, that Variety and Novelty give the Ardour and the Obſequiouſneſs; and that, were the Rake as much uſed to them as the Huſband is, he would be [and is to *his own wife*, if married] *as* indifferent to their favours, as their Huſbands are; and the Huſband, in his turn, would, to another woman, be the Rake. Let the women, upon the whole, take this Leſſon from a Lovelace—'Always to endeavour to 'make themſelves as New to a Huſband, and to 'appear as elegant and as obliging to him, as they 'are deſirous to appear to a *Lover*, and actually 'were to *him* as *ſuch*; and then the *Rake*, which 'all women love, will laſt longer in the *Huſband*, 'than it generally does.'

But to return:—If I have not ſufficiently cleared

my conduct to thee in the above; I refer thee once more to mine of the 13th of laſt month *(a)*. And pr'ythee, Jack, lay me not under a neceſſity to repeat the ſame things ſo often. I hope thou readeſt what I write *more than once*.

I am not diſpleaſed that thou art ſo apprehenſive of my reſentment, that I cannot miſs a day, without making thee uneaſy. Thy conſcience, 'tis plain, tells thee, that thou haſt deſerved my diſpleaſure: And if it has convinced thee of *that*, it will make thee afraid of repeating thy fault. See that this be the conſequence. Elſe, now that thou haſt told me how I can puniſh thee, it is very likely that I do puniſh thee by my ſilence, altho' I have as much pleaſure in writing on this charming ſubject, as thou canſt have in reading what I write.

When a boy, if a dog ran away from me thro' fear, I generally looked about for a ſtone, or a ſtick; and if neither offered to my hand, I ſkimmed my hat after him to make him afraid for ſomething. What ſignifies power, if we do not exert it?

Let my Lord know that thou *haſt* ſcribbled to me. But give him not the contents of thy epiſtle. Tho' a parcel of crude ſtuff, *he* would think there was ſomething in it. Poor arguments will do when brought in favour of what we like. But the ſtupid Peer little thinks that this Lady is a Rebel to Love. On the contrary, not only he, but all the world believes her to be a Volunteer in his Service.—So I ſhall incur blame, and ſhe will be pitied, if any thing happen amiſs.

Since my Lord's heart is ſo ſet upon this match, I have written already to let him know, 'That my 'unhappy character has given my Beloved an unge-'nerous diffidence of me. That ſhe is ſo mother-'ſick and father-fond, that ſhe had rather return to

(a) See Vol. II. p. 340.

'Har-

'Harlowe-Place, than marry. That ſhe is even ap-
'prehenſive, that the ſtep ſhe has taken of going off
'with me, will make the Ladies of a family of ſuch
'rank and honour as ours, think ſlightly of her.
'That therefore I deſire his Lordſhip (tho' this hint,
'I tell him, muſt be very delicately touched) to
'write me ſuch a Letter as I can ſhew her (Let
'him treat me in it ever ſo freely, I ſhall not take
'it amiſs, I tell him, becauſe I know his Lordſhip
'takes pleaſure in writing to me in a corrective ſtyle).
'That he may make what Offers he pleaſes on the
'Marriage. That I deſire his preſence at the Cere-
'mony; that I may take from his hand the greateſt
'Bleſſing that mortal man can give me.'

I have not abſolutely told the Lady that I would write to his Lordſhip to this effect; yet have given her reaſon to think I will. So that without the laſt neceſſity I ſhall not produce the anſwer I expect from him: For I am very loth, I own, to make uſe of any of my family's names for the furthering of my deſigns. And yet I muſt make all ſecure, before I pull off the maſk. *Was not this my motive for bringing her hither?*

Thus, thou ſeeſt, that the old Peer's Letter came very ſeaſonably. I thank thee for it. But as to his Sentences, they cannot poſſibly do me good. I was early ſuffocated with his *wiſdom of nations*. When a boy, I never aſked any thing of him, but out flew a *proverb*; and if the tendency of that was to deny me, I never could obtain the leaſt favour. This gave me ſo great an averſion to the very word, that, when a child, I made it a condition with my Tutor, who was an honeſt Parſon, that I would not read my Bible at all, if he would not excuſe me one of the wiſeſt books in it: To which, however, I had no other objection, than that it was called *The Proverbs*. And as for Solomon, he was then a hated

character with me, not becauſe of his Polygamy, but becauſe I had conceived him to be ſuch another muſty old fellow as my Uncle.

Well, but let us leave old ſaws to old men.—What ſignifies thy tedious whining over thy departing relation? Is it not generally agreed, that he cannot recover? Will it not be kind in thee to put him out of his miſery? I hear, that he is peſtered ſtill with viſits from Doctors, and Apothecaries, and Surgeons; that they cannot cut ſo deep as the mortification has gone; and that in every viſit, in every ſcarification, inevitable death is pronounced upon him. Why then do they keep tormenting him? Is it not to take away more of his living fleece than of his dead fleſh?—When a man is given over, the Fee ſhould ſurely be refuſed. Are they not now robbing his heirs?—What haſt thou to do, if the will be as thou'dſt have it?—He ſent for thee (did he not?) to cloſe his eyes. He is but an *Uncle*, is he?

Let me ſee, if I miſtake not, it is in the Bible, or ſome other good book: Can it be in Herodotus?—O, I believe it is in Joſephus; A half-ſacred, and half-profane author. He tells us of a king of Syria, put out of his pain by his prime miniſter, or one who deſerved to be ſo for his contrivance. The Story ſays, if I am right, that he ſpread a wet cloth over his face, which killing him, he reigned in his place. A notable fellow! Perhaps this wet cloth in the original, is what we now call *Laudanum*; a potion that overſpreads the faculties, as the wet cloth did the face of the royal patient; and the tranſlator knew not how to render it.

But how like a forlorn varlet thou ſubſcribeſt, *Thy melancholy Friend*, J. Belford! Melancholy! for what? To ſtand by, and ſee fair play between an Old Man and Death? I thought thou hadſt been more

more of a man; thou that art not afraid of an *acute* death, a ſword's point, to be ſo plaguily hyp'd at the conſequences of a *chronical* one!—What tho' the Scarificators work upon him day by day? it is only upon a *caput mortuum:* And pr'ythee *Go to*, to uſe the *ſtylum veterum*, and learn of the *Royal Butchers*; who, for ſport (an hundred times worſe men than thy Lovelace) widow ten thouſand at a bruſh, and make twice as many fatherleſs—Learn of *them*, I ſay, how to ſupport a *ſingle* death.

'But art thou ſure, Jack, it is a mortification?—'My Uncle once gave promiſes of ſuch a root-and-'branch diſtemper: But, alas! it turned to a ſmart 'gout-fit; and *I* had the mortification inſtead of '*him*—I have heard that Bark in proper doſes will 'arreſt a mortification in its progreſs, and at laſt cure 'it. Let thy Uncle's Surgeon know, that it is 'worth more than his ears, if he preſcribe one grain 'of the Bark.'

I wiſh *my* Uncle had given *me* the opportunity of ſetting thee a better example: Thou ſhouldſt have ſeen what a brave fellow I had been. And had I had occaſion to write, my concluſion would have been this: 'I hope the old Trojan's happy. In that 'hope, I am ſo; and

'*Thy Rejoicing Friend*,

R. LOVELACE.'

Dwell not always, Jack, upon one ſubject. Let me have poor Belton's Story. The ſooner the better. If I can be of ſervice to him, tell him he may command me either in purſe or perſon. Yet the former with a freer will than the latter; for how can I leave my goddeſs? But I'll iſſue my commands to my other vaſſals to attend thy ſummons.

If ye want *Head*, let *me* know. If not, my quota, on this occaſion, is *Money*.

LET-

LETTER LXX.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq*;

Saturday, May 20.

NOT one word will I reply to ſuch an abandoned wretch, as thou haſt ſhewn thyſelf to be in thine of laſt night. I will leave the Lady to the protection of that Power who only can work miracles; and to her own merits. Still I have hopes that theſe will ſave her.

I will proceed, as thou deſireſt, to poor Belton's caſe; and the rather, as it has thrown me into ſuch a train of thinking upon our paſt lives, our preſent courſes, and our future views, as may be of ſervice to both, if I can give due weight to the reflections that ariſe from it.

The poor man made me a viſit on *Thurſday*, in this my melancholy attendance. He began with complaints of his ill health and ſpirits, his hectic cough, and his increaſed malady of ſpitting of blood; and then led to his Story.

A confounded one it is; and which highly aggravates his other maladies: For it has come out, that his Thomaſine (who, truly, would be new-chriſtened, you know, that her name might be nearer in ſound to the chriſtian name of the man whom ſhe pretended to doat upon) has for many years carried on an intrigue with a fellow who had been hoſtler to her father (an innkeeper at Darking); of whom, at the expence of poor Belton, ſhe has made a gentleman; and managed it ſo, that having the art to make herſelf his caſhier, ſhe has been unable to account for large ſums, which he thought forthcoming at demand, and had truſted to her cuſtody, in order to pay off a mortgage upon his paternal Eſtate in Kent, which his heart had run upon leaving clear; but which cannot now be

be done, and will ſoon be foreclоſed. And yet ſhe has ſo long paſſed for his wife, that he knows not what to reſolve upon about her; nor about the two boys he was ſo fond of, ſuppoſing them to be his; whereas now he begins to doubt his ſhare in them.

So KEEPING don't do, Lovelace. 'Tis *not* the eligible life. 'A man may *keep a Woman*, ſaid the 'poor fellow to me, but *not his Eſtate!*—Two inte-'reſts!—Then, my tottering fabric!' pointing to his emaciated carcaſe.

We do well to value ourſelves upon our *Liberty*, or, to ſpeak more properly, upon the Liberties we take! We had need to run down Matrimony as we do, and to make that State the ſubject of our frothy jeſts; when we frequently render ourſelves (for this of Tom's is not a *ſingular* caſe) the dupes and fools of women who generally govern us (by Arts our wiſe heads penetrate not) more abſolutely than a wife would attempt to do.

Let us conſider this point a little; and that upon our own *principles*, as *Libertines*, ſetting aſide what is exacted from us by the *Laws of our Country*, and its *Cuſtoms*; which, nevertheleſs, we cannot get over, till we have got over almoſt all moral obligations, as members of ſociety.

In the firſt place, let us conſider (we, who are in poſſeſſion of Eſtates by *legal deſcent*) how we ſhould have liked to have been ſuch naked deſtitute varlets, as we muſt have been, had *our* fathers been as wiſe as ourſelves; and deſpiſed Matrimony as we do—And then let us aſk ourſelves, If we ought not to have the ſame regard for *our* poſterity, as we are glad our fathers had for *theirs?*

But this, perhaps, is too *moral* a conſideration.—To proceed therefore to thoſe conſiderations which will be more ſtriking to *us*, How can we reaſonably expect Oeconomy or Frugality (or any-thing indeed but

but Riot and Waſte) from creatures who have an *intereſt*, and muſt therefore have *views*, different from our own?

They know the uncertain tenure (our fickle humours) by which they hold: And is it to be wondered at, ſuppoſing them to be provident harlots, that they ſhould endeavour, if they have the *power*, *to lay up againſt a rainy day?* or, if they have *not* the power, that they ſhould ſquander all they can come at, when they are ſure of *nothing but the preſent hour*; and when the life they live, and the ſacrifices they have made, put Conſcience and Honour out of the queſtion?

Whereas a *Wife*, having the ſame family-intereſt with her huſband, lies not under either the ſame *apprehenſions* or *temptations*; and has not broken through (of *neceſſity*, at leaſt, has not) *thoſe* reſtraints which education has faſtened upon her: And if ſhe make a private purſe, which we are told by anti-matrimonialiſts, all wives love to do, and has children, it goes all into the ſame family at the long-run.

Then, as to the great article of fidelity to your bed, are not women of family, who are well-educated, under greater reſtraints, than creatures, who, if they ever *had* reputation, ſacrifice it to ſordid intereſt, or to more ſordid appetite, the moment they give up to you? Does not the example you furniſh, of having ſucceeded with her, give encouragement for *others* to attempt her likewiſe? For, with all her blandiſhments, can any man be ſo credulous, or ſo vain, as to believe, that the woman *he* could perſuade, *another* may not prevail upon?

Adultery is ſo capital a guilt, that even Rakes and Libertines, if not wholly abandoned, and, as I may ſay, *invited* by a woman's levity, diſavow and condemn it: But here, in a State of KEEPING, a woman is in no danger of incurring *(legally*, at leaſt) that guilt;

guilt; and you yourſelf have broken thro' and overthrown in her all the fences and boundaries of moral honeſty, and the modeſty and reſerves of her Sex: And what Tie ſhall hold her againſt inclination, or intereſt? And what ſhall deter an attempter?

While a Huſband has this ſecurity from *legal* ſanctions, that if his wife be detected in a criminal converſation with a man of fortune (the *moſt* likely by bribes to ſeduce her) he may recover very great damages, and procure a Divorce beſides: Which, to ſay nothing of the ignominy, is a conſideration that muſt have ſome force upon *both* parties. And a wife muſt be vicious indeed, and a reflection upon a man's own choice, who, for the ſake of change, and where there are no qualities to ſeduce, nor affluence to corrupt, will run ſo many hazards to injure her huſband in the tendereſt of all points.

But there are difficulties in procuring a divorce [And ſo there ought]—And none, ſays the Rake, in parting with a miſtreſs whenever you ſuſpect her; or, whenever you are weary of her, and have a mind to change her for another.

But muſt not the man be a brute indeed, who can caſt off a woman whom he has ſeduced [If he take her from the town, that's another thing] without ſome flagrant reaſon; ſomething that will better juſtify him to *himſelf*, as well as to *her*, and to the *world*, than mere *power* and *novelty*?

But I don't ſee, if we judge by *fact*, and by the *practice* of all we have been acquainted with of the *Keeping Claſs*, that we know how to part with them when we have them.

That we know we *can* if we *will*, is all we have for it: And this leads us to bear many things from a *miſtreſs*, which we would not from a *wife*. But, if we are good-natured and humane: If the woman has *Art* [And what woman *wants* it, who has fallen by *Art*?

and

and to whoſe precarious ſituation *Art* is ſo neceſſary?] If you have given her the credit of being called by your name: If you have a ſettled place of abode, and have received and paid viſits in her company, as your wife: If ſhe has brought you children—You will allow, that theſe are ſtrong obligations upon you, in the world's eye, as well as to your own heart, againſt tearing yourſelf from ſuch cloſe connexions. She will ſtick to you as your ſkin: And it will be next to flaying yourſelf to caſt her off.

Even if there be *cauſe* for it, by Infidelity, ſhe will have managed ill, if ſhe have not her defenders. Nor did I ever know a cauſe, or a perſon, ſo *bad*, as to want advocates, either from ill-will to the one, or pity to the other: and you will then be thought a hard-hearted miſcreant; And even were ſhe to go off without credit to *herſelf*, ſhe will leave *you* as little; eſpecially with all thoſe whoſe good opinion a man would wiſh to cultivate.

Well, then, ſhall this poor privilege, that we may part with a woman if we *will*, be deemed a balance for the other inconveniences? Shall it be thought by *us*, who are men of family and fortune, an equivalent for giving up *equality of degree*; and taking for the partner of our Bed, and very probably more than the partner in our Eſtates (to the breach of all family-rule and order) a low-born, a low-educated creature, who has not brought any-thing into the Common Stock; and can poſſibly make no returns for the ſolid benefits ſhe receives, but thoſe libidinous ones, which a man cannot boaſt of, but to *his* diſgrace, nor think of, but to the ſhame of *both?*

Moreover, as the man advances in years, the fury of his Libertiniſm will go off. He will have different aims and purſuits, which will diminiſh his appetite to ranging, and make ſuch a regular life as the matrimonial and family-life, palatable to him, and every day more palatable. If

If he has Children, and has reaſon to think them *his*, and if his lewd courſes have left him *any* Eſtate, he will have cauſe to regret the *reſtraint* his boaſted *liberty* has laid him under, and the valuable *privilege* it has deprived him of; when he finds, that it muſt deſcend to ſome relation, for whom, whether near or diſtant, he cares not one farthing; and who perhaps (if a man of virtue) has held him in the utmoſt contempt, for his diſſolute life.

And were we to ſuppoſe his Eſtate in his power to bequeath as he pleaſes; why ſhould a man reſolve, for the gratifying of his fooliſh humour only, to baſtardize his race? Why ſhould he wiſh to expoſe his children to the ſcorn and inſults of the reſt of the world? Why ſhould he, whether they are Sons or Daughters, lay them under the neceſſity of complying with propoſals of marriage, either *inferior as to Fortune*, or *unequal as to Age?* Why ſhould he deprive the children he loves, who themſelves may be guilty of no fault, of the reſpect they would wiſh to have, and to deſerve; and of the opportunity of aſſociating themſelves with *proper*, that is to ſay, with *reputable* company? And why ſhould he make them think themſelves under obligation to every perſon of character, who will vouchſafe to viſit them? What little reaſon, in a word, would ſuch children have to bleſs their Father's obſtinate defiance of the Laws and Cuſtoms of his Country; and for giving them a Mother, whom they could not think of with honour; to whoſe *Crime* it was, that they owed their very Beings, and whoſe Example it was their duty to ſhun?

If the Education and Morals of theſe children are left to Chance, as too generally they are (for the man who has humanity and a feeling heart, and who is capable of fondneſs for his offspring, I take it for granted, will marry); the caſe is ſtill worſe; his crime is perpetuated, as I may ſay, by his children: And the

Sea,

Sea, the Army, perhaps the Highway, for the Boys; the Common for the Girls; too often point out the way to a worſe Cataſtrophe.

What therefore, upon the whole, do we get by treading in theſe crooked paths, but danger, diſgrace, and a too late repentance?

And after all, do we not frequently become the Cullies of our own Libertiniſm; ſliding into the very State with thoſe half-worn-out doxies, which perhaps we might have entered into with their Ladies; at leaſt with their Superiors, both in degree and fortune? And all the time, lived handſomely like ourſelves; not ſneaking into holes and corners; and, when we crept abroad with our women, looking about us, and at every one that paſſed us, as if we were confeſſedly accountable to the cenſures of all honeſt people.

My couſin Tony Jenyns, thou kneweſt. He had not the actively miſchievous ſpirit, that Thou, Belton, Mowbray, Tourville, and *myſelf*, have: But he imbibed the ſame notions we do, and carried them into practice.

How did he prate againſt wedlock! How did he ſtrut about as a *Wit* and a *Smart!* And what a *Wit* and a *Smart* did all the boys and girls of our family, (myſelf among the reſt, then an urchin) think him, for the airs he gave himſelf?—Marry! No, not for the world; what man of ſenſe would bear the inſolences, the petulances, the expenſiveneſs of a wife! He could not for the heart of him think it tolerable, that a woman of *equal* rank and fortune, and, as it might happen, *ſuperior* talents to his own, ſhould look upon herſelf to have a right to ſhare the benefit of that fortune which ſhe brought him.

So, after he had fluttered about the town for two or three years, in all which time he had a better opinion of himſelf than any-body elſe had, what does he do, but enter upon an affair with his Fencing-maſter's daughter? He

He ſucceeds; takes private lodgings for her at Hackney; viſits her by ſtealth; both of them tender of Reputations that were *extremely* tender, but which neither had quite given up; for Rakes of either Sex are always the laſt to condemn or cry down themſelves: Viſited by nobody, nor viſiting: The life of a thief, or of a man beſet by creditors, afraid to look out of his own houſe, or to be ſeen abroad with her. And thus went he on for twelve years, and, tho' he had a good Eſtate, hardly making both ends meet; for, tho' no Glare, there was no Oeconomy; and beſides, he had every year a child, and very fond of his children was he. But none of them lived above three years: And being now, on the death of the dozenth, grown as dully ſober, as if he had been a real huſband, his good Mrs. Thomas (for he had not permitted her to take his own name) prevailed upon him to think the loſs of their children a judgment upon the parents for their wicked way of Life [A time will come, Lovelace, if we live to advanced years, in which Reflection will take hold of the enfeebled mind]; and then it was not difficult for his woman to induce him, by way of compounding with Heaven, to marry her. When this was done, he had leiſure to ſit down, and contemplate; and to recollect the many offers of perſons of family and fortune which he had declined in the prime of life: His expences *equal* at leaſt: His reputation not only *leſs*, but *loſt*: His enjoyments *ſtollen*: His partnerſhip *unequal*, and ſuch as he had always been aſhamed of. But the women ſaid, That after twelve or thirteen years cohabitation, Tony did an honeſt thing by her. And that was all my poor couſin got by making his old miſtreſs his new wife—Not a drum, not a trumpet, not a fife, not a tabret, nor the expectation of a new joy, to animate him on!

What Belton will do with his Thomaſine, I know not; nor care I to adviſe him: For I ſee the poor fel-

low does not like that any-body ſhould curſe her but himſelf. This he does very heartily. And ſo low is he reduced, that he blubbers over the reflection upon his paſt fondneſs for her cubs, and upon his preſent doubts of their being his: 'What a damn'd thing is 'it, Belford, if Tom and Hall ſhould be the hoſtler 'dog's puppies, and not mine!'

Very true! and I think the ſtrong health of the chubby-faced muſcular whelps confirms the too great probability. But I ſay not ſo to him.

You, he ſays, are ſuch a gay, lively mortal, that this ſad tale would make no impreſſion upon you: Eſpecially now, that your whole heart is engaged as it is. *Mowbray* would be too violent upon it: He has not, he ſays, a feeling heart. *Tourville* has no diſcretion: And, a pretty jeſt! although he and his Thomaſine lived without reputation in the world (people gueſſing that they were not married, notwithſtanding ſhe went by his name) yet 'he would not *too much* 'diſcredit the *curſed ingrate* neither!'

Could a man act a weaker part, had he been really married; and were he ſure he was going to ſeparate from the mother of his own children?

I leave this as a leſſon upon thy heart, without making any application: Only, with this remark, 'That 'after we Libertines have indulged our licentious ap'petites, reflecting (in the conceit of our vain hearts) 'both with our lips and by our lives, upon our an'ceſtors, and the good old ways, we find out, when 'we come to years of diſcretion, if we live till then '(what all who knew us found out before, that is to 'ſay; we find out) our own deſpicable folly; that 'thoſe good old ways would have been beſt for *us*, 'as well as for the reſt of the world; and that in 'every ſtep we have deviated from them, we have 'only expoſed our vanity, and our ignorance at the 'ſame time.'

J. BELFORD.

LETTER LXXI.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Saturday, May 20.

I AM pleaſed with the ſober reflection with which thou concludeſt thy laſt; and I thank thee for it.

Poor Belton!—I did not think his Thomaſine would have proved ſo very a devil. But this muſt everlaſtingly be the riſque of a keeper, who takes up with a low-bred girl. This I never did. Nor had I occaſion to do it. Such a one as *I*, Jack, needed only, till now, to ſhake the ſtatelieſt tree, and the mellowed fruit dropt into my mouth: Always of Montaigne's taſte, thou knoweſt:—Thought it a glory to ſubdue a girl of family.—More truly delightful to me the ſeduction-progreſs than the crowning act: For that's a vapour, a bubble! And moſt cordially do I thank thee for thy indirect hint, that I am right in my preſent purſuit.

From ſuch a woman as Miſs Harlowe, a man is ſecured from all the inconveniences thou expatiateſt upon.

Once more, therefore, do I thank thee, Belford, for thy approbation!—A man need not, as thou ſayeſt, ſneak into *holes and corners*, and ſhun the day, in the company of ſuch *a woman as this*. How friendly in thee, thus to abet the favourite purpoſe of my heart!—Nor can it be a diſgrace to me, to permit *ſuch a Lady* to be called by my name!—Nor ſhall I be at all concerned about the *world's cenſure*, if I live to the *years of diſcretion*, which thou mentioneſt, ſhould I be taken in, and prevailed upon to tread with her the good old path of my anceſtors.

A bleſſing on thy heart, thou honeſt fellow! I *thought* thou wert in jeſt, and but acquitting thyſelf of an engagement to Lord M, when thou wert pleading

for Matrimony in behalf of this Lady!—It could not be Principle, I knew, in thee: It could not be Compaſſion—A little *Envy* indeed I ſuſpected!—But now I ſee thee once more thyſelf: And once more, ſay I, A bleſſing on thy heart, thou true friend, and very honeſt fellow!

Now will I proceed with courage in all my ſchemes, and oblige thee with the continued narrative of my progreſſions towards bringing them to effect!—But I could not forbear to interrupt my Story, to ſhew my gratitude.

LETTER LXXII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

AND now will I favour thee with a brief account of our preſent ſituation.

From the higheſt to the loweſt we are all extremely happy.—*Dorcas* ſtands well in her Lady's graces. *Polly* has aſked her advice in relation to a Courtſhip-affair of her own. No oracle ever gave better. *Sally* has had a quarrel with her Woolen-draper; and made my Charmer Lady-chancellor in it. She blamed Sally for behaving tyrannically to a man who loves her. Dear creature! to ſtand againſt a glaſs, and to ſhut her eyes becauſe ſhe will not ſee her face in it!—Mrs. *Sinclair* has paid *her* court to ſo unerring a judge, by requeſting her advice with regard to both Nieces.

This the way we have been in for ſeveral days with the people below. Yet *ſola* generally at her meals, and ſeldom at other times in their company. They now, uſed to her ways [*Perſeverance muſt conquer*] never preſs her; ſo when they meet, all is civility on both ſides. Even married people, I believe, Jack, prevent abundance of quarrels, by ſeeing one another *but ſeldom*.

But how ſtands it between Thyſelf and the Lady, methinks thou aſkeſt, ſince her abrupt departure from thee, and undutiful repulſe of Wedneſday morning?

Why, pretty well in the main. Nay, *very* well. For why? The dear ſaucy-face knows not how to help herſelf. Can fly to no other protection. And has, beſides, overheard a converſation [Who would have thought ſhe had been ſo near?] which paſſed between Mrs. Sinclair, Miſs Martin, and myſelf, that very Wedneſday afternoon; which has ſet her heart at eaſe with reſpect to ſeveral doubtful points.

Such as, particularly, 'Mrs. Fretchville's unhappy 'ſtate of mind—Moſt humanely pitied by Miſs Martin, who knows her very well—The huſband ſhe 'has loſt, and herſelf (as Sally ſays) Lovers from their 'cradles. Pity from one begets pity from another, 'be the occaſion either ſtrong or weak; and ſo many 'circumſtances were given to poor Mrs. Fretchville's 'diſtreſs, that it was impoſſible but my Beloved muſt '*extremely* pity *her* whom the leſs tender-hearted Miſs 'Martin *greatly* pitied.

'My Lord M's gout his only hindrance from viſiting my ſpouſe. Lady Betty and Miſs Montague 'ſoon expected in town.

'My earneſt deſire ſignified to have my ſpouſe receive thoſe Ladies in her own houſe, if Mrs. Fretchville would but know her own mind; and I pathetically lamented the delay occaſioned by her not 'knowing it.

'My intention to ſtay at Mrs. Sinclair's, *as I ſaid I had told them before*, while my ſpouſe reſides in her 'own houſe (when Mrs. Fretchville could be brought 'to quit it) in order to gratify her utmoſt punctilio.

'My paſſion for my Beloved (which as I told them 'in a high and fervent accent, was the trueſt that man 'could have for woman) I boaſted of. It was, in 'ſhort, I ſaid, of the *true Platonic kind*; or I had 'no notion of what Platonic Love was.

So it is, Jack; and muſt end as Platonic Love generally does end.

'Sally and Mrs. Sinclair next praiſed, *but not groſly*, 'my Beloved. Sally particularly admired her purity; 'called it exemplary; yet (to avoid ſuſpicion) ex- 'preſſed her thoughts, that ſhe was *rather over-nice*, 'if ſhe might preſume to ſay ſo *before me*. But ne- 'verthelefs ſhe applauded me for the ſtrict obſerva- 'tion I made of my vow.

'I more freely blamed her reſerves to me; called 'her cruel; inveighed againſt her relations; doubted 'her Love. Every favour I aſked of her denied me. 'Yet my behaviour to her as pure and delicate when 'alone, as when before them—Hinted at ſomething 'that had paſſed between us that very day, that ſhew'd 'her indifference to me in ſo ſtrong a light, that I 'could not bear it. But that I would aſk her for her 'company to the Play of *Venice preſerved*, given out 'for Saturday night as a Benefit-play; the prime 'actors to be in it; and this, to ſee if I were to be 'denied every favour.—Yet, for my own part, I '*loved not Tragedies*; tho' ſhe did, for the ſake of 'the Inſtruction, the Warning, and the Example 'generally given in them.

'I had too much *feeling*, I ſaid. There was enough 'in the world to make our hearts ſad, without car- 'rying grief into our diverſions, and making the 'diſtreſſes of others our own.'

True enough, Belford; and I believe, generally ſpeaking, that all the men of our caſt are of my mind—They love not any Tragedies but thoſe in which they themſelves act the parts of tyrants and executioners; and, afraid to truſt themſelves with ſerious and ſolemn reflections, run to Comedies, to laugh away the diſtreſſes they have occaſioned, and to find examples of men as immoral as themſelves. For very few of our comic performances, as thou knoweſt, give us good ones.—I anſwer, however, for myſelf—Yet thou,

thou, I think, on recollection, loveſt to deal in the *Lamentable*.

Sally anſwered for Polly, who was abſent, Mrs. Sinclair for herſelf, and for all her acquaintance, even for Miſs Partington, in preferring the comic to the tragic ſcenes.—And I believe they are right; for the devil's in it, if a confided-in Rake does not give a girl enough of Tragedy in his Comedy.

'I aſked Sally to oblige my Fair-one with her com-
'pany. She was engaged [That was right, thou'lt
'ſuppoſe]. I aſked Mrs. Sinclair's leave for Polly. To
'be ſure, ſhe anſwered, Polly would think it an ho-
'nour to attend Mrs. Lovelace: But the poor thing
'was tender-hearted; and as the Tragedy was deep,
'would weep herſelf blind.

'Sally, mean time, objected Singleton, that *I* might
'anſwer the objection, and ſave my Beloved the trou-
'ble of making it, or debating the point with me;
'and on this occaſion I regretted that her Brother's
'projects were not laid aſide; ſince, if they had been
'given up, I would have gone in perſon to bring up
'the Ladies of my family to attend my ſpouſe.

'I then, from a Letter juſt before received from
'one in her Father's family, warned them of a perſon
'who had undertaken to find us out, and whom I thus
'in writing (having called for pen and ink) deſcribed,
'that they might arm all the family againſt him—
"A ſun-burnt, pock-fretten ſailor, ill-looking, big-
"boned; his ſtature about ſix foot; an heavy eye,
"an over-hanging brow, a deck-treading ſtride in
"his walk; a couteau generally by his ſide; lips
"parched from his gums, as if by ſtaring at the ſun
"in hot climates; a brown coat; a coloured hand-
"kerchief about his neck; an oaken plant in his hand,
"near as long as himſelf, and proportionably thick."

'No queſtions aſked by this fellow muſt be an-
'ſwered. They ſhould call *me* to him. But not let
'my Beloved know a tittle of this, ſo long as it could

'be helped. And I added, that if her Brother or 'Singleton came, and if they behaved civilly, I would, 'for *her ſake*, be civil to *them*: And in this caſe, ſhe 'had nothing to do, but to own her Marriage, and 'there could be no pretence for violence on either ſide. 'But moſt fervently I ſwore, that if ſhe were *conveyed* 'away, either by *perſuaſion* or *force*, I would directly, '*on miſſing her but one day*, go to demand her at 'Harlowe-Place, whether ſhe were there or not; and 'if I recovered not a Siſter, I would have a Brother; 'and ſhould find out a captain of a ſhip as well as he.'

And now, Jack, doſt thou think ſhe'll attempt to get from me, do what I will?

'Mrs. Sinclair began to be afraid of miſchief in 'her houſe—I was apprehenſive that ſhe would overdo 'the matter, and be out of character. I therefore 'winked at her. She primmed; nodded, to ſhew ſhe 'took me; twanged out a high-ho thro' her noſe, 'lapped one horſe-lip over the other, and was ſilent.'

Here's preparation, Belford!—Doſt think I will throw it all away for any-thing thou canſt ſay, or Lord M. write?—*No indeed!*—as my Charmer ſays, when ſhe bridles.

* * * * *

And what muſt neceſſarily be the conſequence of all this, with regard to my Beloved's behaviour to me?—Canſt thou doubt, that it was all complaiſance next time ſhe admitted me into her preſence?

Thurſday we were very happy. All the morning *extremely* happy. I kiſſed her charming hand.—I need not deſcribe to thee her hand and arm. When thou ſaweſt her, I took notice that thy eyes dwelt upon them whenever thou couldſt ſpare them from that beauty-ſpot of wonders, her face—*Fifty*-times kiſſed her hand, I believe.—Once her cheek, intending her lip, but ſo rapturouſly, that ſhe could not help ſeeming angry.

Had ſhe not thus kept me at arms-length; had ſhe

ſhe not denied me thoſe innocent liberties which our Sex, from ſtep to ſtep, aſpire to; could I but have gained acceſs to her in her hours of heedleſſneſs and diſhabille [For full dreſs creates dignity, augments conſciouſneſs, and compels diſtance]; we had been familiarized to each other long ago. But keep her up ever ſo late; meet her ever ſo early; by breakfaſt-time ſhe is dreſſed for the day; and at her *earlieſt hour*, as nice as others dreſſed. All her forms thus kept up, wonder not that I have made ſo little progreſs in the propoſed trial.—But how muſt all this diſtance ſtimulate!

Thurſday morning, as I ſaid, we were extremely happy—About *noon*, ſhe numbered the hours ſhe had been with me; all of them to me but as one minute; and deſired to be left to herſelf. I was loth to comply: But obſerving the Sun-ſhine begin to ſhut in, I yielded.

I dined out. Returning, I talked of the houſe, and of Mrs. Fretchville—Had ſeen Mennel—Had preſſed him to get the widow to quit. She pitied Mrs. Fretchville [Another good effect of the overheard converſation]—Had written to Lord M; expected an anſwer ſoon from him. I was admitted to ſup with her. I urged for her approbation or correction of my written terms. She again promiſed an anſwer as ſoon as ſhe had heard from Miſs Howe.

Then I preſſed for her company to the Play on Saturday night. She made objections, as I had foreſeen: Her Brother's projects, warmth of the weather, *&c.* But in ſuch a manner, as if half-afraid to diſoblige me [Another happy effect of the overheard converſation]. I ſoon got over theſe therefore; and ſhe conſented to favour me.

Friday paſſed as the day before.

Here were two happy days to both. Why cannot I make every day equally happy? It looks *as if it were*

in

in my power to do ſo. Strange, I ſhould thus delight in teazing a woman I ſo dearly love! I muſt, I doubt, have ſomething in my temper like Miſs Howe, who loves to plague the man who puts himſelf in her power.—But I could not do thus by ſuch an angel as this, did I not believe, that after her probation-time ſhall be expired, and if ſhe be not to be brought to *cohabitation* (my darling view) I ſhall reward her as ſhe wiſhes.

Saturday is half-over. We are equally happy—Preparing for the Play. Polly has offered her company, and is accepted. I have directed her where to weep: And this not only to ſhew her humanity [A weeping eye indicates a gentle heart] but to have a pretence to hide her face with her fan or handkerchief.—Yet Polly is far from being every man's girl; and we ſhall ſit in the Gallery Green-Box.

The woes of others, ſo well repreſented as thoſe of Belvidera particularly will be, muſt, I hope, unlock and open my Charmer's heart. Whenever I have been able to prevail upon a girl to permit me to attend her to a Play, I have thought myſelf ſure of her. The female heart (all gentleneſs and harmony by nature) expands, and forgets its forms, when its attention is carried out of itſelf at an agreeable or affecting entertainment—Muſic, and perhaps a Collation afterwards, co-operating.

Indeed, I have no hope of ſuch an effect here; but I have more than one end to anſwer by getting her to a Play. To name but one—Dorcas has a *maſter-key*, as I have told thee.—But it were worth while to carry her to the Play of *Venice preſerved*, were it but to ſhew her, that there have been, and may be, much deeper diſtreſſes than ſhe can poſſibly know.

Thus exceedingly happy are we at preſent. I hope we ſhall not find any of Nat. Lee's left-handed gods at work, to daſh our bowl of joy with wormwood.

R. LOVELACE.

LETTER LXXIII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Friday, May 19.

I Would not, if I could help it, be ſo continually brooding over the dark and gloomy face of my condition [All nature, you know, my dear, and every thing in it, has a bright and a gloomy ſide] as to be thought unable to enjoy a more hopeful proſpect. And this, not only for my own ſake, but for yours, who take ſuch generous concern in all that befals me.

Let me tell you then, my dear, that I have known four-and-twenty hours together not unhappy ones, my ſituation conſidered.

She then gives the particulars of the converſation which ſhe had overheard between Mr. Lovelace, Mrs. Sinclair, and Miſs Martin; but accounts more minutely than he had done, for the opportunity ſhe had of overhearing it, unknown to them.

She gives the reaſon ſhe has to be pleaſed with what ſhe heard from each: But is ſhocked at the meaſure he is reſolved to take, if he miſſes her but for one day. Yet is pleaſed, that he propoſes to avoid aggreſſive *violence, if her Brother and he meet in town.*

Even Dorcas, *ſays ſhe*, appears leſs exceptionable to me than before, and I cannot but pity her for her neglected education, as it is matter of ſo much regret to *herſelf:* Elſe, there would not be much in it; as the Low and Illiterate are the moſt uſeful people in the commonwealth (ſince ſuch conſtitute the labouring part of the public); and as a Lettered Education but too generally ſets people above thoſe ſervile offices, by which the buſineſs of the world

is

· is carried on. Nor have I any doubt, that there · are, take the world thro', twenty happy people · among the Unlettered, to one among thoſe who · have had a School Education.

· This, however, concludes not againſt Learning · or Letters: ſince one would wiſh to lift to ſome · little diſtinction, and more genteel uſefulneſs, thoſe · who have capacity, and whoſe Parentage one re- · ſpects, or whoſe ſervices one would wiſh to reward.

· Were my mind quite at eaſe, I could enlarge, per- · haps not unuſefully, upon this ſubject; for I have · conſidered it with as much attention as my years, · and little experience and obſervation, will permit.

· But the extreme illiterateneſs and indocility of · this maid are ſurpriſing, conſidering that ſhe wants · not inquiſitiveneſs, appears willing to learn, and, in · other reſpects, has quick parts. This confirms to · me what I have heard remarked, That there is a · *docible Seaſon*, a Learning-time, as I may ſay, for · every perſon, in which the mind may be led ſtep · by ſtep, from the lower to the higher (year by · year) to improvement. How induſtriouſly ought · theſe Seaſons, as they offer, to be taken hold of, by · Tutors, Parents, and other friends, to whom the · cultivation of the genius of children and youth is · committed; ſince, once elapſed, and no foundation · laid, they hardly ever return!—And yet it muſt be · confeſſed, that there are ſome genius's, which, like · ſome fruits, ripen not till late. And Induſtry and · Perſeverance will do prodigious things—But for a · learner to have thoſe firſt rudiments to maſter, at · twenty years of age ſuppoſe, which others are · taught, and they themſelves might have attained, · at ten, what an up-hill labour!

· Theſe kind of obſervations you have always · wiſhed me to interſperſe, as they ariſe to my · thoughts. But it is a ſign that my proſpects are a

· little

little mended, or I ſhould not, among ſo many more intereſting ones, that my mind has been of late filled with, have had heart's-eaſe enough to make them.

Let me give you my *reflections* on my more hopeful proſpects.

I am now, in the firſt place, better able to account for the delays about the houſe, than I was before—Poor Mrs. Fretchville!—Tho' I know her not, I pity her!—Next, it looks well, that he had appriſed the women (before this converſation with them) of his intention to ſtay in this houſe, after I was removed to the other. By the tone of his voice he ſeemed concerned for the appearance this new delay would have with me.

So handſomely did Miſs Martin expreſs herſelf of me, that I am ſorry, methinks, that I judged ſo hardly of her, when I firſt came hither—Free people may go a great way, but not all the way: And as ſuch are generally unguarded, precipitate, and thoughtleſs, the ſame quickneſs, changeableneſs, and *ſuddenneſs* of ſpirit, as I may call it, may intervene, to recover them to thought and duty.

His reaſon for declining to go in perſon to bring up the Ladies of his family, while my Brother and Singleton continue their machinations, carries no bad face with it; and one may the rather allow for *their* expectations, that ſo proud a ſpirit as his ſhould attend them for this purpoſe, as he ſpeaks of them ſometimes as perſons of punctilio.

Other reaſons I will mention for my being eaſier in my mind than I was before I overheard this converſation.

Such as, the advice he has received in relation to Singleton's mate; which agrees but too well with what you, my dear, wrote to me in yours of May the 10th *(a)*.

(a) See p. 273.

His

· His not intending to acquaint *me* with it.

· His cautions to the ſervants about the ſailor, if · he ſhould come, and make enquiries about us.

· His reſolution to avoid violence, were he to fall · in either with my Brother, or this Singleton; and · the eaſy method he has chalked out, in this caſe, to · prevent miſchief; ſince I need only *not to deny* my · being his. But yet I ſhould be exceedingly unhappy · in my own opinion, to be driven into ſuch a tacit · acknowlegement to any new perſons, till I am ſo, · altho' I have been led (ſo much againſt my liking) · to give countenance to the belief of the perſons be- · low that we are married.

I think myſelf obliged, from what paſſed between Mr. Lovelace and me on Wedneſday, and from what I overheard him ſay, to conſent to go with him to the Play; and the rather, as he had the diſcretion to propoſe one of the Nieces to accompany me.

I cannot but acknowlege that I am pleaſed to find, that he has actually written to Lord M.

I have promiſed to give Mr. Lovelace an anſwer to his propoſals, as ſoon as I have heard from you, my dear, on the ſubject.

I hope that in my next Letter I ſhall have reaſon to confirm theſe favourable appearances. Favourable I muſt think them in the wreck I have ſuffered.

· I hope, that in the trial which you hint may hap- · pen between *me* and *myſelf* (as you (*a*) expreſs it) · if he ſhould ſo behave, as to oblige me to leave · him, I ſhall be able to act in ſuch a manner, · as to bring no diſcredit upon myſelf in your · eye; and that is all now that I have to wiſh for. · But if I value him ſo much as you are pleaſed to · ſuppoſe I do, the trial which you imagine will be ſo · difficult to me, will not, I conceive, be upon getting · from him, when the means to effect my eſcape are · lent me; but how I ſhall behave when got from

(*a*) See p. 328.

· him;

· him; and if, like the Iſraelites of old, I ſhall be ſo
· weak as to wiſh to return to my Egyptian bondage.
· I think it will not be amiſs, notwithſtanding the
· preſent favourable appearances, that you ſhould
· perfect the ſcheme (whatever it be) which you tell
· me (*a*) you have thought of, in order to procure
· for me an aſylum, in caſe of neceſſity. Mr. Love-
· lace is certainly a deep and dangerous man; and it
· is therefore but prudence to be watchful, and to be
· provided againſt the worſt. Lord bleſs me, my
· dear, how am I reduced!—Could I ever have
· thought to be in ſuch a ſituation, as to be obliged
· to ſtay with a man, of whoſe honour by me I could
· have but the *ſhadow* of a doubt!—But I will look
· forward, and hope the beſt.
· I am certain, that your Letters are ſafe.—Be per-
· fectly eaſy, therefore, on that head.·

Mr. Lovelace will never be out of my company by his good-will; otherwiſe I have no doubt that I am miſtreſs of my goings-out and comings-in; and did I think it needful, and were I not afraid of my Brother, and Capt. Singleton, I would oftener put it to trial.

LETTER LXXIV.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Saturday, May 20.

I Did not know, my dear, that you deferred giving an anſwer to Mr. Lovelace's propoſals, till you had my opinion of them. A particular hand occaſionally going to town, will leave this at Wilſon's, that no delay may be made on that account.

I never had any doubt of the man's juſtice and generoſity in matters of Settlement; and all his relations are as noble in their ſpirits, as in their deſcent: But *now*, it may not be amiſs for you to wait, to ſee

(*a*) See p. 328.

what

what returns my Lord makes to his Letter of invitation.

The ſcheme I think of is this.

There is a perſon whom I believe you have ſeen with me; her name Townſend, who is a great dealer in Indian Silks, Bruſſels and French Laces, Cambricks, Linen, and other valuable goods; which ſhe has a way of coming at, duty-free; and has a great vend for them (and for other curioſities which ſhe imports) in the private families of the gentry round us.

She has her days of being in town, and then is at a chamber ſhe rents at an Inn in Southwark, where ſhe keeps patterns of all her Silks, and much of her portable goods, for the conveniency of her London cuſtomers. But her place of reſidence, and where ſhe has her principal warehouſe, is at Deptford, for the opportunity of getting her goods on ſhore.

She was firſt brought to me by my Mother, to whom ſhe was recommended on the ſuppoſal of my ſpeedy marriage; 'that I might have an opportunity 'to be as fine as a princeſs, was my Mother's ex-'preſſion, at a moderate expence.'

Now, my dear, I muſt own, that I do not love to encourage theſe contraband traders. What is it, but bidding defiance to the Laws of our Country, when we do; and hurting fair traders; and at the ſame time robbing our Prince of his legal due, to the diminution of thoſe duties which poſſibly muſt be made good by new levies upon the public?

But however Mrs. Townſend and I, tho' I have not yet had dealings with her, are upon a very good foot of underſtanding. She is a ſenſible woman; ſhe has been abroad, and often goes abroad in the way of her buſineſs; and gives very entertaining accounts of all ſhe has ſeen. And having applied to me, to recommend her to you (as it is her view to be known

to

to young ladies who are likely to change their condition) I am ſure I can engage her to give you protection at her houſe at Deptford; which ſhe ſays is a populous village; and one of the laſt, I ſhould think, in which you would be ſought for. She is not much there, you will believe, by the courſe of her dealings; but, no doubt, muſt have ſomebody on the ſpot, in whom ſhe can confide: And there perhaps you might be ſafe, till your Couſin comes. And I ſhould not think it amiſs, that you write to him out of hand. I cannot ſuggeſt to you *what* you ſhould write. That muſt be left to your own diſcretion. For you will be afraid, no doubt, of the conſequence of a variance between the two men.

'But notwithſtanding all this, and were I ſure of 'getting you ſafely out of his hands, I will nevertheleſs forgive you, were you to make all up with 'him, and marry to-morrow. Yet I will proceed 'with my projected ſcheme in relation to Mrs. 'Townſend; 'tho' I hope there will be no occaſion to proſecute it, ſince your proſpects ſeem to be changed, and ſince you have had *twenty-four not unhappy hours together*. How my indignation riſes for this poor conſolation in the courtſhip [*Courtſhip* muſt I call it?] of ſuch a woman! 'Let me tell you, 'my dear, that were you once your own abſolute 'and independent miſtreſs, I ſhould be tempted, 'notwithſtanding all I have written, to wiſh you the 'wife of any man in the world, rather than the wife 'either of Lovelace, or of Solmes.'

Mrs. Townſend, as I have recollected, has two Brothers, each a maſter of a veſſel; and who knows, as ſhe and they have concerns together, but that, in caſe of need, you may have a whole Ship's Crew at your devotion? If Lovelace give you cauſe to leave him, take no thought for the people at Harlowe-Place. Let *them* take care of one another. It is a care they

are *uſed* to. The Law will help to ſecure *them*. The wretch is no aſſaſſin, no night-murderer. He is an *open*, becauſe a *fearleſs* enemy; and ſhould he attempt any thing that would make him obnoxious to the Laws of Society, you might have a fair riddance of him either by flight or the gallows; no matter which.

Had you not been ſo minute in your account of the circumſtances that attended the opportunity you had of overhearing the dialogue between Mr. Lovelace and two of the women, I ſhould have thought the conference contrived on purpoſe for your ear.

I ſhewed Mr. Lovelace's propoſals to Mr. Hickman, who had chambers once at Lincoln's-Inn, being deſigned for the Law, had his elder brother lived. He looked ſo wiſe, ſo proud, and ſo important, upon the occaſion; and wanted to take ſo much conſideration about them—Would take them home if I pleaſed—and weigh them well—and ſo forth—and the like—and all that—that I had no patience with him, and ſnatched them back with anger.

O dear!—to be ſo angry, an't pleaſe me, for his zeal—

Yes, zeal without knowlege, I ſaid—like moſt other zeals—If there were no objections that ſtruck him at once, there were none.

So *haſty*, deareſt Madam!—

And ſo *ſlow*, un-deareſt Sir, I could have ſaid—But, SURELY, ſaid I, with a look which implied, *Would you rebel, Sir!*

He begged my pardon—*Saw* no objection, indeed!—But might he be allowed once more—

No matter—No matter—I would have ſhewn them to my Mother, I ſaid, who, tho' of no Inn of Court, knew more of theſe things than half the lounging Lubbers of them; and that at firſt ſight—only that ſhe would have been angry at the confeſſion of our continued correſpondence.

But,

But, my dear, let the Articles be drawn up, and engroſſed; and ſolemnize upon them; and there's no more to be ſaid.

Let me add, that the Sailor-fellow has been tampering with my Kitty, and offered a bribe, to find where to direct to you. Next time he comes, I will have him laid hold of; and if I can get nothing out of him, will have him drawn through one of our deepeſt fiſh-ponds. His attempt to corrupt a ſervant of mine will juſtify my orders.

I ſend this Letter away directly. But will follow it by another; which ſhall have for its ſubject only my Mother, Myſelf, and your Uncle Antony. And as your proſpects are more promiſing than they have been, I will endeavour to make you ſmile upon the occaſion. For you will be pleaſed to know, that my Mother has had a formal tender from that grey gooſe; which may make her ſkill in Settlements uſeful to herſelf, were ſhe to encourage it.

May your proſpects be ſtill more and more happy, prays

Your own ANNA HOWE.

LETTER LXXV.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Sat. Sunday, May 20, 21.

NOW, my dear, for the promiſed Subject. *You muſt not aſk me*, how I came by the *Originals* [Such they really are] that I am going to preſent you with: For my Mother would not read to me thoſe parts of your Uncle's Letter, which bore hard upon myſelf, and which leave him without any title to mercy from me: Nor would ſhe let me hear but what ſhe pleaſed of hers in anſwer; for ſhe has condeſcended to anſwer him—with a denial, however:

But ſuch a denial, as no-one but an *Old Bachelor* would take from a Widow.

Any-body, except myſelf, who could have been acquainted with ſuch a fal-lal Courtſhip as this muſt have been had it proceeded, would have been glad it had gone on; and I dare ſay, but for the ſaucy Daughter, it had. My good Mamma, in that caſe, would have been ten years the younger for it, perhaps: And could I but have approved of it, I ſhould have been conſidered by her as if ten years older than I am: Since, very likely, it would have been; 'We Widows, my dear, know not how to keep 'men at a diſtance—So as to give them pain, in 'order to try their Love.—You muſt adviſe me, 'child: You muſt teach me to be cruel—Yet not '*too* cruel neither.—So as to make a man heartleſs, 'who has no time, God wot, to throw away.' Then would my behaviour to Mr. Hickman have been better liked; and my Mother would have bridled like her Daughter.

O my dear, how might we have been diverted, by the practiſings for recovery of the *Long-forgottens!* could I have been ſure that it would have been in my power to have put them aſunder, in the Iriſh ſtile, *before they had come together.* But there's no truſting to a Widow whoſe goods and chattels are in her own hands, addreſſed by an Old Bachelor, who has *fine things*, and offers to leave her *Ten thouſand pounds better* than he found her, and ſole miſtreſs beſides, of all her *Notables!* for theſe, as you will ſee by-and-by, are his propoſals.

The old Triton's addreſs carries the writer's marks upon the very Superſcription—*To the equally amiable, and worthily admired* [There's for you!] *Mrs.* ANNABELLA HOWE, *Widow*; the laſt word added, I ſuppoſe, as *Eſquire* to a man, as a word of honour; or for fear the *bella* to *Anna*, ſhould not enough diſtinguiſh

guiſh the perſon meant from the Spinſter [Vain huſſy you'll call me, I know]: And then follows:—*Theſe humbly preſent.*—Put down as a memorandum, I preſume, to make a leg, and behave handſomely at preſenting it; he intending very probably to deliver it himſelf.

And now ſtand by—To ſee

Enter OLD NEPTUNE,

His head adorned with Sea-weed, and a crown of Cockle-ſhells; as we ſee him decked out in Mrs. Robinſon's ridiculous Grotto.

Madam, *Monday, May* 15.

I Did make a ſort of reſolution ten years ago, never to marry. I ſaw in other families, where they lived *beſt*, you will be pleaſed to mark that, *queerneſſes* I could not away with. Then, liked well enough to live ſingle for the ſake of my Brother's family; and for one child in it more than the reſt. But that girl has turned us all off the hinges: And why I ſhould deny myſelf any comforts for them as will not thank me for ſo doing, I don't know.

So much for my motives, as from Self and Family: But the dear Mrs. Howe makes me go further.

I have a very great Fortune, I bleſs God for it, all of my own getting, or *moſt* of it; you will be pleaſed to mark that; for I was the youngeſt brother of three. You have alſo, God be thanked, a great Eſtate, which you have improved by your own frugality and wiſe management. Frugality, let me ſtop to ſay, is one of the greateſt virtues in this mortal life, becauſe it enables us to do juſtice to *all*, and puts it in our power to benefit *ſome* by it, as we ſee they *deſerve*.

You have but one child; and I am a Bachelor, and have never a one.—All Bachelors cannot ſay ſo:

Wherefore your Daughter may be the better for me, if ſhe will keep up with my humour; which was never thought bad: Eſpecially to my Equals. Servants, indeed, I don't matter being angry with, when I pleaſe: They are paid for bearing it, and too-too often deſerve it; as we have frequently taken notice of to one another. · And moreover, if we · keep not ſervants at diſtance, they will be familiar. · I always made it a rule to find fault, whether rea- · ſonably or not, that ſo I might have *no reaſon* to · find fault. Young women and ſervants in general · (as worthy Mr. Solmes obſerves) are better go- · verned by Fear than Love.· But this my humour as to ſervants, will not affect either You or Miſs, you know.

I will make very advantageous Settlements; ſuch as any common friend ſhall judge to be ſo. But muſt have all in my own power, while I live: Becauſe, you know, Madam, it is as creditable to the wife, as to the huſband, that it ſhould be ſo.

I aim not at fine words. We are not children; tho' it is hoped we may have ſome; for I am a very healthy ſound man, I bleſs God for it: And never brought home from my Voyages and Travels, a *worſer* conſtitution than I took out with me. I was none of thoſe, I will aſſure you. But this I will undertake, that if you are the ſurvivor, you ſhall be at *the leaſt* Ten thouſand pounds the better for me: What, in the contrary caſe, I ſhall be the better for you, I leave to you, as you ſhall think my kindneſs to you ſhall deſerve.

But one thing, Madam, I ſhould be glad of, that Miſs Howe might not live with us then [She need not know I write thus]—But go home to Mr. Hickman, as ſhe is upon the point of marriage, I hear. And if ſhe behaves dutifully, as ſhe ſhould do, to us both, ſhe ſhall be the better; for ſo I ſaid before.

You

You ſhall manage all things, both mine and your own; for I know but little of Land-matters. All my oppoſition to you ſhall be out of Love, when I think you take too much upon you for your health.

It will be very pretty for you, I ſhould think, to have a man of experience, in a long Winter's Evening, to ſit down by you, and tell you Stories of Foreign Parts, and the Cuſtoms of the Nations he has conſorted with. And I have fine Curioſities of the Indian growth, ſuch as Ladies love, and ſome that even my Niece Clary, when ſhe was good, never ſaw. Theſe, one by one, as you are kind to me (which I make no queſtion of, becauſe I ſhall be kind to you) ſhall all be yours.—Prettier entertainment by much, than ſitting with a *too ſmartiſh* Daughter, ſometimes out of humour, and thwarting, and vexing, as Daughters will (when women-grown eſpecially, as I have heard you often obſerve); and thinking their parents old, without paying them the reverence due to years; when, as in your caſe, I make no ſort of doubt, they are young enough to wipe their noſes. You underſtand me, Madam.

As for me myſelf, it will be very happy, and I am delighted with the thinking of it, to have, after a pleaſant Ride, or ſo, a Lady of like experience with myſelf, to come home to, and but one Intereſt betwixt us: To reckon up our comings-in together; and what this day and this week has produced:—O how this will increaſe Love!—Moſt mightily will it increaſe it!—And I believe I ſhould never love you enough, or be able to ſhew you all my Love.

I hope, Madam, there need not be *ſuch* maiden niceties and hangings-off, as I may call them, between *us* (for hanging-off ſake) as that you will deny me a line or two to this propoſal, written down, altho' you would not anſwer me ſo readily when I ſpoke to you; your Daughter being, I ſuppoſe, hard

by; for you looked round you, as if not willing to be overheard. So I reſolved to write: That my writing may ſtand as upon record, for my upright meaning; being none of your Lovelaces; you will mark that, Madam; but a downright, true, honeſt, faithful Engliſhman. So hope you will not diſdain to write a line or two to this my propoſal: And I ſhall look upon it as a great honour, I will aſſure you, and be proud thereof.—What can I ſay more? —For you are your own miſtreſs, as I am my own maſter: And you ſhall *always* be your own miſtreſs; be pleaſed to mark that; for ſo a Lady of your prudence and experience ought to be.

This is a long Letter. But the ſubject requires it; becauſe I would not write *twice* where *once* would do: So would explain my ſenſe and meaning at one time.

I have had writing in my head, *two whole months very near*; but hardly knew how (being unpractiſed in theſe matters) to begin to write. And now, good Lady, be favourable to

Your moſt humble Lover,
and obedient Servant,
ANT. HARLOWE.

Here's a Letter of Courtſhip, my dear!—And let me ſubjoin to it, that if now, or hereafter, I ſhould treat this hideous Lover, who is ſo free with me to my Mother, with aſperity, and you ſhould be diſguſted at it; I ſhall think you don't give me that preference in your Love, which you have in mine.

And now, which ſhall I firſt give you; the anſwer of my good Mamma; or, the dialogue that paſſed between the widow Mother and the pert Daughter, upon her letting the latter know that ſhe had a Love-letter?

I *think* you ſhall have the *dialogue*. But let me premiſe

premiſe one thing; that if you *think* me too free, you muſt not let it run in your head, that I am writeing of *your* Uncle, or of *my* Mother; but of a couple of old Lovers, no matter whom. Reverence is too apt to be forgotten by children, where the *Reverends* forget *firſt* what belongs to their own characters. A *grave* remark, and therefore at *your* ſervice, my dear.

Well then, ſuppoſe my Mamma (after twice comeing into my cloſet to me, and as often going out, with very meaning features, and lips ready to burſt open, but ſtill cloſed, as if by compulſion, a ſpeech going off, in a ſlight cough, that never went near the lungs) grown more reſolute the third time of entrance, and ſitting down by me, thus begin.

Mother. I have a very ſerious matter to talk with you upon, Nancy, when you are diſpoſed to attend to matters *within* ourſelves, and not let matters *without* ourſelves wholly engroſs you.

A good *ſelve-iſh* ſpeech!—But I thought that Friendſhip, and Gratitude, and Humanity, were matters that ought to be deemed of the moſt *intimate* concern to us. But not to dwell upon words:

Daughter. I am *now* diſpoſed to attend to everything my Mamma is *diſpoſed* to ſay to me.

M. Why then, child—Why then, my dear—(and the good Lady's face looked *ſo* plump, *ſo* ſmooth, and *ſo* ſhining!)—I ſee you are all attention, Nancy!—But don't be ſurpriſed!—Don't be uneaſy!—But I have—I have—Where is it?—[And yet it lay next her heart, never another near it.—So no difficulty to have found it]—I have a *Letter*, my dear!—[And out from her boſom it came: But ſhe ſtill held it in her hand]—I have a *Letter*, child.—It is—It is—It is from—from a *Gentleman*, I aſſure you!—[lifting up her head, and ſmiling].

There is no delight to a Daughter, thought I, in ſuch

ſuch ſurprizes as ſeem to be *collecting*. I will deprive my Mother of the ſatisfaction of making a *gradual* diſcovery.

D. From Mr. Antony Harlowe, I ſuppoſe, Madam?

M. [Lips drawn cloſer: Eye raiſed] Why, my dear?—I cannot but own—But how, I wonder, could you think of Mr. Antony Harlowe?

D. How, Madam, could I think of any-body *elſe?*

M. How could you think of any-body *elſe!*—[angrily, and drawing back her face] But do you know the ſubject, Nancy?

D. You have told it, Madam, by your manner of breaking it to me. But, indeed, I queſtioned not that he had *two* motives in his viſits here—Both equally agreeable to me; for all that family love me dearly.

M. No Love loſt, if ſo, between you and them. But this [*Riſing*] is what I get—So like your Papa!—I never could open my heart to *him!*

D. Dear Madam, excuſe me. Be ſo good as to open your heart to *me.*—I don't love the Harlowes—But pray excuſe me.

M. You have put me quite out with your forward temper! [Angrily ſitting down again].

D. I will be all patience and attention. May I be allowed to read his Letter?

M. I wanted to *adviſe* with you upon it.—But you are ſuch a ſtrange creature!—You are always for anſwering one before one ſpeaks!

D. You'll be ſo good as to forgive me, Madam.—But I thought every-body (he among the reſt) knew, that you had always declared againſt a Second Marriege.

M. And ſo I have. But then *it was in the mind I was in.* Things may offer—

I ſtared.

M. Nay, don't be ſurpriſed!—I don't intend—I don't intend—

D. Not, perhaps, in *the mind you are in*, Madam.

M. Pert creature! [Riſing again] — We ſhall quarrel, I ſee!—There's no—

D. Once more, dear Madam, I beg your excuſe. I will attend in ſilence.—Pray, Madam, ſit down again—Pray do [She ſat down]. — May I ſee the Letter?

No; there are ſome things in it, you won't like.—Your temper is known, I find, to be unhappy.—But nothing *bad* againſt you; intimations, on the contrary, that you ſhall be the better for him, if you oblige him.

Not a living ſoul but the Harlowes, I ſaid, thought me ill-tempered: And I was contented that *they* ſhould, who could do as they had done by the moſt univerſally acknowleged Sweetneſs in the world.

Here we broke out a little; but at laſt, ſhe read me ſome of the paſſages in the Letter. But not the *moſt mightily* ridiculous; yet I could hardly keep my countenance neither, eſpecially when ſhe came to that paſſage which mentions his *ſound health*; and at which ſhe ſtopt; ſhe beſt knew why—But ſoon reſuming;

M. Well now, Nancy, tell me what you think of it.

D. Nay, pray, Madam, tell me what *you* think of it?

M. I expect to be anſwered by an Anſwer; not by a Queſtion!—You don't *uſe* to be ſo ſhy to ſpeak your mind.

D. Not when my Mamma commands me to do ſo.

M. Then ſpeak it now.

D. Without hearing the whole of the Letter?

M. Speak to what you *have* heard.

D. Why then, Madam—You won't be my Mamma Howe, if you give way to it.

M.

M. I am ſurpriſed at your aſſurance, Nancy!

D. I mean, Madam, you will then be my Mamma HARLOWE.

M. O dear heart!—But I am not a fool.

And her colour went and came.

D. Dear Madam [But, indeed, I don't love a Harlowe—that's what I meant] I *am* your Child, and *muſt* be your Child, do what you will.

M. A very pert one, I am ſure, as ever Mother bore! And you *muſt* be my Child, do what I *will!*—As much as to ſay, you would not, if you could help it, if I—

D. How could I have ſuch a thought!—It would be *forward*, indeed, if I had—when I don't know what your *mind* is as to the propoſal:—When the propoſal is ſo very advantageous a one too.

M. [looking a little leſs diſcompoſed] Why, indeed, Ten thouſand pounds—

D. And to be ſure of outliving him, Madam!

This ſtaggered her a little—

M. Sure!—Nobody can be ſure—But it is very likely, that—

D. Not at all, Madam. You was going to read ſomething (but ſtopt) about his Conſtitution: His Sobriety is well known.—Why, Madam, theſe gentlemen who have been at Sea, and in different Climates, and come home to relax from cares in a temperate one, and are ſober—are the likelieſt to live long of any men in the world. Don't you ſee, that his very Skin is a Fortification of Buff?

M. Strange creature!

D. God forbid, that any-body I love and honour, ſhould *marry a man* in hopes to *bury him.*—But ſuppoſe, Madam, at your time of life—

M. My time of life!—Dear heart!—What is my time of life, pray?

M. Not old, Madam; and that you are not, may be your danger! As

As I hope to live (my dear) my Mother ſmiled, and looked not diſpleaſed with me.

M. Why, indeed, child—Why, indeed, I muſt needs ſay—And then I ſhould chuſe to do nothing (froward as you are ſometimes) to hurt *you*.

D. Why, as to that, Madam, I can't expect that you ſhould deprive yourſelf of any ſatisfaction—

M. Satisfaction, my dear!—I don't ſay, it would be a *Satisfaction*—But could I do any-thing that would benefit *you*, it would perhaps be an inducement to hold *one* conference upon the ſubject.

D. My Fortune already will be more conſiderable than my Match, if I am to have Mr. Hickman.

M. Why ſo?—Mr. Hickman has Fortune enough to intitle him to yours.

D. If *you* think ſo, that's enough.

M. Not but I ſhould think the worſe of myſelf, if I deſired any body's death; but I think, as you ſay, Mr. Antony Harlowe is a healthy man, and bids fair for a long life.

Bleſs me, thought I, how ſhall I do to know whether this be an Objection or a Recommendation!

D. Will you forgive me, Madam?

M. What would the girl ſay? [Looking as if ſhe was half-afraid to hear what.]

D. Only, that if you marry a man of *his* time of life, you ſtand two chances inſtead of one, to be a Nurſe at *your* time of life.

M. Saucebox!

D. Dear Madam!—What I mean is only, that theſe healthy old men ſometimes fall into lingering diſorders all at once. And I humbly conceive, that the Infirmities of age are too uneaſily borne with, where the remembrance of the pleaſanter ſeaſon comes not in to relieve the healthier of the two.

M. A ſtrange girl!—Yet his healthy conſtitution an objection juſt now!—But I always told you, that

you

you know either too much to be argued with, or too little for me to have patience with you.

D. I can't but ſay, I ſhould be glad of your commands, Madam, how to behave myſelf to Mr. Antony Harlowe next time he comes.

M. How to behave yourſelf!—Why, if you retire with contempt of him, when he next comes, it will be but as you have been uſed to do of late.

D. Then he *is* to come again, Madam?

M. And ſuppoſe he be?

D. I can't help it, if it be your pleaſure, Madam. He deſires a line in anſwer to his fine Letter. If he come, it will be in purſuance of that line, I preſume?

M. None of your arch and pert leers, girl!—You know I won't bear them. I had a mind to hear what you would ſay to this matter. I have not written; but I ſhall preſently.

D. It is mighty good of you, Madam (I hope the man will think ſo) to anſwer his firſt application by Letter.—Pity *he ſhould write twice, if once will do.*

M. That fetch won't let you into my intention, as to what I ſhall write. It is too ſaucily put.

D. Perhaps I can gueſs at your intention, Madam, were it to become me ſo to do.

M. Perhaps I would not make a *Mr. Hickman* of any man; uſing him the worſe for reſpecting me.

D. Nor, perhaps, would I, Madam, if I *liked* his reſpects.

M. I underſtand you. But, perhaps, it is in *your* power to make me hearken, or not, to Mr. Harlowe.

D. Young men, who have probably a great deal of time before them, need not be in haſte for a wife. Mr. Hickman, poor man! muſt ſtay his time, or take his remedy.

M. He bears more from you, than a man ought.

D. Then, I doubt, he gives a reaſon for the treatment he meets with.

M. Provoking creature!

D. I have but one requeſt to make to you, Madam.

M. A *dutiful* one, I ſuppoſe. What is it, pray?

D. That if *you* marry, *I* may be permitted to live ſingle.

M. Perverſe creature, I'm ſure!

D. How can I expect, Madam, that you ſhould refuſe ſuch terms? *Ten thouſand pounds!*—At the *leaſt* ten thouſand pounds!—A very handſome propoſal!—So many *fine things* too, to give you *one by one!*—Deareſt Madam, forgive me!—I hope it is not yet ſo far gone, that raillying *this man* will be thought want of duty to *you*.

M. Your raillying of *him*, and your reverence to *me*, it is plain, have *one* ſource.

D. I hope not, Madam. But Ten thouſand pounds—

M. Is no unhandſome propoſal.

D. Indeed I think ſo. I hope, Madam, you will not be behindhand with him in generoſity.

M. He won't be Ten thouſand pounds the better for me, if he ſurvive me.

D. No, Madam; he can't expect that, as you have a daughter, and as he is a *bachelor, and has not a child!*—Poor Old Soul!

M. Old Soul, Nancy!—And thus to call him for being a bachelor, and not having a child?—Does this become you?

D. Not *Old Soul* for that, Madam.—But half the ſum; Five thouſand pounds; you can't engage for leſs, Madam.

M. That Sum has *your* approbation then? [Looking as if ſhe'd be even with me.]

D. As he leaves it to your generoſity, Madam, to reward his kindneſs to you, it *can't* be leſs.—Do, dear Madam, permit me, without incurring your diſpleaſure, to call him *poor old Soul* again.

M.

M. Never was ſuch a whimſical creature!—Turning away to hide her involuntary ſmile [for I believe, I looked very archly; at leaſt I intended to do ſo]—I hate that wicked ſly look. You give yourſelf very free airs—Don't you?

D. I ſnatched her hand, and kiſſed it—My dear Mamma, be not angry with your girl!—You have told me, that *you* was very lively formerly.

M. Formerly! Good lack!—But were I to encourage his propoſals, you may be ſure, that for Mr. Hickman's ſake, as well as yours, I ſhould make a wiſe agreement.

D. You have both lived to years of prudence, Madam.

M. Yes, I ſuppoſe I am an *Old Soul* too.

D. He alſo is for making a *wiſe agreement*, or hinting at one, at leaſt.

M. Well, the ſhort and the long I ſuppoſe is this: I have not your conſent to marry.

D. Indeed, Madam, you have not my *wiſhes* to marry.

M. Let me tell you, that if prudence conſiſts in wiſhing well to *one's ſelf*, I ſee not but the *Young Flirts* are as prudent as the *Old Souls*.

D. Dear Madam, Would you blame me, if to wiſh you *not* to marry Mr. Antony Harlowe, is to wiſh well to *myſelf?*

M. You are mighty witty. I wiſh you were as dutiful.

D. I am more dutiful, I hope, than witty; or I ſhould be a Fool, as well as a Saucebox.

M. Let *me* judge of both.—Parents are only to live for their Children, let them deſerve it or not. That's *their* dutiful notion!

D. Heaven forbid that I ſhould wiſh, if there be Two intereſts between my Mother and me, that my Mother poſtpone her own for mine! or give up anything

thing that would add to the real comforts of her life, to oblige me!—Tell me, my dear Mamma, if you think the closing with this propoſal *will?*

M. I ſay, That Ten thouſand pounds is ſuch an acquiſition to one's family, that the *offer* of it deſerves a civil return.

D. Not the *Offer*, Madam: The *Chance* only!—If indeed you have a view to an encreaſe of family, the money may provide—

M. You can't keep within tolerable bounds!—That ſaucy ſleer I cannot away with—

D. Deareſt, deareſt Madam, forgive me, but *Old Soul* ran in my head again!—Nay, indeed and upon my word, I will not be robbed of that charming ſmile! And again I kiſſed her hand.

M. Away, bold creature! Nothing can be ſo provoking as to be made to ſmile when one would *chuſe*, and *ought* to be angry.

D. But, dear Madam, if it be to *be*, I preſume you won't think of it before *next winter*.

M. What now would the pert one be at?

D. Becauſe he only propoſes to entertain you with pretty Stories of Foreign Nations in a Winter's Evening. Deareſt, deareſt Madam, let me have the reading of his Letter through. I will forgive him all he ſays about *me*.

M. It may be a very difficult thing perhaps, for a man of the beſt ſenſe to write a Love-letter, that may not be cavilled at.

D. That's becauſe Lovers in their Letters hit not the medium. They either write too much nonſenſe, or too little. But do you call this *Odd* Soul's Letter [No more will I call him *Old* Soul, if I can help it] a Love-letter?

M. Well, well, I ſee you are averſe to this matter. I am not to be your *Mother*; *you* will live ſingle, if *I* marry. I had a mind to ſee if generoſity governed

you in your views. I ſhall purſue my own inclinations; and if *they* ſhould happen to be ſuitable to yours, pray let me for the future be better rewarded by you, than hitherto I have been.

And away ſhe flung, without ſtaying for a reply.—Vexed, I dare ſay, that I did not better approve of the propoſal—Were it only that the merit of denying might have been all her own, and to lay the ſtronger obligation upon her ſaucy Daughter.

She wrote ſuch a *widow-like* refuſal when ſhe went from me, as might not exclude hope in any other wooer; whatever it may do in Mr. Tony Harlowe.

It will be my part, to take care to beat her off the viſit ſhe half-promiſes to make him (as you will ſee in her Anſwer) upon condition that he withdraw his ſuit. For who knows what effect the old bachelor's exotics [*Far-fetched and dear-bought* you know is a proverb] might otherwiſe have upon a woman's mind, wanting nothing but Unneceſſaries, Gewgaw, and Fineries, and offered ſuch as are not eaſily to be met with, or purchaſed?

Well, but now I give you leave to read here, in this place, the copy of my Mother's Anſwer to your Uncle's Letter. Not one comment will I make upon it. I know my duty better. And here therefore, taking the liberty to hope, that I may, in your preſent leſs diſagreeable, tho' not wholly agreeable ſituation, provoke a ſmile from you, I conclude myſelf,

Your ever-affectionate and faithful

ANNA HOWE.

Mrs. ANNABELLA HOWE, *To* ANTONY HARLOWE, *Eſq;*

Mr. Antony Harlowe,

SIR, *Friday, May* 19.

IT is not uſual I believe for our Sex to anſwer by pen and ink the firſt Letter on theſe occaſions.

The

The *firſt* Letter! How odd is that! As if I expected another; which I do not. But then I think, as I do not judge proper to encourage your propoſal, there is no reaſon why I ſhould not anſwer in civility where ſo great a civility is intended. Indeed, I was always of opinion, that a perſon was intitled to That, and not to ill-uſage, becauſe he had a reſpect for me. And ſo I have often and often told my Daughter.

A woman I think makes but a poor figure in a man's eye afterwards, and does no reputation to her Sex neither, when ſhe behaves like a tyrant to him beforehand.

To be ſure, Sir, if I were to change my condition, I know not a gentleman whoſe propoſal could be more agreeable. Your Nephew and your Nieces have enough without you: My Daughter is a fine fortune without me, and I ſhould take care to double it, living or dying, were I to do ſuch a thing: So nobody need to be the worſe for it. But Nancy would not think ſo.

All the comfort I know of in children, is, that when young they do with us what they will, and all is pretty in them to their very faults; and when they are grown up, they think their Parents muſt live for them only; and deny themſelves every-thing for their ſakes. I know Nancy could not bear a Father-in-law. She would fly at the very thought of my being in earneſt to give her one. Not that I ſtand in fear of my Daughter neither. It is not fit I ſhould. But ſhe has her poor Papa's ſpirit. A very violent one that was. And one would not chuſe, you know, Sir, to enter into any affair, that, one knows, one muſt renounce a Daughter for, or ſhe a Mother.—Except indeed one's heart were *much* in it; which, I bleſs God, mine is not.

I have now been a widow theſe ten years; nobody to controul me: And I am ſaid not to bear controul:

So, Sir, you and I are beſt as we are, I believe: Nay, I am ſure of it: For we want not what either has; having both more than we know what to do with. And I know I could not be in the leaſt accountable for any of my ways.

My Daughter indeed, tho' ſhe is a fine girl, as girls go [She has too much ſenſe indeed for one of her Sex; and knows ſhe has it] is more a check to me than one would wiſh a Daughter to be: For who would chuſe to be always ſnapping at each other? But ſhe will ſoon be married; and then, not living together, we ſhall only come together when we are pleaſed, and ſtay away when we are not; and ſo, like other Lovers, never ſee any-thing but the beſt ſides of each other.

I own, for all this, that I love her dearly; and ſhe me, I dare ſay: So would not wiſh to provoke her to do otherwiſe. Beſides, the girl is ſo much regarded every-where, that having lived ſo much of my prime a widow, I would not lay myſelf open to her cenſures, or even to her indifference, you know.

Your generous propoſal requires all this explicitneſs. I thank you for your good opinion of me. When I know you acquieſce with This my civil refuſal [And indeed, Sir, I am as much in earneſt in it, as if I had ſpoke broader] I don't know but Nancy and I may, with your permiſſion, come to ſee your fine things; for I am a great admirer of Rarities that come from abroad.

So, Sir, let us only converſe occaſionally as we meet, as we uſed to do, without any other view to each other, than good wiſhes: Which I hope may not be leſſened for this declining. And then I ſhall always think myſelf

Your obliged Servant,

ANNABELLA HOWE.

P. S. I ſent word by Mrs. Lorimer, that I would write an

an Anſwer: But would take time for conſideration. So hope, Sir, you won't think it a ſlight, I did not write ſooner.

LETTER LXXVI.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

Sunday, May 21.

I AM too much diſturbed in my mind, to think of any thing but Revenge; or I did intend to give thee an account of Miſs Harlowe's obſervations on the Play. *Miſs Harlowe's* I ſay. Thou knoweſt that I hate the name of *Harlowe*; and I am exceedingly out of humour with her, and with her ſaucy friend.

What's the matter *now*, thou'lt aſk?

Matter enough; for while we were at the Play, Dorcas, who had her orders, and a key to her Lady's chamber, as well as a maſter-key to her drawers and mahogany cheſt, cloſet-key and all, found means to come at ſome of Miſs Howe's laſt-written Letters. The vigilant wench was directed to them by ſeeing her Lady take a Letter out of her ſtays, and put it to the others, before ſhe went out with me—Afraid, as the women upbraidingly tell me, that I ſhould find it *there*.

Dorcas no ſooner found them, than ſhe aſſembled three ready writers of the *Non-apparents*; and *Sally*, and *ſhe*, and *they* employed themſelves with the utmoſt diligence, in making Extracts, according to former directions, from theſe curſed Letters, for my uſe. *Curſed*, I may well call them—Such abuſes! ſuch virulence!—O this little fury Miſs Howe!—Well might her ſaucy friend (who has been equally free with me, or the occaſion could not have been given) be ſo violent as ſhe lately was, at my endeavouring to come at one of theſe Letters.

I was ſure, that this Fair-one, at ſo early an age, with a Conſtitution ſo firm, Health ſo blooming, Eyes ſo ſparkling, Expectations therefore ſo lively, and Hope ſo predominating, could not be abſolutely, and from her own vigilance, ſo guarded, and ſo apprehenſive, as I have found her to be.

Sparkling eyes, Jack, when the poetical tribe have ſaid all they can for them, are an infallible ſign of a Rogue, or room for a Rogue, in the heart.

Thou may'ſt go on with thy Preachments, and Lord M. with his Wiſdom of Nations, I am now more aſſured of her than ever. And now my Revenge is up, and joined with my Love, all reſiſtance muſt fall before it. And moſt ſolemnly do I ſwear, that Miſs Howe ſhall *come in for her ſnack.*

And here, juſt now, is another Letter brought from the ſame little virulent devil. I hope to procure Tranſcripts from that too, very ſpeedily, if it be put to the reſt; for the ſaucy Fair-one is reſolved to go to Church this morning; not ſo much from a ſpirit of Devotion, I have reaſon to think, as to try whether ſhe can go out without check, controul, or my attendance.

* * * * *

I HAVE been denied breakfaſting with her. Indeed ſhe was a little diſpleaſed with me laſt night; becauſe, on our return from the Play, I obliged her to paſs the reſt of the night with the women and me, in their parlour, and to ſtay till near One. She told me at *parting*, that ſhe expected to have the whole next day to herſelf. I had not read the Extracts then; ſo was all affectionate reſpect, awe, and diſtance; for I had reſolved to begin a new courſe, and, if poſſible, to baniſh all jealouſy and ſuſpicion from her heart: And yet I had no reaſon to be much troubled at her paſt ſuſpicions; ſince, if a woman will continue with a man whom ſhe ſuſpects, when ſhe can get from him, or *thinks* ſhe can, I am ſure it is a very hopeful ſign.

SHE

* * * * *

She is gone. Slipt down before I was aware. She had ordered a chair, on purpoſe to exclude my perſonal attendance. But I had taken proper precautions. Will. attended her by conſent; Peter, the houſe-ſervant, was within Will's call.

I had, by Dorcas, repreſented her danger from Singleton, in order to diſſuade her from going at all, unleſs ſhe allowed me to attend her; but I was anſwered, with her uſual ſaucy ſmartneſs, That if there were no cauſe of fear of being met with at the Playhouſe, when there were but *two* Playhouſes, ſurely there was leſs at Church, when there were ſo *many* Churches. The chairmen were ordered to carry her to St. James's Church.

But ſhe would not be ſo careleſs of obliging me, if ſhe knew what I have already come at, and how the women urge me on; for they are continually complaining of *the reſtraint they lie under*, in their behaviour; in their attendance; *neglecting all their concerns in the front-houſe*; and *keeping this elegant back one entirely free from company*, that ſhe may have no ſuſpicion of them. They doubt not my generoſity, they ſay: But *why* for my own ſake, in Lord M's ſtyle, *ſhould I make ſo long a harveſt of ſo little corn?*

Women, ye reaſon well. I think I will begin my operations the moment ſhe comes in.

* * * * *

I have come at the Letter brought her from Miſs Howe to-day. Plot, Conjuration, Sorcery, Witchcraft, all going forward! I ſhall not be able to ſee this *Miſs Harlowe* with patience. As the Nymphs below aſk, ſo do I, Why is *night* neceſſary? And Sally and Polly upbraidingly remind me of my firſt attempts upon themſelves. Yet *force* anſwers not my end—And yet it may, if there be truth in that part

of the Libertine's Creed, *That once ſubdued, is always ſubdued!* And what woman anſwers *affirmatively* to the queſtion?

* * * * *

She is returned: But refuſes to admit me; and inſiſts upon having the day to herſelf. Dorcas tells me, that ſhe believes her denial is from motives of Piety—Oons, Jack, is there Impiety in ſeeing me!—Would it not be the higheſt Act of Piety, to reclaim me? And is this to be done by her refuſing to ſee me, when ſhe is in a devouter frame than uſual?—But I hate her, hate her heartily! She is old, ugly, and deformed.—But O the blaſphemy! Yet ſhe is an Harlowe: And I do and *can* hate her for that.

But ſince I muſt not ſee her [She will be miſtreſs of her *own will*, and of her *time*, truly!] let me fill up my *time*, by telling thee what I have come at.

The firſt Letter the Women met with, is dated April 27 (*a*). Where can ſhe have put the *preceding* ones!—It mentions Mr. Hickman as a buſy fellow between them. Hickman had beſt take care of himſelf. She ſays in it, *I hope you have no cauſe to repent returning my Norris—It is forthcoming on demand.* Now, what the devil can this mean!—Her Norris forthcoming on demand!—The devil take me, if I am *out-Norris'd!*—If ſuch innocents can allow themſelves to plot (to *Norris*) well may I.

She is ſorry, that *her Hannah can't be with her*—And what if ſhe could?—What could Hannah do for her in *ſuch a houſe as this?*

The women in the houſe are to be found out in one breakfaſting. The women are enraged at both the correſpondents for this; and more than ever make a point of my ſubduing her. I had a good mind to give Miſs Howe to them in full property. Say but the word, Jack, and it ſhall be done.

(*a*) See Letter xxxiv.

She is glad that Miſs Harlowe had thoughts of taking me at my word. She wondered I did not offer again. Adviſes her, if I don't ſoon, *not to ſtay with me.* Cautions her *to keep me at diſtance*; *not to permit the leaſt familiarity*—See, Jack! See, Belford!—Exactly as I thought!—Her vigilance all owing to a cool friend; who can ſit down quietly, and give that advice, which in her own caſe ſhe could not take.

What an encouragement to me to proceed in my devices, when I have reaſon to think, that my Beloved's reſerves are owing more to Miſs Howe's cautions, than to her own inclinations! But *it is my Intereſt to be honeſt*, Miſs Howe tells her—INTEREST, fools!—I thought theſe girls knew, that my *Intereſt* was ever ſubſervient to my *Pleaſure.*

What would I give to come at the Copies of the Letters to which thoſe of Miſs Howe are Anſwers!

The next Letter is dated May 3 *(a)*. In this the little Termagant expreſſes her aſtoniſhment, that her Mother ſhould write to Miſs Harlowe, to forbid her to correſpond with her daughter. Mr. Hickman, ſhe ſays, is of opinion, *that ſhe ought not to obey her Mother.* How the creeping fellow trims between both! I am afraid, that I muſt puniſh him, as well as this virago; and I have a ſcheme rumbling in my head, that wants but half an hour's muſing to bring into form, that will do my buſineſs upon both. I cannot bear, that the parental authority ſhould be thus deſpiſed, thus trampled under foot—But obſerve the vixen, *'Tis well he* is *of her opinion*; *for her Mother having ſet her up, ſhe muſt have ſomebody to quarrel with.*—Could a Lovelace have allowed himſelf a greater licence? This girl's a deviliſh Rake in her heart. Had ſhe been a man, and one of us, ſhe'd have outdone us all in Enterprize and Spirit.

She wants but very little farther provocation, ſhe

(a) See Letter xlii.

ſays,

ſays, *to fly privately to London. And if ſhe does, ſhe will not leave her till ſhe ſees her either honourably married, or quit of the wretch.* Here Jack, the tranſcriber Sally has added a prayer—'For the Lord's 'ſake, dear Mr. Lovelace, get this fury to Lon-'don!'—Her fate, I can tell thee, Jack, if we had her among us, ſhould not be ſo long deciding as her friend's. What a gantlope would ſhe run, when I had done with her, among a dozen of her own pitileſs Sex, whom my Charmer ſhall never ſee!—But more of this anon.

I find by this Letter, that my ſaucy captive had been drawing the characters of every varlet of ye. Nor am I ſpared in it more than you. *The man's a fool, to be ſure, my dear.* Let me periſh, if they either of them find me one. *A ſilly fellow, at leaſt.* Curſed contemptible!—*I ſee not but they are a ſet of Infernals*—There's for thee, Belford—*and he the Beelzebub.* There's for thee, Lovelace!—And yet ſhe would have her friend marry a Beelzebub.—And what have any of us done (within the knowlege of Miſs Harlowe) that ſhe ſhould give ſuch an account of us, as ſhould excuſe ſo much abuſe from Miſs Howe?—But the occaſion that ſhall warrant this abuſe is to come!

She blames her, for *not admitting Miſs Partington to her bed—Watchful as you are, what could have happened?—If violence were intended, he would not ſtay for the night.* I am aſhamed to have this hinted to me by this virago. Sally writes upon this hint—'See, Sir, what is expected from you. An hundred 'and an hundred times have we told you of this.'—And ſo they have. But, to be ſure, the advice from *them* was not of half the efficacy as it will be from *Miſs Howe.—You might have ſat up after her, or not gone to bed,* proceeds ſhe.

But can there be ſuch apprehenſions between them,

yet the one adviſe her to ſtay, and the other reſolve to wait my imperial motion for marriage? I am glad I know that.

She approves of my propoſal of Mrs. Fretchville's houſe. She puts her upon expecting Settlements; upon naming a Day: And concludes with inſiſting upon her writing, notwithſtanding her Mother's prohibition; or bids her *take the conſequence.* Undutiful wretches! How I long to vindicate againſt them both, the inſulted parental character!

Thou wilt ſay to thyſelf, by this time, And can this proud and inſolent girl be the ſame Miſs Howe, who ſighed for honeſt Sir George Colmar; and who, but for this her beloved friend, would have followed him in all his broken fortunes, when he was obliged to quit the kingdom?

Yes, ſhe is the *very* ſame. And I always found in others, as well as in myſelf, that a firſt paſſion thoroughly ſubdued, made the Conqueror of it a Rover; the Conquereſs a Tyrant.

Well, but now comes mincing in a Letter from one who has *the honour of dear Miſs Howe's commands* (*a*), to acquaint Miſs Harlowe, that Miſs Howe is *exceſſively concerned for the concern ſhe has given her.*

I have great temptations, on this occaſion, ſays the prim Gothamite, *to expreſs my own reſentments upon your preſent ſtate.*

My own reſentments!—And why did he not fall into this *temptation?*—Why, truly, becauſe he knew not what that State was which gave him ſo *tempting* a ſubject—*Only by a conjecture,* and ſo forth.

He then dances in his ſtyle, as he does in his gaite! To be ſure, to be ſure, he muſt have made the grand Tour, and come home by the way of Tipperary.

And being moreover forbid, ſays the prancer, to *enter into the cruel ſubject*—This prohibition was a

(*a*) See Letter xliv.

mercy

mercy to thee, friend Hickman!—But why *cruel ſubject*, if thou knoweſt not what it is, but *conjectureſt* only from the diſturbance it gives to a girl, that is her Mother's diſturbance, will be thy diſturbance, and the diſturbance, in turn, of every-body with whom ſhe is intimately acquainted, unleſs I have the humbling of her?

In another Letter (*a*), the little Fury profeſſes, *that ſhe will write, and that no man ſhall write for her*, as if ſome medium of that kind had been propoſed. She approves of her fair friend's intention, *to leave me, if ſhe can be received by her relations*. I am *a wretch, a fooliſh wretch. She hates me for my teazing ways. She has juſt made an acquaintance with one who knows a vaſt deal of my private hiſtory*. A curſe upon her, and upon her hiſtoriographer!—*The man is really a villain, an execrable one*. Devil take her. *Had I a dozen lives, I might have forfeited them all twenty crimes ago*. An odd way of reckoning, Jack!

Miſs Betterton, Miſs Lockyer, are named—*The man* (ſhe irreverently repeats) ſhe again calls *a villain*. Let me periſh, I repeat, if I am called a villain for nothing!—She *will have her Uncle* (as Miſs Harlowe requeſts) *ſounded about receiving her. Dorcas is to be attached to her intereſt: My Letters are to be come at by ſurprize or trick*—

What thinkeſt thou of this, Jack?

Miſs Howe is alarmed at my attempt to come at a Letter of hers.

Were I to come at the knowlege of her freedoms with my character, ſhe ſays, *ſhe ſhould be afraid to ſtir out without a guard*. I would adviſe the vixen to get her guard ready.

I am at the head of a gang of wretches [Thee, Jack, and thy brother varlets, ſhe owns ſhe means] *who join together to betray innocent creatures, and to ſup-*

(*a*) See Letter lv.

port one another in their villainies—What ſayſt thou to this, Belford?

She wonders not at her melancholy reflections for meeting me, for being forced upon me, and tricked by me.—I hope, Jack, thou'lt have done preaching after this!

But ſhe comforts her, *that ſhe will be both a Warning and Example to all her Sex.* I hope the Sex will thank me for this.

The Nymphs had not time, they ſay, to tranſcribe all that was worthy of my reſentment in this Letter: So I muſt find an opportunity to come at it myſelf. Noble Rant, they ſay, it contains.—But I am a *ſeducer*, and a hundred vile fellows, in it.—*And the devil*, it ſeems, *took poſſeſſion of my heart, and of the hearts of all her friends, in the ſame dark hour, in order to provoke her to meet me.* Again, *There is a fate in her error*, ſhe ſays--Why then ſhould ſhe grieve?--*Adverſity is her ſhining-time*, and I can't tell what—Yet never to thank the man to whom ſhe owes the *ſhine!*

In the next Letter *(a)*, Wicked as I am, *ſhe fears I muſt be her Lord and Maſter*—

I hope ſo.

She retracts what ſhe ſaid againſt me in her laſt.—My behaviour to my Roſebud; Miſs Harlowe to take poſſeſſion of Mrs. Fretchville's houſe; I to ſtay at Mrs. Sinclair's; the Stake I have in my Country; my Reverſions; my Oeconomy; my Perſon; my Addreſs [Something like in all this!]; are brought in my favour, to induce her now *not* to leave me. How do I love to puzzle theſe *long-ſighted* girls!

Yet *my teazing ways*, it ſeems, *are intolerable.*—Are women only to teaze, I trow?—The Sex may thank themſelves for learning me to out-teaze them. So the headſtrong Charles XII. of Sweden learned

(a) See Letter lxi.

the

the Czar Peter to beat him, by continuing a war with the Muſcovites againſt the antient maxims of his kingdom.

May eternal vengeance PURSUE *the villain* [Thank heaven, ſhe does not ſay *overtake*] *if he give room to doubt his honour!*—Women can't ſwear, Jack—Sweet ſouls! they can only curſe.

I am ſaid, *to doubt her Love*—Have I not reaſon? And ſhe, *to doubt my Ardor.*—Ardor, Jack!—Why, 'tis very right—Women, as Miſs Howe ſays, and as every Rake knows, love Ardors!

She appriſes her of the *Ill-Succeſs of the Application made to her Uncle*—By Hickman, no doubt!—I muſt have this fellow's ears in my pocket, very quickly, I believe.

She ſays, *She is equally ſhocked and enraged againſt all her family: Mrs. Norton's weight has been tried upon Mrs. Harlowe, as well as Mr. Hickman's upon the Uncle: But never were there,* ſays the vixen, *ſuch determined brutes in the world. Her Uncle concludes her ruined already.*—Is not that a call upon me, as well as a reproach?—*They all expected applications from her when in diſtreſs—but were reſolved not to ſtir an inch to ſave her life.* She was *accuſed of premeditation and contrivance.* Miſs Howe *is concerned,* ſhe tells her, *for the revenge my pride may put me upon taking for the diſtance ſhe has kept me at.*—And well ſhe may.—It is now evident to her, that ſhe muſt be mine (for her *Couſin* Morden, it ſeems, is ſet againſt her too)—An act of Neceſſity, of Convenience!—Thy friend, Jack, to be already made a Woman's Convenience!—Is this to be borne by a Lovelace?

I ſhall make great uſe of this Letter. From Miſs Howe's hints of what paſſed between her Uncle Harlowe and Hickman [It *muſt* be Hickman] I can give room for my *invention* to play; for ſhe tells her, that *ſhe will not reveal all.* I muſt endeavour to come at this

this Letter myſelf. I muſt have the very words: Extracts will not do. This Letter, when I have it, muſt be my Compaſs to ſteer by.

The fire of friendſhip then blazes out and crackles. I never before imagined, that ſo fervent a friendſhip could ſubſiſt between two Siſter-beauties, both Toaſts. But even *here* it may be inflamed by Oppoſition, and by that Contradiction which gives vigour to female ſpirits of a warm and romantic turn.

She raves about *coming up, if by ſo doing ſhe could prevent ſo noble a creature from ſtooping too low, or ſave her from ruin*—One Reed to ſupport another! I think I will contrive to bring her up.

How comes it to paſs, that I cannot help being pleaſed with this virago's ſpirit, tho' I ſuffer by it? Had I her but here, I'd engage in a week's time, to teach her ſubmiſſion without reſerve. What pleaſure ſhould I have in breaking ſuch a ſpirit! I ſhould wiſh for her but for one month, in all, I think. She would be too tame and ſpiritleſs for me after that. How ſweetly pretty to ſee the two lovely friends, when humbled and tame, both ſitting in the darkeſt corner of a room, arm in arm, weeping and ſobbing for each other!—And I their Emperor, their then *acknowleged* Emperor, reclined at my eaſe in the ſame room, uncertain to which I ſhould firſt, Grand Signor like, throw out my handkerchief?

Again mind the girl: *She is enraged at the Harlowes:* She *is angry at her own Mother; ſhe is exaſperated againſt her fooliſh and low-vanity'd Lovelace.* Foolish, a little toad! [God forgive me for calling a virtuous girl a toad!] *Let us ſtoop to lift the wretch out of his dirt, tho' we ſoil our fingers in doing it! He has not been guilty of direct indecency to you.*—It ſeems *extraordinary* to Miſs Howe that I have not.—*Nor dare he*—She ſhould be ſure of that. If women have ſuch things in their heads, why ſhould not I in my heart?

heart?—*Not ſo much of a devil as that comes to neither. Such villainous intentions would have ſhewn themſelves before now if I had them.*—Lord help them!—

She then puts her friend upon urging for *Settlements*, *Licence*, and ſo forth.—*No room for delicacy now*, ſhe ſays; and tells her what ſhe ſhall ſay, to *bring all forward from me.*—Is it not as clear to thee, Jack, as it is to me, that I ſhould have carried my point long ago, but for this vixen? She *reproaches her for having* MODESTY'D *away*, as ſhe calls it, *more than one opportunity, that ſhe ought not to have ſlipt.*—Thus thou ſeeſt, that the nobleſt of the Sex mean nothing in the world by their ſhyneſs and diſtance, but to pound the poor fellow they diſlike not, when he comes into their purlieus.

· Tho' *tricked into this man's power*, ſhe tells her, · *ſhe is not meanly ſubjugated to it.* There are hopes · of my Reformation, it ſeems, *from my reverence for* · *her; ſince before her, I never had any reverance for* · *what was good!* I am *a great, a ſpecious deceiver.* · I thank her for this, however. A good moral · uſe, ſhe ſays, may be made of *my having prevailed* · *upon her to ſwerve.* I am glad that any good may · flow from my actions.·

Annexed to this Letter is a Paper the moſt ſaucy that ever was written of a Mother by a Daughter. There are in it ſuch free reflections upon Widows and Bachelors, that I cannot but wonder how Miſs Howe came by her Learning. Sir George Colmar, I can tell thee, was a greater fool than thy friend, if ſhe had it all for nothing.

The contents of this paper acquaint Miſs Harlowe, that her Uncle Antony has been making propoſals of marriage to her Mother.

The old fellow's heart ought to be a tough one, if he ſucceed; or ſhe who broke that of a much worthier man, the late Mr. Howe, will *ſoon* get rid of him.

But

But be this as it may, the ſtupid family is made more irreconcileable than ever to their goddeſs-daughter for old Antony's thoughts of marrying: So I am more ſecure of her than ever. And yet I believe at laſt, that my tender heart will be moved in her favour. For I did not *wiſh*, that ſhe ſhould have *nothing* but perſecution and diſtreſs.—But why loves ſhe the *Brutes*, as Miſs Howe juſtly calls them, ſo much; *me* ſo little?

I have ſtill more unpardonable Tranſcripts from other Letters.

LETTER LXXVII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

THE next Letter is of ſuch a nature, that, I dare ſay, theſe proud Rogues would not have had it fall into my hands for the world *(a)*.

I ſee by it to what her diſpleaſure with me, in relation to my propoſals, was owing. They were not ſummed up, it ſeems, with the warmth, with the *ardor*, which ſhe had expected.

This whole Letter was tranſcribed by Dorcas, to whoſe lot it fell. Thou ſhalt have copies of them all at full length ſhortly.

Men of our caſt, this little devil ſays, *ſhe fanſies, cannot have the Ardors that honeſt men have.* Miſs Howe has very pretty fancies, Jack. Charming girl! Would to heaven I knew whether my Fair-one anſwers her as freely as ſhe writes! 'Twould vex a man's heart, that this virago ſhould have come honeſtly by her *fancies*.

Who knows but I may have half a dozen creatures to get off my hands, before I engage for life?—Yet, leſt this ſhould mean me a compliment, as if I would reform, ſhe adds her belief, *that ſhe muſt not expect me*

(*a*) See Letter lxvi.

to be honeſt on this ſide my grand climacteric. She has an high opinion of her Sex, to think they can charm ſo long a man ſo well acquainted with their *Identicalneſs.*

He to ſuggeſt delays, ſhe ſays, *from a compliment to be made to Lord M.!*—Yes, *I,* my dear—Becauſe a man has not been accuſtomed to be dutiful, muſt he never be dutiful?—In ſo important a caſe as this too; the hearts of his whole family engaged in it? *You did indeed,* ſays ſhe, *want an interpoſing friend—But were I to have been in your ſituation, I would have torn his eyes out, and left it to his heart to furniſh the reaſon for it.* See! See! What ſayeſt thou to this, Jack?

Villain—Fellow that he is! follow. And for what? Only for wiſhing that the next day were to be my happy one; and for being dutiful to my neareſt relation.

It is the cruelleſt of fates, ſhe ſays, *for a woman to be forced to have a man whom her heart deſpiſes.*—That is what I wanted to be ſure of.—I was afraid, that my Beloved was too conſcious of her talents; of her ſuperiority!—I was afraid that ſhe *indeed* deſpiſed me—And I cannot bear to think ſhe does. But, Belford, I do not intend that this Lady ſhall be bound down by ſo cruel a fate. Let me periſh, if I marry a woman who has given her moſt intimate friend reaſon to ſay, *ſhe deſpiſes me!*—A Lovelace to be *deſpiſed,* Jack!

His clenched fiſt to his forehead on your leaving him in juſt diſpleaſure—that is, when ſhe was not ſatisfied with my Ardors, if it pleaſe ye!—I remember the motion: But her back was towards me at the time *(a).* Are theſe watchful Ladies all Eye?—Bu tobſerve what follows; *I wiſh it had been a poll-ax, and in the hands of his worſt enemy.*—

(*a*) She tells Miſs Howe, that ſhe ſaw this motion in the pier-glaſs. See p. 320.

I will

I *will* have patience, Jack; I *will* have patience! *My* day is at hand.—Then will I ſteel my heart with theſe remembrances.

But here is a ſcheme to be thought of, in order to *get my fair prize out of my hands, in caſe I give her reaſon to ſuſpect me.*

This indeed alarms me. Now the contention becomes arduous. Now wilt thou not wonder, if I let looſe my plotting genius upon them both. I will not be *out-Norris'd*, Belford.

But once more, *ſhe has no notion*, ſhe ſays, *that I can or dare to mean her diſhonour.* But *then the man is a fool—that's all.*—I ſhould indeed be a fool, to proceed as I do, and mean matrimony! *However, ſince you are thrown upon a fool*, ſays ſhe, *marry the fool, at the firſt opportunity; and tho' I doubt that this man will be the moſt unmanageable of fools, as all witty and vain fools are, take him as a puniſhment, ſince you cannot as a reward.*—Is there any bearing this, Belford?

· But *ſuch men as myſelf, are the men that women do not naturally hate.*—True as the goſpel, Jack!—The truth is out at laſt. Have I not always told thee ſo? Sweet creatures and true Chriſtians theſe young girls! They love their enemies. But Rakes in their hearts all of them. Like turns to Like; *that's* the thing. Were I not well aſſured of the truth of this obſervation of the vixen, I ſhould have thought it worth my while, if not to be a good man, to be more of an hypocrite, than I found it needful to be.·

But in the Letter I came at to-day, while ſhe was at church, her ſcheme is further opened; and a curſed one it is.

Mr. Lovelace then tranſcribes from his ſhort-hand notes, that part of Miſs Howe's Letter, which

relates to the deſign of engaging Mrs. Townſend (in caſe of neceſſity) to give her protection till Colonel Morden come (a): *And repeats his vows of revenge*; *eſpecially for theſe words*; that ſhould he attempt any-thing that would make him obnoxious to the Laws of Society, ſhe might have a fair riddance of him, either by flight or the gallows; no matter which.

He then adds;—'Tis my pride, to ſubdue girls who know *too much* to *doubt* their knowlege; and to convince them, that they know *too little*, to defend themſelves from the inconveniencies of knowing *too much*.

How paſſion drives a man on! *proceeds he*—I have written a prodigious quantity in a very few hours! Now my reſentments are warm, I will ſee, and perhaps will puniſh, this proud, this *double*-armed Beauty. I have ſent to tell her, that I muſt be admitted to ſup with her. We have neither of us dined. She refuſed to drink Tea in the afternoon: And I believe neither of us will have much ſtomach to our ſupper.

(a) Letter lxxiv. p. 367.

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Lett.

I. II. III. IV. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* The contents of the Letters from Lady Betty and Miſs Montague put Clariſſa in good humour with Mr. Lovelace. He hints at Marriage; but pretends *to be afraid of purſuing the hint.* She is earneſt with him to leave her: And why. *He applauds her reaſonings.* Her ſerious queſtions, and his ludicrous anſwers.——He makes different propoſals.——He offers to bring Mrs. Norton to her. She is ready to blame herſelf for her doubts of him: *But gives reaſons for her caution.*——He writes, by her conſent, to his friend Doleman, to procure lodgings for her in town.

V. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Glories in his contrivances. Gives an advantageous deſcription of Clariſſa's behaviour. Exults on her mentioning London. None but *impudent girls*, he ſays, ſhould run away with a man. His further views, plots, and deſigns.

VI. *Miſs Howe, To Clariſſa.* Humorouſly touches on her reproofs in relation to Hickman. Obſervations on *ſmooth* Love. Lord M's family greatly admire her. Approves of her ſpirited treatment of Lovelace; and of her going to London. Hints at the narrowneſs of her own mother. Adviſes her to keep fair with Lovelace.

VII. VIII. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* Wonders not that her Brother has weight to make her Father irreconcileable.—— Copy of Mr. Doleman's Anſwer about London lodgings. Her caution in her choice of them. Lovelace has given her five guineas for Hannah. Other inſtances of his conſiderateneſs. *Not diſpleaſed with her preſent proſpects.*

IX. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Explains what is meant by Doleman's Anſwer about the lodgings. Makes Belford

object to his ſcheme, that he may anſwer the objections. Exults. Swells. Deſpiſes every body. *Importance of the Minutiæ.* More of his arts, views, and contrivances.

X. *Miſs Howe, To Clariſſa.* Acquaints her with a ſcheme, formed by her Brother and Captain Singleton, to carry her off. *Hickman's ſilent charities.* She deſpiſes *all his Sex, as well as him.* Ill terms on which her own Father and Mother lived. *Extols Clariſſa for her domeſtic good qualities.* Particulars of a great conteſt with her Mother, on their correſpondence. Has been ſlapt by her. Obſervations on managing Wives.

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XIV. *Miſs Howe, To Clariſſa.* Her Mother rejects the propoſed condition. Miſs Howe takes thankfully her reprehenſions: But *will* continue the correſpondence. Some excuſes for herſelf. Humorous ſtory of game-chickens.

XV. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* Lovelace communicates her Brother's and Singleton's project; but treats it with ſeeming contempt. She aſks his advice what to do upon it. This brings on an offer of Marriage from him. How it went off.

XVI. *Lovelace, To Belford.* He confeſſes his *artful intentions in the offer of Marriage:* Yet had like, he ſays, to have been caught in his own ſnares.

XVII. *Joſeph Leman, To Mr. Lovelace.* With intelligence of a deſign formed againſt him by the Harlowes. Joſeph's vile hypocriſy and ſelfiſhneſs.

XVIII. *Lovelace. In Anſwer.* Story of Miſs Betterton. Boaſts of his treatment of his miſtreſſes. The artful uſe he makes of Joſeph's intelligence.

XIX. *Clariſſa, To her Aunt Hervey.* Complains of her ſilence. Hints at her not having deſigned to go away with Lovelace. She will open her whole heart to her, if ſhe encourage her ſo to do by the hopes of a Reconciliation.

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XX. *Miſs Howe, To Clariſſa.* Obſervations on Lovelace's *Meanneſs*, *Pride*, and *Revenge*. Politeneſs not to be expected from him. She raves at him for the artful manner in which he urges Clariſſa to marry him. Adviſes her how to act in her preſent ſituation.

XXI. *Belford, To Lovelace.* Becomes a warm advocate for the Lady. Gives many inſtructive reaſons to enforce his arguments in her favour.

XXII. *Mrs. Hervey, To Clariſſa.* A ſevere and cruel Letter in anſwer to hers, N° xix. It was not deſigned, ſhe ſays, abſolutely to force her to marry to her diſlike.

XXIII. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* Her deep regret, on this intelligence, for having met Lovelace. The finer ſenſibilities make not happy. *Her fate too viſibly in his power.* He is *unpolite*, *cruel*, *inſolent*, *unwiſe*, a *trifler with his own happineſs.* Her reaſons why ſhe leſs likes him than ever. *Her ſoul his ſoul's ſuperior.* Her fortitude. Her prayer.

XXIV. XXV. *From the ſame.* Now indeed is her heart broken, ſhe ſays. A ſolemn curſe laid upon her by her Father.—Her Siſter's barbarous Letters on the occaſion.

XXVI. *Miſs Howe, To Clariſſa.* A Letter full of generous conſolation and advice. Her friendly vow. Sends her fifty guineas in the leaves of a Norris's Miſcellanies.

XXVII. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* A faithful friend *the medicine of life.* She is juſt ſetting out for London. Lovelace has offered Marriage to her in ſo unreſerved a manner, that ſhe *wiſhes ſhe had never written with diffidence of him.* Is ſorry it was not *in her power* to comply with his earneſt ſolicitations. Returns her Norris: And why.

XXVIII. XXIX. *Miſs Howe, To Clariſſa.* Sorry ſhe has returned her Norris. Wiſhes ſhe had accepted of Lovelace's unreſerved offer of Marriage. Believes herſelf to have a ſneaking kindneſs for Hickman: And why.—— She blames Mrs. Harlowe: And why.

In Anſwer to N° xxviii. Clariſſa ſtates the difference in the characters of Mr. Lovelace and Mr. Hickman; and tells her, that her motives for ſuſpending Marriage *were not merely ceremonious ones.* Regrets Mrs. Howe's for-

bidding the correſpondence between them. Her dutiful apology for her own Mother. *Leſſon to Children.*

XXX. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Thinks he ſhall be inevitably manacled at laſt. The Lady's extreme illneſs. Her *filial piety* gives her *dreadful faith* in a *Father's curſes.* She *lets not Miſs Howe know how very ill ſhe was.* His vows of Marriage bring her back to life. *Abſolutely in earneſt in thoſe vows* [*The only time he was ſo*]. He can now talk of Love and Marriage without check. Deſcants upon Belford's Letter, N° xxi.

XXXI. *From the ſame.* Is ſetting out for London. A ſtruggle with his heart. Owns it to be a villain of a heart. A fit of ſtrong, but tranſitory remorſe. If he *do* marry, he doubts he ſhall have a vapouriſh Wife. Thinks it would be better for both not to marry. His Libertine reaſons. *Leſſons to the Sex.*

XXXII. *From the ſame.* They arrive at Mrs. Sinclair's. Sally Martin and Polly Horton ſet upon him. He wavers in his good purpoſes. Dorcas Wykes propoſed, and reluctantly accepted, for a ſervant, till Hannah can come. Dorcas's character. He has two great points to carry. What they are.

XXXIII. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* Likes her lodgings; but not greatly the Widow. Chides Miſs Howe for her raſh tho' friendly vow. Catalogue of good books ſhe finds in her cloſet. Utterly diſſatisfied with him for giving out to the women below, that they were privately married. Has a ſtrong debate with him on this ſubject. *He offers Matrimony* to her, but in ſuch a manner, that ſhe could not cloſe with his offer. Her caution as to doors, windows, and ſeals of Letters.

XXXIV. *Miſs Howe, To Clariſſa.* Her expedient to correſpond with each other every day. Is glad ſhe had thoughts of marrying him, *had he repeated his offer.* Wonders he did not.

XXXV. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* Breakfaſts with him and the Widow, and her two Nieces. Obſervations upon their behaviour and looks. He makes a merit of leaving her, and hopes, ON HIS RETURN, that ſhe will name his happy day. She is willing to make the beſt conſtructions in his favour.

In his next Letter (*Extracts from which are only given*) he triumphs

triumphs on the points he has carried. Stimulated by the women, he reſumes his reſolution to try her to the utmoſt.

XXXVI. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* Lovelace returns the next day. She thinks herſelf meanly treated, and is angry. *He again urges Marriage*; but before ſhe can return an anſwer, makes another propoſal; *yet ſhe ſuſpects not that he means a ſtudied delay.* He is in treaty for Mrs. Fretchville's houſe. Deſcription of it. An inviting opportunity offers for him to propoſe Matrimony to her. *She wonders he let it ſlip.* He is very urgent for her company at a collation he is to give to four of his ſelect friends, and Miſs Partington. He gives an account who Miſs Partington is.

In Mr. Lovelace's next Letter he invites Belford, Mowbray, Belton, and Tourville to his collation. His humorous inſtructions for their behaviour before the Lady. Has two views in getting her into their company.

XXXVII. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Has been at church with Clariſſa. The Sabbath a charming inſtitution. The Text ſtartles him. Nathan the prophet he calls a good ingenious fellow. She likes the women better than ſhe did at firſt. She reluctantly conſents to honour his collation with her preſence. Longs to have their opinions of his fair prize. Deſcribes her to great advantage.

XXXVIII. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* She praiſes his good behaviour at St. Paul's. Is prevailed on to dine with Mrs. Sinclair and her Nieces. Is better pleaſed with them than ſhe thought ſhe ſhould be. Blames herſelf for her readineſs to cenſure, where reputation is concerned. Her charitable allowances on this head. This day an agreeable day. *Interprets every-thing ſhe can fairly interpret in Mr. Lovelace's favour.* She *could prefer him to all the men ſhe ever knew, if he would always be what he had been that day.* Is determined, however, to be governed in her affections, as much as poſſible, by true merit, and by deeds. Dates again, and is offended at Miſs Partington's being introduced to her, and at his making her yield to be preſent at his intended collation.

XXXIX. *From the ſame.* Diſguſted with her evening. Characterizes his four companions. Likes not Miſs Partington's behaviour.

XL.

XL. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* An attempt to induce her to admit Miſs Partington to ſhare in her bed for that night. She refuſes. Her reaſons. Is highly diſſatisfied.

XLI. *From the ſame.* Has received an angry Letter from Mrs. Howe, forbidding her to correſpond with her Daughter. She adviſes compliance, tho' againſt herſelf; and, to induce her to it, makes the beſt of her preſent proſpects.

XLII. *Miſs Howe. In Anſwer.* Flames out upon this ſtep of her Mother. Inſiſts upon continuing the correſpondence. Her menaces if Clariſſa write not. Raves againſt Lovelace. But blames her for not obliging Miſs Partington: And why. Adviſes her to think of Settlements. Likes Lovelace's propoſal of Mrs. Fretchville's houſe.

XLIII. *Clariſſa. In Reply.* Terrified at her menaces, ſhe promiſes to continue writing. Beſeeches her to learn to ſubdue her paſſions. Has juſt received her cloaths.

XLIV. *Mr. Hickman, To Clariſſa.* Miſs Howe, he tells her, is uneaſy for the vexation ſhe has given her. If ſhe will write on as before, Miſs Howe will not think of doing what ſhe is ſo apprehenſive of. He offers her his moſt faithful ſervices.

XLV. XLVI. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Tells him how much the Lady diſlikes the confraternity; Belford as well as the reſt. Has had a warm debate with her in their behalf. Looks upon her refuſing a ſhare in her bed to Miſs Partington, as ſuſpecting and defying him. Threatens her. ——Savagely glories in her grief, on receiving Mrs. Howe's prohibitory Letter: *Which appears to be inſtigated by himſelf.*

XLVII. *Belford, To Lovelace.* His and his compeers high admiration of Clariſſa. They all join to entreat him to do her juſtice.

XLVIII. XLIX. *Lovelace. In Anſwer.* He endeavours to palliate his purpoſes by familiar inſtances of cruelty to birds, *&c.* —— Further *characteriſtic* reaſonings in ſupport of his wicked deſigns. The paſſive condition to which he wants to bring the Lady.

L. *Belford. In Reply.* Still warmly argues in behalf of the Lady. Is obliged to attend a dying Uncle; and entreats him to write from time to time an account of all his proceedings.

LI.

LI. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* Lovelace, ſhe ſays, complains of the *reſerves he gives occaſion for.* His pride a dirty low pride, which has eaten up his prudence. He is ſunk in her opinion. An afflicting Letter ſent her from her Couſin Morden.

Incloſes the Letter. In which her Couſin (ſwayed by the repreſentations of her Brother) pleads in behalf of Solmes, and the family views: And ſets before her, in ſtrong and juſt lights, the character of a Libertine.

Her heavy reflections upon the contents. Her generous prayer.

LII. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* He preſſes her to go abroad with him; yet mentions not the *Ceremony* that ſhould give *propriety* to his urgency. Cannot bear the life ſhe lives. Wiſhes her Uncle Harlowe to be founded by Mr. Hickman, as to a Reconciliation. Mennell introduced to her. Will not take another ſtep with Lovelace, till ſhe know the ſucceſs of the propoſed application to her Uncle.

Subſtance of two Letters from Lovelace to Belford; in which he tells him who Mennell is, and gives an account of many new contrivances and precautions. Womens pockets ballaſt-bags. Mrs. Sinclair's wardrobe. *Good order obſerved in her houſe.* The Lady's caution, he ſays, warrants his contrivances.

LIII. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Will write a Play. The title of it, The Quarrelſome Lovers. *Perſeverance his glory: Patience his handmaid.* Attempts to get a Letter the Lady had dropt as ſhe ſat. Her high indignation upon it. Further plots. Paul Wheatly who; and for what employed. Sally Martin's reproaches. Has overplotted himſelf. Human Nature a well-known rogue.

LIV. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* Acquaints her with their preſent quarrel. Finds it imprudent to ſtay with him. Re-urges the application to her Uncle. Cautions her Sex with regard to the danger of being miſled by the eye.

LV. *Miſs Howe. In Anſwer.* Approves of her leaving Lovelace. New ſtories of his wickedneſs. Will have her Uncle founded. Comforts her. How *much her caſe differs from that of any other female fugitive.* She will be an Example, *as well as* a Warning. A picture of Clariſſa's happineſs before ſhe knew Lovelace. Brief ſketches of her exalted character. *Adverſity her ſhining-time.* LVI.

LVI. *Clariſſa. In Reply.* Has a conteſt with Lovelace about going to church. He obliges her again to accept of his company to St. Paul's.

LVII. *Miſs Howe, To Mrs. Norton.* Deſiring her to try to diſpoſe Mrs. Harlowe to forward a Reconciliation.

LVIII. *Mrs. Norton. In Anſwer.*

LIX. *Miſs Howe. In Reply.*

LX. *Mrs. Harlowe's* pathetic Letter to Mrs. Norton.

LXI. *Miſs Howe, To Clariſſa.* Fruitleſs iſſue of Mr. Hickman's application to her Uncle. Adviſes her how to proceed with, and what to ſay to Lovelace. Endeavours to account for his teazing ways. Who knows, ſhe ſays, but her dear friend was permitted to ſwerve, in order to bring about his reformation? Informs her of her Uncle Antony's intended addreſs to her Mother.

LXII. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* Hard fate to be thrown upon an ungenerous and cruel man. Reaſons why ſhe cannot proceed with Mr. Lovelace as ſhe adviſes. Affecting apoſtrophe to Lovelace.

LXIII. *From the ſame.* Intereſting converſation with Lovelace. He frightens her. He mentions Settlements. *Her modeſt encouragement of him.* He evades. True generoſity what. She requires his Propoſals of Settlement in writing. *Examines herſelf on her whole conduct to Lovelace. Maidenly niceneſs not her motive for the diſtance ſhe has kept him at.* What is. Invites her correction, if ſhe deceive herſelf.

LXIV. *From the ſame.* With Mr. Lovelace's written Propoſals. Her obſervations on the cold concluſion of them. He knows not what every wiſe man knows, of the prudence and delicacy required in a Wife.

LX. *From the ſame.* Mr. Lovelace *preſſes for the Day*; yet makes a propoſal which muſt neceſſarily occaſion a delay. *Her unreſerved and pathetic anſwer to it.* He is affected by it. She rejoices that he is penetrable. He preſſes for her inſtant reſolution; but at the ſame time inſinuates delay. *Seeing her diſpleaſed*, he urges for the morrow: But, before ſhe can anſwer, gives her the alternative of other days. Yet, wanting to reward himſelf, as if he had obliged *her*, ſhe repulſes him on a liberty he would have taken. He is enraged. Her melancholy reflections on her future proſpects with ſuch a man. *The moral*

moral ſhe deduces from her ſtory. [*A Note, defending her conduct from the cenſure which ſome have paſſed upon her as over-nice*].

Extracts from four of his Letters: In which he glories in his cruelty. Hardheartedneſs he owns to be an eſſential of the Libertine character. Enjoys the confuſion of a fine woman. His apoſtrophe to Virtue. Aſhamed of being viſibly affected. Enraged againſt her for repulſing him. Will ſteel his own heart, that he may cut thro' a rock of ice to hers. The women afreſh inſtigate him to attempt her virtue.

LXVI. *Miſs Howe, To Clariſſa.* Is enraged at his delays. Will think of ſome ſcheme to get her out of his hands. Has no notion that he *can or dare to mean her diſhonour.* Women do not *naturally* hate ſuch men as Lovelace.

LXVII. *Belford, To Lovelace.* Warmly eſpouſes the Lady's cauſe. Nothing but vanity and nonſenſe in the wild purſuits of Libertines. For his own ſake, for his family's ſake, and for the ſake of their common humanity, he beſeeches him to do the Lady juſtice.

LXVIII. *Lord M. To Mr. Belford.* A proverbial Letter in the Lady's favour.

LXIX. *Lovelace, To Belford.* He ludicrouſly turns Belford's arguments againſt him. Reſiſtance inflames him. *Why the Gallant is preferred to the Husband.* Gives a piece of advice to married women. Subſtance of his Letter to Lord M. deſiring him to give the Lady to him in perſon. His view in this Letter. Ridicules Lord M. for his proverbs. Ludicrous advice to Belford in relation to his dying Uncle. What phyſicians ſhould do when a patient is given over.

LXX. *Belford, To Lovelace.* Sets forth the folly, the inconvenience, the impolicy of KEEPING, and the preference of MARRIAGE, upon the foot of their own principles, as Libertines.

LXXI. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Affects to miſtake the intention of Belford's Letter, and thanks him for approving his preſent ſchemes. The *Seduction-progreſs* is more delightful to him, he ſays, than the *Crowning-act.*

LXXII. *From the ſame.* All extremely happy at preſent. Contrives a converſation for the Lady to overhear. *Platonic*

tonic Love, how it generally ends. Will get her to a Play: Likes not Tragedies. *Has too much feeling.* Why men of *his caſt* prefer Comedy to Tragedy. The *Nymphs*, and *Mrs. Sinclair*, and *all Their acquaintance*, of the ſame mind. Other artifices of his. Could he have been admitted *in her hours of diſhabille and heedleſſneſs*, he had been long ago maſter of his wiſhes. His view in getting her to a Play. A Play, and a Collation afterwards, greatly befriend a Lover's deſigns: And why. She conſents to go with him to ſee the Tragedy of Venice Preſerved.

LXXIII *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* Gives the particulars of the overheard converſation. Thinks her proſpects a little mended. Is *willing to compound for tolerable appearances*, and *to hope, when reaſon for hope offers.*

LXXIV. *Miſs Howe, To Clariſſa.* Her ſcheme of Mrs. Townſend. Is not for encouraging dealers in prohibited goods. And why. Her humorous treatment of Hickman on conſulting him upon Lovelace's Propoſals of Settlements.

LXXV. *From the ſame.* Her account of Antony Harlowe's addreſs to her Mother, and of what paſſed on her Mother's communicating it to her. Copy of Mrs. Howe's Anſwer to his Letter.

LXXVI. LXXVII. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Comes at ſeveral Letters of Miſs Howe. He is now more aſſured of Clariſſa than ever. And why. Sparkling eyes, what they indicate. She keeps him at diſtance. *Repeated inſtigations from the women.* Account of the Letters he has come at. All rage and revenge upon the contents of them. Menaces Hickman. Wiſhes Miſs Howe *had come up to town*, as ſhe threatened.

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